MAJOR JONATHAN W. GORDON.

W. A. W.

A SOUVENIR

OF THE

FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTION,

AT

WARSAW, INDIANA:

JULY 9, 10, 11, AND 12, 1889.

By

L. MAY WHEELER and MARY E. CARDWILL.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
COPYRIGHT
MAY 8 1890
WASHINGTON.

RICHMOND, IND.:
M. CULLATON & CO., BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.
1890.

PS 2713
.W15

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1890, by
L. MAY WHEELER and MARY E. CARDWELL,
in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

M.E.W. - 13 JE 18

"Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

SHEFFIELD.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Jonathan W. Gordon ..... Frontispiece.

Fountain Ramble — Lake Side Park ..... page 20

Coates Kinney ..... opposite " 40

John Clark Ridpath ..... " " 48

Boat Landing — Lake Side Park ..... " 76

Railroad Terrace — Lake Side Park ..... " 140

Mary Hartwell Catherwood ..... opposite " 144

Eagle Lake Hotel ..... " " 153

D. L. Paine ..... " " 192

Marie Louise Andrews ..... " " 200

Sarah T. Bolton ..... " " 217

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Historical Sketch—*Mary E. Cardwill*	9
Lakeside—*L. May Wheeler*	21
Fourth Annual Meeting	24
Call	24
Reunion	25
Extract—The Old Man and Jim—*James Whitcomb Riley*	26
A Vain Quest—*Mrs. D. M. Jordan*	27
At Lake View Cemetery—*Franklin E. Denton*	28

PROCEEDINGS.

WEDNESDAY.

President's Address—*Benj. S. Parker*	31
Annual Poem—The Shibboleth—*Coates Kinney*	40
Advice to a Friend—*W. P. Needham*	44
The Persistency of Ethnic Traits—*John Clark Ridpath*	47
Dreams of Injin Crick—*W. W. Pfrimmer*	62
Township Libraries—*J. P. Dunn, Jr.*	64
An Autumn Day—*Franklin E. Denton*	71
The Two Edens—*Mary Louise Chitwood*	71
Letters	73–74
Coronado—*D. L. Paine*	74
Resolution	75
Evening Session	77–88
The Present Vogue in Fiction—*Cyrus F. McNutt*	78

THURSDAY.

Vox Clamantis—*John Clark Ridpath*	89
To Palmyra in the Desert—*Theophilus Van Deren*	92
Old Testament Poets—*Maria Sears Brooks*	93
The Mother's Lament—*William Alfred Hough*	101
The Place of the Didactic in Verse and Fiction—*Mary E. Cardwill*	104
A Midsummer Day with Nature—*Mary A. Leavitt*	114

PAGE.

Poetry of the Anti-War Period of the West and South
—*Marie Louise Andrews* 117
Cædmon—*Alice Williams Brotherton* 125
Antiquity of American Dialects—*H. W. Taylor* 129
The Idealist—*Charles J. O'Malley* 141
Annual Banquet 142
Evening Session 144
Lecture: Canada and The United States—*John George Bourinot* 144

FRIDAY.

Report of Committees 153
Western Life and Scenery with Reference to Literature
—*Hannah E. Davis* 155
Mrs. McDuffy at Base Ball—*Ella M. Nave* 162
The Last Message—*Herman Rave* 164
Flotsam—*Irene Boynton Hawley* 165
The Annual Public Entertainment 166
Street Crossings; or, Keeping to the Right—*L. May Wheeler* 166
Excerpta 169
Man an Evolution—*T. B. Redding* 173

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

Sarah T. Bolton—*L. May Wheeler* 187
D. L. Paine—*Mary E. Cardwill* 189
Stephen S. Harding—*M. L. A.* 191
*Benjamin Davenport House—*Merideth Nicholson* 193
Isaac Kinley—*Benj. S. Parker* 194
William Gallagher—*M. E. C.* 196
Marie Louise Andrews—*M. E. C* 199

MEMORIALS.

Jonathan W. Gordon—*Mary E. Cardwill* 203
Myla Charles—*L. M. W.* 208
Mary Louise Chitwood—*Benj. S. Parker* 209
Hettie Athon Morrison—*W. P. Needham* 211
Ella Mathers Nave—*L. M. W.* 213

*This paper should have appeared among the Memorials, but was misplaced by the printer, owing to misunderstanding of instructions.

Western Association of Writers.

HISTORICAL SKETCH,

BY

MARY E. CARDWILL.

THE fine phrase, *esprit de corps*, used so often by writers and speakers concerning those who are brought into close relationship by similar pursuits, suggests the noblest reason for organizations of all kinds, and their best results, whether they are Trades' Unions, Commercial Clubs, Political Leagues, or Literary Associations.

Human nature is so constituted that men and women, by fraternity only, in its highest sense, by regarding the welfare of others as of equal value with their own, receive the benefits of which they, as individuals, stand most in need.

A hermit may derive the greatest satisfaction, and perhaps also a certain development of mental and moral character, from the solitude of a hermitage. But such a condition of life long continued is abnormal, and indicative of an unhealthy bias of mind. Men and women, as a rule, find it necessary to a well-rounded existence to meet and mingle, more or less frequently, with those around them. And perhaps the strongest craving of their social nature is for the companionship of those whose like interests create a common bond of sympathy. It is thus in accordance with a natural law that, in gatherings of the congenial, comraderie wields its most potent and elevating influence.

The Western Association of Writers, now in the fourth year of its existence, is no longer an experiment. It is a decided success; a success in the development of its idea — to stimulate its

members to strive for what is best and highest in the pursuance of their profession. This idea as a basis, first gave tangibility to the project for such an Association. As one of its originators has said:

"The point chiefly dwelt upon was the need of combined effort to cultivate and to elevate Western literature, and that this could be furthered by mutual acquaintance and mutual assistance in recognizing developed genius by kindly words and acts, and by encouraging literary fledglings."

Emerson has made it impressive that men of mark are representative of the thoughts, feelings, and characteristics of hundreds of others, that they are the products of the human atmosphere surrounding them, and of a time ripe for their achievements. Important and successful undertakings, in the same way, represent in some measure the current of their time, and are the outgrowths of favoring circumstances and conditions.

The Western Association of Writers owes its origin to the independent workings of several minds, bringing the idea to the point of possible fruition at about the same time.

In the summer of 1885, Mrs. M. L. Andrews, who had long cherished the thought of a writer's association, spoke of the matter to J. C. Ochiltree, then editor of the Indianapolis "Herald." Mr. Ochiltree's interest was finally awakened, and to further the project, he gave Mrs. Andrews a partial list of the "Herald's" contributors, many of whom were well known writers. He also prepared for her a prospectus of a literary organization. No further steps were then taken.

During the winter of 1885–6 a literary correspondence was carried on between Dr. J. N. Matthews, Richard Lew. Dawson, and Dr. H. W. Taylor, all contributors to the "Herald." In the course of this correspondence, Dr. Matthews suggested

"A gathering of the poets of the Wabash Valley in some convenient city, or resort, for the purpose of enjoying whatever pleasure might result from a meeting so novel and unique."

The suggestion met the approval of Mr. Dawson and Dr. Taylor, and the three gentlemen, by agreement, began to agitate the meeting through the columns of the "Herald," and to invite the views of others. Mr. Ochiltree, and later, his successors, B.

R. and M. R. Hyman, gave their willing coöperation, and to their friendly assistance is due much of the success of the project. Dr. Matthews says:

"The first public letter attracted the approbation of many leading writers in the West, and they began to express themselves upon the matter in various publications, and to urge its importance."

Many views were advanced, and the original plan passed through a sort of ripening process, becoming greatly modified and changed. One thing was made manifest — the time for such an association had come. On this point, Mr. Dawson, in an article published in the "Current," after the organization was completed, said:

"Its urgency was apparent, for while there is always a desire for mutual acquaintance among authors, and many of them have discussed the practicability of an active organization, no previous effort had been put forth to bring the matter into practical shape."

The discussion in the "Herald" naturally attracted the attention of Mrs. Andrews. Finding the plan similar to her own, she immediately proposed to join forces, and offered her aid in the clerical work necessary in the arrangements for the convention. She stipulated, however, that prose writers should be included in the list of the invited. The preliminary work was largely assumed by Mr. Dawson and Mrs. Andrews, who finally issued the following "call," first published in the Chicago "Current," April 3, 1886:

To the Literary Profession: A call is hereby extended to all writers of verse and general literature, and especially to the writers of the Wabash valley and the adjacent States, to meet in convention in June, 1886, at the city of Terre Haute, or Indianapolis, Ind.

The objects of this meeting are as follows:

1. To form an association of the literary profession for mutual strength, profit, and acquaintance.

2. To discuss methods of composition, and all topics pertaining to the advancement of literature in America.

3. To produce and publish a representative volume of Western authors from the miscellaneous poems, stories, and sketches read during this convention or festival.

A full attendance of all writers is earnestly desired, in the hope that the success of this gathering may result in permanent good to American literature and the welfare of its professional workers.

Please make known at once your purpose to attend, choice of location, and the character of your contributions.

Address, R. L. Dawson, Terre Haute, Ind.
Mrs. M. L. Andrews, Connersville, Ind.

This "call" was afterwards sent, in the form of a circular, to all writers whose addresses could be procured. Prompt responses were received from more than a hundred writers, and a general preference was expressed for Indianapolis as a place of meeting.

The First Convention assembled at Plymouth Church, Indianapolis, June 30, 1886. The meeting was a remarkable success. About seventy-five persons from Indiana and adjoining States were present, and over a hundred contributions, of a generally good literary quality, were read. Of its first session, The Indianapolis "Journal" said:

"Indiana has taken the lead in a number of things, but the most novel and fanciful as some supposed, was to be the Convention of Western Authors to be held in this city. When these writers, however, did meet, the assemblage instead of being food for laughter, as some persons thought and even went so far as to say it would be, proved to be a very practical and business-like body."

The movement, however, was an experiment, accompanied with much trepidation in the minds of its projectors. Literary clubs, and literary circles, in which a few congenial spirits have sought and found enjoyment and inspiration, have been, no doubt, a feature of literary life in all eras, among all peoples having a literature. Yet a literary association on so liberal a scale had never before been attempted, at least so far as the records of chroniclers and historians reveal.

The First Convention was open to all American writers, who were assured a welcome and an opportunity to show what they could do. It is not very strange, perhaps, that the meeting was numerically a success and full of enthusiasm. Much more strange was its success from a literary point of view. Some of the contributions naturally fell short of a high standard of merit. But the percentage of prose papers and poems of real excellence read, was large enough to fix the stamp of decided literary value upon the organization from its beginning, and to warrant high hopes for its future.

The countenance and coöperation, moreover, of many well known writers — James Whitcomb Riley, Benjamin S. Parker, Margret Holmes Bates, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson, Hon. Will. Cumback, Dan. L. Paine, A. H. Harryman, Ben. D. House, W. P. Needham, and others—and the willingness of one of America's favorites, Maurice Thompson, to accept the office of President, gave evidence of the Association's essential dignity and seriousness of purpose.

The Convention continued in session two days, closing with a fine public evening entertainment, in which Mr. Riley and other writers present took part. The musical part of the programme, in charge of Mrs. Rose Paty Bailey, represented the best musical talent of Indianapolis.

The officers of the Association elected for the first year were:

President — MAURICE THOMPSON, Indianapolis.

Vice-Presidents — CLARENCE A. BUSKIRK, Judge C. F. McNUTT, J. W. GORDON, Mrs. J. C. ALDRICH, WILL. CUMBACK, Miss JENNIE S. JUDSON, J. N. MATTHEWS, and CLARENCE LADD DAVIS.

Secretary — Mrs. M. L. ANDREWS, Connersville.

Treasurer — J. C. OCHILTREE, Indianapolis.

Executive Committee — R. L. DAWSON, Mrs. L. MAY WHEELER, Mrs. IDA A. HARPER, Mrs. ROSE PATY BAILEY, and JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The Second Convention, held at the same place, October, 1886, did not differ greatly from the first in its general character. More time, however, was given to discussions of "topics pertaining to literary art and advancement," and the productions, as a whole, were of a still better literary quality than those of the first convention.

The most important event of the Second Convention was the completion of the organization by the adoption of a Constitution, the following first two articles of which, giving the name and designating the objects of the Association, indicate how broad and practical were its aims from its beginning:

ARTICLE I.— This Association shall be known as the AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF WRITERS.

ARTICLE II. — The objects of this Association shall be: (1) to promote acquaintance and friendship among the literary fraternity, and impart encouragement and enthusiasm to one another; (2) to discuss at the meetings all topics of literary art and improvement; (3) to hear literary productions written by its members, and to publish those which have been accepted by the Examining Committee, at such time, and in such form, as may be deemed advisable; (4) to protect the interests of American writers against piratical publishers; (5) to uphold the excellence and dignity of American literature, and to improve the welfare of its professional workers.

The following extracts from President Thompson's address to the Third Convention, finely express the sentiment which inspired the name first given to the Association, and make impressive one of its fundamental ideas — to encourage a literature distinctively American in the best and truest meaning of the word:

"We have named ourselves," he said, "the Association of American Writers, not because we assume to be 'the' American writers, but simply to claim our nationality, and to give expression to the quality of our authorhood; not in critical terms, or from a critical view, but as indicative of our aim, which is to do whatever we can to make our literature sincerely and unequivocally American. * * * We Americans are a home-building, home-loving, clean people. Our aspirations are noble, and if we had the opportunity our literature would grandly commemorate our national characteristics; but this opportunity cannot come to us as long as we permit English and French critics to shape our critical utterance and to direct the current of our literary vogues. * * * No writer is truly and sincerely in earnest who does not strive to use the fascinations of his genius for the noble purpose of art. * * * No people can be truly great without a great literature, and no literature can be great that is based on humor. * * * We are the most intellectual people on the face of the earth, and should easily make the letters of our great republic as influential and enduring as the religious and political freedom achieved by our virtue and our valor. * * * I am an American, and believe in my country. Whatever ennobles my country ennobles me, and knowing the influence of literature upon character, I note with impatience the inference the world is drawing (and legitimately) from the pictures of American life set forth in our current literature. * * * It is willingness to be wholly and truly American that is our greatest need."

The outgrowth of the First and Second Conventions was a systematic preparation for the Third, held also at Plymouth Church, Indianapolis, June 29 and 30, 1887. This Third Convention was practically the beginning of the Association, at least of its work as an organized body, the first strong shoot of the acorn from which it is hoped a "tall oak" may eventually grow.

An excellent programme, confined largely to discussions of literary topics of general interest, interspersed with a few poems and essays, was prepared by the Secretary and the Executive Committee. The circumscribed number of contributions asked for naturally led to a smaller attendance than at either of the previous meetings. But the wisdom of a carefully pre-arranged order of proceedings was evidenced in the exceptionally good papers presented, and the practical results obtained. All present were invited to take part in the discussions, and the consequent interchange of ideas upon the same subjects exercised a mutually helpful and stimulating influence, and thus most effectually subserved the chief purpose of the organization. The practical and literary value of the meeting may be in a measure indicated by a recapitulation of the subjects discussed, and the names of the writers of the prose papers and poems:

"The Relation of Literature to the Newspaper," paper by G. C. Matthews. Discussion led by Benj. S. Parker.

"Address" of the President, Maurice Thompson, on "Dialect in Literature," followed by discussion.

"International Copyright," paper by W. DeWitt Wallace. Discussion led by W. D. Foulke.

"The Best Methods of Preserving Local History," paper by John Clark Ridpath. A poem on the same subject, by W. H. Venable, was read by Benj. S. Parker.

"The Duties of Writers with Respect to Patriotism," paper by Hon. Will Cumback, followed by one on the same subject by Clarence Ladd Davis.

"Character Painting in Literature," paper by Margret Holmes Bates. Discussion led by Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson.

"Models of English Prose and Verse," paper by Mary E. Cardwill.

"The Study of Contemporary Literature in Schools and Colleges," paper by Ida A. Harper.

"The Fool in Literature," paper by Eleanor Stackhouse. Discussion led by Richard Lew. Dawson.

"Libraries and Reading Rooms—How shall they be sustained and made useful to writers?" paper by W. De. Hooper, followed by discussion.

"Elizabeth Conwell Smith Willson and Byron Forceythe Willson," sketch by Mrs. M. L. Andrews.

"Picturesque California in the South West," essay by Rev. R. T. Brewington.

"The Drama of Poetry," sketch by L. May Wheeler.

"Grappo," a humorous sketch, by W. D. Foulke.

Herman Rave, Mary A. Leavitt, Mrs. D. M. Jordan, Evaleen Stein, Dr. Hubbard M. Smith, W. W. Pfrimmer, Clarence Ladd Davis, Clarence Pierson, Mamie S. Paden, W. P. Needham, Dr. H. W. Taylor, J. C. Ochiltree, Will. H. Hayne, and Clarence Buskirk contributed the poetry read at the various day sessions and at the public evening entertainment. The programme for the public entertainment included also recitations by Prof. George Bass, Prof. Hattie A. Prunk, and Lucia Julian Martin, elocutionists, of Indianapolis, and musical selections by Miss Anna Abromet, Mr. Walter Spangler, and Mr. Will. Dagget.

A feature of the meeting which calls for special mention was an address by Judge C. F. McNutt, followed by poems and "Resolutions" in memory of Major Jonathan W. Gordon, whose death a few weeks before had deprived the Association of one of its most enthusiastic and universally beloved members. To Major Gordon belongs the honor of being the first person to respond to the "call" to the First Convention, and his interest in the Association remained unabated until his death. He had accepted a place on the programme to lead the discussion of the paper by Mary E. Cardwill, for which he had begun to make preparation.

Judge McNutt, in his fine eulogy, said:

"Major Gordon lived with all generations of the human race. He held converse with all great men of the past—poets, philosophers, and scientists. His forensic triumphs are widely known. His fine discriminations and cogent reasonings were enlivened with

a gorgeous imagination. * * * Mr. Gordon was also a great literary man. Toward the close of his life he had been engaged upon a work of fiction, which, if complete, would have rendered him immortal. * * * His essays, criticisms, and especially his treatises on Shakespeare, are models of elegance, purity of diction, and solid thought."

At the close of Judge McNutt's address, Mr. Benjamin S. Parker presented a series of "Resolutions," which were adopted by the Convention as expressive of the loss sustained by the Association in the death of Major Gordon. Three of the resolutions may be most fitly inserted here:

Resolved, That in the death of our distinguished friend and fellow citizen, Major JONATHAN W. GORDON, the country has lost a true patriot, society one of its most brilliant ornaments, and learning and literature a most devoted and enthusiastic champion.

Resolved, That this Association, in view of his broad generosity of character, his admiration for the true and beautiful in literature and art, and his earnest interest, not only in the success of the Association, but also of its individual members, experiences a deep sense of bereavement in his loss.

Resolved, That the members of the Association will ever cherish the genius, the talent, and the many excellent qualities of mind and heart, which were the characteristics of Major GORDON, and while life lasts, revere his memory and honor his name.

Two elegiac poems on Major Gordon, written by Hon. S. S. Harding, were read by Mrs. D. M. Jordan.

It is with peculiar pleasure that this extended reference to Major Gordon is given, and that his beautiful last poem and fine portrait, through the courtesy of Mrs. Gordon, are made a part of the contents of this souvenir volume.

At the Third Convention, the name of the Association was changed to that which it now bears—THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION OF WRITERS. Opposition was made to the new name as implying a narrower aim, but the majority were in favor of adopting it as more distinctive, and less liable to misinterpretation.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—MAURICE THOMPSON.

Vice Presidents—Dr. J. N. MATTHEWS, Dr. H. M. SMITH, Hon. WILL CUMBACK, J. C. OCHILTREE, Mrs. JULIA C. ALDRICH, Mrs. D. M. JORDAN, Mrs. MARY A. LEAVITT.

Secretary—Mrs. M. L. Andrews.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson.
Treasurer—Wm. Dudley Foulke.
Executive Committee—W. DeWitt Wallace, J. C. Ochiltree, Margret Holmes Bates, Benj. S. Parker, A. H. Harryman, Eleanor Stackhouse, Dr. H. W. Taylor, Richard Lew. Dawson, and Mary E. Cardwill.

The repeated meetings of the Association had resulted in the formation of many pleasant acquaintanceships, and a genial social atmosphere was a specially noticeable feature of the Fourth Convention, or Third Annual Meeting, held at the same place, June 6, 7, and 8, 1888. The Convention opened with a reception and informal literary exercises, and was truly a reunion of friends and a forecast of the spirit of the sessions of the two following days. The same spirit prevailing at the last meeting, at Warsaw, seems to prove conclusively that one, at least, of the principal objects of the organization has been permanently attained.

The programme of the Fourth Convention combined the characteristics of the first two Conventions with that of the third. More writers were invited to take part, and no subjects were assigned except for two discussions—"Dialect, its Place in Literature," paper by Dr. H. W. Taylor, and "Realism and Idealism," paper by Rev. Oscar McCulloch. These, with several impromptu discussions on subjects of practical importance to writers, and a large number of poems, essays, and sketches, furnished a choice literary banquet. The programme contained the names of thirty-seven writers, representing many of the best known among Western *literati*. Among the contributors of prose papers were Prof. J. C. Ridpath, Judge C. F. McNutt, Benj. S. Parker, Prof. J. M. Coulter, Mary B. Hussey, Margret Holmes Bates, Marie Louise Andrews, and L. May Wheeler. The poets represented included Dr. J. N. Matthews, who contributed the annual poem—"The People of the Pen;" James Whitcomb Riley, Mrs. D. M. Jordan, Mrs. J. C. Aldrich, Mrs. Mary A. Leavitt, W. D. Gallagher, Hon. S. S. Harding, R. E. Pretlow, Richard Lew. Dawson, Evaleen Stein, W. D. Foulke, W. W. Pfrimmer, Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson, Dr.

H. W. Taylor, Herman Rave, Julia B. Nelson, and Mrs. J. V. H. Koons.

Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton, full of years and honors, was present at one of the afternoon sessions, and favored the Convention with one of her characteristic poems — "When it Rains, Let it Rain." At the suggestion of Mr. Parker, Sarah T. Bolton, Hon. S. S. Harding, Wm. T. Gallagher, and Rebecca S. Nichols were made life members of the Association.

Prof. George Bass, Prof. T. J. McAvoy, and Prof. Hattie A. Prunk added, by their elocutionary readings and recitations, to the enjoyment of the different sessions; and Mrs. Rose Paty Bailey and Mrs. John C. New, soloists, and Mr. M. H. Spades, violinist, kindly furnished the fine music given at the public entertainment.

At this Convention, Hon. MAURICE THOMPSON and Mrs. M. L. ANDREWS, who, as President and Secretary, had served the Association so faithfully and effectively from its beginning, were succeeded by Hon. BENJ. S. PARKER, President; L. MAY WHEELER, Secretary; and MARY E. CARDWILL, Corresponding Secretary.

The new officers, like their predecessors, were charter members of the Association, and active in its work from the beginning. Hon. W. D. FOULKE was elected Treasurer for a second term. Other officers elected, were:

Vice-Presidents — Indiana — MAURICE THOMPSON, JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY; Illinois — JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS; Ohio — Mrs. JULIA C. ALDRICH; Michigan — CLARENCE LADD DAVIS.

Executive Committee — RICHARD LEW. DAWSON, Prof. J. C. RIDPATH, Hon. WILL. CUMBACK, Judge CYRUS F. MCNUTT, Dr. H. W. TAYLOR, Mrs. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Mrs. D. M. JORDAN.

The history of the Association for the past year, and its culmination in the Fifth Convention, or Fourth Annual Meeting, is told in the following pages. The former Secretary of the Association, with, it may be too great partiality, said, recently:

"There never has been on this continent such a literary offering as we had at Warsaw. * * * In thinking of the magnificent and varied *menu*, I always quote to myself:

> 'For I on honey dew have fed,
> And drank the milk of Paradise.'"

FOUNTAIN RAMBLE.—LAKE IN THE DISTANCE.—LAKESIDE PARK.

Western Association of Writers

—AT—

Warsaw, Indiana, July 9, 10, 11, 12,

1889.

"LAKESIDE."

SOMETIMES in life there 's a day,
Fraught only with moments of joy ;
We bask in its ambient ray,
Forgetful of sorrow's alloy.
The pulse of the soul keepeth time,
To the run of the rythmical lay,
And the senses thrill to the chime,
That move on the breezes at play.

* * * * * *

Fairer than artistry olden,
Rarer than in orc-land golden
Was the day begun,
With the Summer sun
Just glinting the dew
With roseate hue,
As over the hills,
In radiant rills
It ran to and fro
With its shining flow,
And gilded the land and the lake below.

Richer than old Master's meter,
Rounder note, and far, far sweeter
Was the song of bird
And soft air, stirred
By zither of breeze
O'er the moving trees
And the waving grain,
To a low refrain,
And the breaking crest,
Where the wavelets prest
The water of Como's billowy breast.

Diggers for root of word and wold,
Delvers with pick of steel and gold,
With loosened fetters,
Found golden letters,
That shone in gleams
Of orient beams,
Where the lilies dip
For their morning sip —
And supped their share
Of the nectar rare
They found in the sunshine flooding the air.

Mirrored deep in the water blue,
Margined 'round by the shadowed hue
Of the old woods green,
And the sloping sheen
Of the weedy sedge
On the pebbly edge
Of the upland's slide
To the lakelet's side,
Was the arching space
O'er the fairy place,
Where spirit and sense grew in joy apace.

Written in lines deep cased in gold
On mem'ry's foil, in precious mold,
Is the rustic lore
Of the storied shore
That the pilot tells,
As watching the swells
He guideth the craft,
Until "fore and aft"
Of sunrays and shade
A woof he hath made,
And with it a circlet of legends braid.

* * * * * *

Sometimes in life there 's a day
When the spirit goes seeking its own ;
And the sense of the soul finds its way
To the haunts where memory hath flown.
Then the light, the grace, and the bliss
Of that day, and its purpose, I ween,
Will return to the spot that in this
Is entwined in Como's bright scene.

L. May Wheeler.

Was it Anacreon whose muse would sing only of love, when he should have told of heroes and battle fields?

Is it only poets who sing of the stars when the earth is bright with beauty?

The writer of prose, as well as verse, find harmonious association of thought between earth and sky — the light of day and the stars of night.

Those who attended the

FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING

and Fifth Convention

OF

THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION OF WRITERS

found

"Nature's gold and silver"

in the

"Day-stars that ope their eyes with man to twinkle,"

and in

"The moon
That lay like the lily * * *
* * * amid the locks of darkness,"

and pleasure and profit in communion with those who

"Make music with the common strings
With which the world is strung."

June 6, 1889, was issued the following

CALL:

THE FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION OF WRITERS will be held at Warsaw, Indiana, July 9, 10, 11, and 12, 1889. You are cordially invited to be present and to participate in the social enjoyments of the occasion.

Warsaw is a well known Summer resort of northern Indiana, having beautiful lakes, handsome parks, and pleasant surroundings, which afford opportunities for spending a delightful week and make it a most attractive place for this Summer meeting.

The Lakeside Park Association, the Brothers Byer, Proprietors of the Spring Fountain Park, and the citizens of Warsaw have tendered the Association and its friends every kindness and courtesy in anticipation of this annual reunion.

* * * * * * * * *

The purpose of the Western Association of Writers is to encourage in this section of the Union an earnest, pure literature, that shall be thoroughly

American in character, without being narrow, sectional or provincial. The Association does not assume in any sense to be a dictator. It simply desires to be a helper, by giving its support to the worthy efforts of Western writers, whether in the field of general literature, in the broader realms of intelligent journalism, or in the special fields of scientific and educational work. And, while devoted specifically to the interests of Western writers, the Association desires to extend the right hand of fellowship and hearty good will to all worthy literary workers throughout the Union and in other countries.

Members and friends of the Association are invited to come together in the spirit of mutual concession and harmonious union, to renew the bonds of friendship, widen the circle of acquaintance, and in many ways to gather strength and inspiration from the interchange of thought and sentiment.

* * * * * * * * *

By Order of the Executive Committee.

BENJ. S. PARKER, *President.*

L. MAY WHEELER,
Recording Secretary.

MARY E. CARDWILL,
Corresponding Secretary.

In pursuance of this call, the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Western Association of Writers opened at the First Presbyterian Church, in Warsaw, Indiana, the evening of July 9, by holding a social reunion, which included an informal program of literary exercises, and a reception tendered by prominent ladies and gentlemen of Warsaw, among whom were Hon. and Mrs. Wm. D. Frazer, Hon. and Mrs. Hiram S. Biggs, Gen. and Mrs. Reub. Williams, Mayor and Mrs. L. W. Royce, Dr. I. B. Webber, Rev. J. Q. Hall, Mrs. Metcalf Beck, Mrs. I. D. Widaman, Mrs. Q. A. Hossler, Mrs. Emma Ireland, Miss Lizzie Cosgrove, Mrs. Wood, and others.

The Reception Committee of the Association consisted of

Benj. S. Parker, of New Castle, Indiana; Marie L. Andrews, Connersville, Indiana; Mary E. Cardwill, New Albany, Indiana; L. May Wheeler, Springfield, Ohio.

THE REUNION was a happy event. After one hour of sociality, the President of the Association, Hon. Benj. S. Parker, was called for. His response will be remembered as peculiarly happy

and appropriate, including a brief explanation of the object of the organization, and the proposed work of the convention, and an invitation to the citizens of Warsaw to attend its sessions.

Then followed a "banquet of speech" of an entirely informal character.

James Whitcomb Riley delighted the audience with his inimitable rendering of

"ORPHANT ANNIE,"

and the war story of which the following is a part:

"THE OLD MAN AND JIM."

"Old man never had much to say —
'Ceptin' to Jim, —
And Jim was the wildest boy he had —
And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life, — and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The Old man backin' him, fer three months. —
And all 'at I heerd the Old man say
Was, jes as we turned to start away —
"'Well: good-bye, Jim,
Take keer of yourself!'"

* * * * *

Think of a private, now perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder straps —
Think of him — with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim
And the Old man, bendin' over him —
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At had'n't leaked fer years and years —
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears, —
"Well: good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f."

Mr. W. W. Pfrimmer, of Kentland, Indiana, sustained his growing prestige as a writer and recitationist in the presentation of

"BOHEMIAN OATS."

And the singing sisterhood of the Association was represented by Mrs. D. M. Jordan, of Richmond, Indiana, who gave her poem, suggested by an incident while watching the fading of a rainbow, which has been twice set to music, and is entitled

"A VAIN QUEST."

We started one morn, my love and I,
On a journey brave and bold;
'Twas to find the end of the rainbow,
And the buried bag of gold.
But the clouds rolled by from the summer's sky,
And the radiant bow grew dim,
And we lost the way where the treasure lay,
Near the sunset's golden rim.

The twjlight fell like a curtain
Pinned with the evening star,
And we saw in the shining heavens
The new moon's golden car.
And we said, as our hands clasped fondly,
"What though we found no gold?
Our love is a richer treasure
Than the rainbow's sack can hold."

And years, with their joys and sorrows,
Have passed since we lost the way
To the beautiful buried treasure
At the end of the rainbow's ray;
But love has been true and tender,
And life has been rich and sweet,
And we still clasp hands with the olden joy
That made our day complete.

Mr. Franklin E. Denton, literary editor of the Cleveland, Ohio, "Sun and Voice," and author of "Early Poetical Works," presented the following elegiac and philosophic poem, suggested by the tomb of Garfield:

"AT LAKE VIEW CEMETERY."

Here, by unnumbered pilgrims sought,
  Is an historic tomb. Above
Its precious dust hath genius wrought
  In massive art her reverent love.
What life more fortunate than his,
Who hath two immortalities?

Weep not above the buried great;
  Let all our tears be selfish tears.
Bewail instead our bitter fate,
  Who grovel out our empty years.
One need not part with breath to die;
We are the dead ones — you and I.

They only live — the glorious few,
  Who on the world their impress leave,
And who in figures bold and true
  Their years in human memory weave;
As once Matilda, o'er the sea,
Wove Norman deeds in tapestry.

They live, they breathe, and only they,
  Who, when hath fallen sword or pen,
And worms are at their hearts, yet sway
  The idealities of men.
Who, though their dust be in the wind,
Forevermore are lords of mind!

Mr. Clarence E. Hough, of Greenfield, Indiana, crowned the occasion by a complimentary rendering of President Parker's popular poem,

"THE CABIN IN THE CLEARING."

Backward gazing through the shadows,
  As the evening fades away,
I perceive the little footprints,
  Where the morning sunlight lay
Warm and mellow, on the pathway
  Leading to the open door
Of the cabin in the clearing,
  Where my soul reclines once more.

Oh ! that cabin in the clearing,
Where my Mary came, a bride,
Where our children grew to love us,
Where our little Robbie died.
Still in memory blooms the red-bud
By the doorway, and the breeze
Tingles with the spicewood's odor
And the catbird's melodies.

* * * * *

Now, that cabin in the clearing
Is but dust, blown here and there,
Where the palpitating engines
Breathe their darkness on the air ;
Where my forests towered in beauty,
Now a smoky village stands,
And the rows of factories cluster
Grimly on my fertile lands.

* * * * *

"Eighty, and a memory only,"
Is that what you speak of me ?
Well, the memory is a blessing,
And its pictures fair to see ;
While the fairest and the sweetest
Lingers with me evermore —
'Tis the cabin in the clearing,
And my Mary at the door.

PROCEEDINGS.

"LAKESIDE PARK," WARSAW, INDIANA,

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1889.

MORNING SESSION.

TABERNACLE.

Hon. Benj. S. Parker, President of the Western Association of Writers, opened the First Session of its Fourth Annual Meeting, in the Tabernacle at "Lakeside Park," at 10 A. M., Wednesday, July 10, 1889.

L. May Wheeler, Mary E. Cardwill, Secretaries.

The following members of the Association were in attendance: Judge C. F. McNutt, of Terre Haute; Prof. John Clark Ridpath, Greencastle; Judge T. B. Redding, New Castle; Geo. B. Cardwill, New Albany; Dr. H. W. Taylor, Sullivan; J. P. Dunn, Jr., State Librarian of Indiana, Indianapolis; Mrs. D. M. Jordan, Richmond; Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Hoopeston, Illinois; Marie L. Andrews, Connersville; Mrs. Benj. S. Parker, New Castle; Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson, Winchester; James Whitcomb Riley, Indianapolis; Franklin E. Denton, Cleveland, Ohio; Hannah E. Davis, Spiceland; Angeline Teal, Kendallville; M. Sears Brooks, Madison; Ella M. Nave, Indianapolis; Mary A. Leavitt, Vernon; W. P. Needham, Winchester; Grace Taylor, Sullivan; Josephine Brooks, Madison; Mrs. J. C. Briggs, Sullivan; N. J. Clodfelter, Crawfordsville; Clarence E. Hough, Greenfield; Eleanor Stackhouse, Chicago, Illinois; John Lee, Crawfordsville; W. W. Pfrimmer, Kentland; Mrs. J. V. H. Koons, Muncie; Dr. Rachel Swain, Indianapolis; Mrs. S. C. McCrea, Wabash; Nettie Ransford, Indianapolis; C. W. Wellman, Sullivan; William Alfred Hough, Greenfield; Mrs. M. B. Gorsline, Fort Wayne; Jo. A. Parker, Winchester, Tennessee; Mrs. F. E. Denton, Cleveland, Ohio; Sarah A. Beck, E. M. Chaplin, Metcalf Beck, T. J. Sanders, of Warsaw.

Rev. J. Q. Hall, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Warsaw, offered prayer.

Hon. Hiram S. Biggs, of Warsaw, President of the "Warsaw Summer Resort Association," presented the

"Address of Welcome."

He gave a comprehensive yet brief review of the growth of American authorship, comparing it with the progress of the material interests of the country, showing that the advance in higher intelligence, literature, and art, surpassed that of any other modern nation. And in behalf of the "Warsaw Summer Resort Association" and the citizens of Warsaw, extended to the members of the Association the freedom of the Park, the Lake and its belongings, and the city.

Judge Cyrus F. McNutt, of Terre Haute, Indiana, made the

"RESPONSE"

in an equally fraternal spirit, and in behalf of the Association expressed the pleasure it gave to be so cordially welcomed to Warsaw, and its manifold attractions. He said:

"In my travels amid the sunset scenes of the Pacific coast, the rugged grandeur of the Western mountains, the wonders of the Northwest, the green hills, sloping valleys, and silver lakes of the East, none form remembered scenes of more tranquil beauty than 'Lakeside Park' and yon sparkling sheet of water."

James Whitcomb Riley occupied the Chair during the presentation of the

"PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS,"

by Hon. Benj. S. Parker.

Friends and Members of the Convention:

Some philosophical student of the American character has been represented as saying in effect that should three Americans meet by accident in an uninhabited desert, their first concern would be to select officers, adopt a Constitution, and form an Association. Literary clubs and associations are, however, as old as the popular interest in literature. They have not always been bound together by constitutions and laws. Perhaps, in the majority of instances, they have consisted only of a few kindred spirits in a single city or neighborhood, drawn and held together by the free-masonry of similar thoughts and aspirations. Often the light and warmth of a single great genius or scholar has been the focus about which such groups were clustered. In such cases, when the light has gone out, the groups have continued to exist only till the warmth of the taper that nourished them has passed away. The modern association gathers about an idea or a purpose, or, it may be, a number of ideas and purposes, rather than about an individual. In this it is often a disappointment to the inflated ambitions of men; but it is none the less efficacious for good that it refuses to consider the individual as greater than the purpose. When one thinker becomes the model for a school of thinkers, every member of the school is simply so much added to its model, and, in the end, the model is credited with the entire sum. The literary association that is to be of permanent value can not be merely a Browning Club or a class in Hawthorne or Dickens. Many a noble

poem has lost its identity and obscured its author's fame by the rays from Tennyson's genius which the author had caught and woven into his song, as the fabled carpet-weaver caught and imprisoned the sunlight in his beautiful web. The study of models to enlarge and to educate is a noble pursuit. The attempt to fit one mind, or many, to the matured model is always a waste of energy. The greater the model, the more futile the attempt. The time has past when one man's thought can give its color and the cut of its garments to a whole generation of thinkers. The literary association that is to be helpful to its members and to the world must not attempt too much. It must be democratic rather than exclusive. Those who dwell upon Olympus, having the favor of the gods, may not need the sympathy of their fellow men; but the most of us inhabit the valleys and know little of the ponderous deities. Literature, though it may ascend as a libation to the great, has that seeming perversity, which belongs to Nature in all her moods, of returning to the sources from whence it arose. Even the rainbow is not long content to glorify the clouds, but swiftly returns to the earth and the sea and the white light from whence it came. So literature forever returns to the green meadows and spicy woods, and, sending its roots into the virgin soil, gathers from it the sweetness and strength of a new life. It fades and loses its warmth, its strength goes out, and its color becomes the glitter of frost when it dwells too long upon the summits. It must come back forever to the people, inform itself from the toils and struggles of their daily lives, and warm its heart by the strong fires of their affections, their devotion, and their patriotism. When literature divorces itself from nature, it falls into decay. The decadence of the writer and the statesman, alike, have their beginning in contempt for the people, and neglect of their aspirations and needs. This Association should stand as a permanent declaration that amid the toil and bustle of Western life there exists a body of earnest men and women, who, while as deeply imbued with the active spirit of business growth and material prosperity as their neighbors, are at the same time deeply interested in every worthy effort to advance the standard of general intelligence, and widen the circle of intellectual enjoyment in this section of the Union.

THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION OF WRITERS

represents a class that is a constantly multiplying force in the advancing civilization of the country. The number enrolled in the Association may be small, but the class is large. The Association has been laughed at because its members are not all of that class which critics are pleased to term "Acknowledged Authors." But

therein lies one of its sources of strength. Its ability to serve general rather than private interests. The encouragement that one "Acknowledged Author" gives to another "Acknowledged Author" can scarcely be said to constitute a force for the general advancement of literary interest. Indeed, it has been sometimes asserted that the love which they bear to each other does not always exceed the warmth of a Vesuvian eruption. However that may be, the zeal which brings "acknowledged" or "unacknowledged" writers, scholars, and thinkers, together in an organization for the encouragement of the study of literature amongst the people, and for whatever is best and truest in literature among the writers, certainly possesses strength and vitality in the purposes that impel its progress. This Association cannot become a school of close criticism. It cannot advance the popularity of individual writers except only as it can encourage them to their best and thus assist them to win what hard work and continued application may attain for them. It "can not make silver spoons of pewter." It can not dictate terms to publishers. It can not even secure the favor of publishers to those products of Western genius that are in themselves excellent, until it can first assure a market for them when they are published. When this Association was organized it was laughingly characterized as an effort to get up a corner in Spring poetry, and fix the price of manuscript stories at so much per yard. This exaggeration probably grew out of the popular knowledge that ninety-nine writers out of every hundred are forced to make a fight for the favor of publishers only less determined and persistent than the long fight they must make with themselves to deserve success. It does not change the fact that he who fights longest and hardest usually wins the most permanent success. The truth remains that a market is the prime necessity to publication. That must be assured by the reputation of the author or by the character of that which he has to offer. If a writer possesses only the genius of a mere word carpenter and is devoid of conscience he can win with ease that unsavory fame that will procure for him the favor of a conscienceless class of publishers, and put money in his pocket. The newspapers recently told the story of an author of that class who has grown wealthy, but is so thoroughly disgusted and heart-sick in the hourly contemplation of the vile work that has given him success, that he will not permit his children to come to the knowledge of it.

Such literary effort is not only unworthy, it is accursed. But with that effort which springs from noble impulses and aspires to lofty ends, the story is far different. The door may never open for it. Public favor may never smile upon it in such an emphatic way that

it will attract the publisher and the book-seller to its excellence, but it will bring no night-mares of regret to haunt the pillow of age. While all this is true, and so true as to be almost trite, it is also true that the best collection of poems or essays that ever was offered upon the literary market would be loss and disappointment to a publisher, if the author were unknown to the buyers of books. While on the other hand, the trashiest of "slop shop" novels, of the salacious or blood-curdling variety, might be a source of revenue and business success. To a community of hungry people a basket of potatoes would be worth far more than a like quantity of diamonds, unless the diamonds could be exchanged for food. It is the hunger for a thing that makes a market for it. The hunger may be natural or artificial, or it may be simply the fashion But from whatever source it may come, it must exist before the natural result can follow. There must be knowledge of Western literature before there can be any wide-spread hunger for it, or any adequate market for Western books. There must be a market for Western-made-books — books that are both written and published West of the Appelachians before literature in this section of the Union will offer pecuniary rewards except to the few or to those who are connected with journalism, or who are engaged in special enterprises, or in special fields of investigation. It is by no means to be assumed that Western literature is to be supported simply because it is Western. Literature must appeal to man, not to local pride nor to local prejudice, in order to be worthy to succeed. It may have local color and local flavor; it may deal with local characteristics, and breathe forth the neighborhood atmosphere, but it must have that within it which would appeal to cultivated people anywhere, were they surrounded by the influences and conditions of the locality where it was written. Herein is where a Western Association of Writers, while making no warfare upon the literature of other sections or other countries, may and should be of large and active service to Western literature by championing the cause of that literature in any and every legitimate way. In our section of the Union the struggle has always been hard and unequal. It is needless to recite the reasons for this state of affairs. Any one who looks upon this fair land and remembers that it has grown up from wilderness and swamp, unbroken prairie and stagnant streams within a hundred years, will scarcely ask why it has not won more honors in literature and art.

Literature has not been practiced in the West, as some have asserted, as a recreation from more exacting toils. People do not produce literature as a recreation. In the case of Western pioneers it has been practiced as an additional weight of toil; willingly, doubtless

often gladly, though sometimes painfully, assumed in answer to the promptings of genius that would not be wholly smothered, or at the higher dictates of conscience that would not be still.

A score of years has not yet passed since the world at large began to make paying demand for the book of any Western author, outside of certain school, professional, or special historical works, that could not well be produced elsewhere. Let it not be said that this was because the West had produced no men and women of genius. Who will believe that John B. Dillon or Robert Dale Owen could not have won large distinction in the fields of history and belles-letters had there been sufficient encouragement to give them opportunity. Or that George D. Prentice, Otway Curry, or Benjamin F. Taylor might not have taken their places among the world's great poets, had not the struggle to be and to become have necessarily consumed so much of their strength. That the public sentiment which permits such things has largely survived the pioneer period, is a fact for our consideration. The fault, if fault there be, is with us. Few people respect the man who does not respect himself. We must learn to respect and support whatever is worthy in our own literature if we would be other than at once dependents upon the favor of other sections, and supporters of their productions to the exclusion of those of our neighbors and friends. We must learn that a good book published in Chicago or Cincinnati has precisely the same value that should attach to it if heralded from London or New York. A neat little poem, delightful sketch, or crisp and breezy story, is just as enjoyable in the columns of "The Inter Ocean," "The Courier-Journal," or "The Indianapolis Journal," as it would be in "The Saturday Review," or in "The Atlantic Monthly." The sum of the whole matter is this: We in the West need to be taught that merit is the one thing to be sought in literature, as it is in a machine, or a brand of manufactured goods. We take nothing else on trust so largely as the books we read. If in anything else that we support by our hard earnings we should be charged with discriminating against our own producers, our indignation would be speedily excited to the combative point.

There is no danger that in becoming acquainted with the work of Western writers and thinkers, we shall be tempted to neglect the work of others who are not of this section, or to deal unjustly by them.

Genuine fame, that includes length of days and profitable popularity, could not be given to weak or unworthy productions by all the forces of local interest that might combine in their behalf.

But if this Association may aid in attracting attention to the

fact that we have a literature which has demands upon the Western public, and is worthy of its support, it will thereby do an important work, that will, alone, more than justify its perpetuation.

Our fight should not be for a sectional literature, but for a public sentiment that will not neglect or reject literature simply because it is produced by our neighbors and friends to whom our first duties as citizens of a common Republic of Letters as well as of States, are due. It is a hopeful sign that where Western people were once slow to recognize literary merit in their own section, even when it came back to them with the seal of foreign endorsement upon it, they are now ready and eager to do so. Twenty-five years ago "Ben Hur" would not have found Western buyers by the hundreds of thousands. Twenty-five years ago our half-score of story-tellers and poets who are winning solid rewards as well as golden opinions, would have found it necessary to limit production in order not to over stock the country newspapers that would have been sufficiently generous to publish their effusions without charge, and throw in the various improvements made in the text by "intelligent compositors."

But it is not to our credit as a people that they were forced to win their spurs elsewhere, or in other fields, before we could see any good in them.

As a people, we have been too much like the great man of a small town, who recently expressed himself in speaking of one who was reared in the village, but whose genius has since won national recognition, and shone as a light across the border and over the sea:

"Well, I guess I must have been wrong; all the world is agin me, but blamed ef I thought there was anything in the feller." We have said it over and over and over again of students and thinkers when they were young and needed our strength to supplement their own. "Blamed ef there's anything in the feller!" It has been the cry of an emerging civilization still clouded by the shadows of distrustful and jealous savagery. Its heartlessness has been mistaken for practical common sense, until the very fact that a man or woman has cherished literary aspirations of the higher and nobler sort has, not infrequently, subjected him or her to suspicion, reproach, and, sometimes, even to scorn and persecution. Perhaps this is true, in a sense, everywhere until the aspirant has demonstrated his power. But with us it has followed good men and women to their graves. Free schools and the universal newspaper are driving out this form of evil spirit.

It is the province of this Association, and the class — which without assuming undue importance — it seeks to represent, to see that when this spirit is finally cast out, that the good angels of art and literature shall come in and abide with us.

The phrase, "encouragement of literature," if undefined or unrestricted in its meaning, may signify that which is elevating, or that which is base and grovelling, or it may include both.

It is not to be presumed that the members of this Association are indifferent as to the character of the literary standard they would advance. Much that is popularly termed literature is not to be considered in any just estimate of the value of literary effort. That which appeals to the bestial passions, to the vices and frailties of humanity deserves only condemnation; and yet the sorrowful fact remains that the poisonous trash which is consumed every day in these Central States of the West, exceeds the number of wholesome books that are purchased and read. Could those whose lives are distorted and darkened by this vile stuff, be induced to turn from it to that which is pure in thought and noble in purpose, the market for wholesome literature would be wonderfully accelerated.

There is a constant turning back toward the primal sources of things, in literature as in nature. But that which has its fountains of life in the sewers and dens of shame and infamy is out of the natural order, and has no abiding place in literature which either correct morals or true art will sanction. The literature that has survived the lapse of years and the wreck of nations was, in every instance, written above, rather than below the level of the age in which it was produced.

The author of to-day who writes on the same plane with Chaucer, is further below the level of his age than the associate of Petrarch was above the popular horizon in the time of the third Edward.

It is not necessary that a poem or a story should have a moral affixed to it, like the postscript to a lady's letter, or Artemus Ward's oft-repeated label, "This are sarkasm," in order that the reader should recognize it and profit by it. A wholesome story, proceeding on natural lines, carries and imparts it own moral, as a rose does its odor. A beautiful poem is a moral in itself. History, well and truly told, that deals with the principles which underlie governments, dictate policies, and lead to success or failure, has no need to give way to trite homilies. Nature, when unprostituted by vice or unspoiled by the artifices of men, is always true and wholesome, always moral to the core, and that art which best reproduces nature is always the truest.

He who writes with a desire to make better those who read has, at least, the true nobility of purpose, however much he may fail in performance.

Old Timotheus, "who raised a mortal to the skies," had no

need to divide his crown with her whose siren song "drew an angel down," if the old poets did utter the fiat.

Better cultivate potatoes for a living and write for love than win temporary notoriety or accumulate gold by producing literature that only escapes the law because it is so constructed that its licentious import needs not to be displayed in printed words upon the page. The best and the worst things in literature are those that must be read between the lines. Suggestive literature is most powerful for good, and doubly potent for evil. If we are to have an essentially American literature, it must be marked by that purity which belongs to nature in her unspoiled conditions. Crime is never a healthy inspiration.

Filth and rottenness are the associates of decay. Literature that is inspired by depraved passions, or that feeds upon them, is but the fungus growth of decay, and the thirst which demands it springs from the fever of diseased conscience.

In this country human life has freer play, and larger possibilities are open before it, than elsewhere. The struggle for bread is not such a hand-to-hand conflict, with the odds against the toiler, as in the older countries. We have not the effects of ages of superstition, oppression, and powerless ignorance to contend with, except as they are imported with the maimed and suffering people whom they have crippled. Here, above and beyond all lands, literature should be a source of daily blessing. It should teach the truth of nature, the high destiny of man, the dignity of toil, the gospel of love, not always, as the preacher or philosopher would teach them, but as every successful representation of the best and truest teaches the best and truest. The pictures that were wrought by the old masters are models for all time, because they are true to noble conceptions of outline, form, and character. Such must our literature be with respect to the best American life and thought. If it might always be pure as the poems of Longfellow, the stories of Hawthorne, or the essays of Emerson, there would still be abundant space in its wide field for all the varied forms of literary activity; for the idealist and the realist, the logician and the visionary, the philosopher and the wit; and even the dialect poets and negro delineators could obtain standing room, and never find it necessary to soil their lines with vulgar inuendos, nor perfume their pages with cess-pool odors in order to make them sell.

It is lamented that we import so much foreign trash, born of brains poisoned with the fatal miasma of moral corruption and decay. But if we must have it, it is better to import it than to create it. How infinitely better than either it would be to replace it with a pure and wholesome literature that should teach the American

idea that man is more than glory, more than gold and trappings, and titled power. We have had too much of the flunkeysm of weak imitation. Too much of the first and second-hand teaching that there is no dignity in life except such as is bestowed upon it by position, station, title, caste. And no matter whether it is imported or is only the weak wash of little minds striving to imitate the imported article, it is alike un-American in conception and vicious in tendency.

If the Western Association of Writers can only do a little toward the banishment of this unnatural literature and the planting and encouragement of a strong and healthy growth in its place, a growth that shall be permeated in all its parts by the spirit of American liberty, be vital with the instincts of patriotism, and sweet and true in its devotion to the highest and best, it will have accomplished a noble work, and be entitled to, and receive from the world at large, the greeting of the Gracious Master, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

The highest purpose of literature is to ennoble life and increase the sum of human happiness. Compared with this, the glory of individual success is worthless, and individual gain but ashes. In this country we need loyalty to ideas, not to ruling dynasties. The froth of the incendiary and anarchist, instigating murder as a remedy for ills that only education and intelligence, wedded to temperance and economy, can cure, is as far from the American idea as the thought of him who sees nobility only in the scions of royalty, or in the insignia of power.

The American author of the future, while detracting nothing from the achievements of the past, and gladly availing himself of the excellences of current foreign literature, will yet be true to his privileges and inspirations. He will teach that loyalty to American ideas and institutions which shall forbid danger from usurpation on the one hand, or from red-handed anarchy on the other.

The best outcome of a national literature and education is a prosperous, self-poised people, who are largely a law unto themselves, and who are alike ready to govern, or to yield obedience to just government. Such a populace is an inspiration, as well as a result. With such purposes inspiring those who write and those who teach, and with such hopeful surroundings to inspire them, may we not anticipate the coming of that era of which one of our early bards discoursed, when

> "Smiling Shakespeares here shall follow,
> Newtons glorify our sod;
> Miltons stand with blind eyes chanting,
> Opposite the throne of God!"

We are but toilers in the pioneer corps, striving to open roads for the army of the future to follow. Yet others have been here before us — brave *coureurs des bois* — who have blazed a few paths in the wilderness, and erected a few chiseled stones of imperishable granite to mark the way.

That the paths which lead to success lie along the line of loyalty to nature in all her sweet and pure revelations, admits of neither negation nor doubt.

Western literature may well be sectional in its fidelity to western scenery, western character, and western peculiarities. But beyond that it will be national, and beyond its national character it will be cosmopolitan.

As Homer sang for Greece, Shakespeare for England, and Burns for Scotland, the western author of the future will write for the West, for America, for mankind.

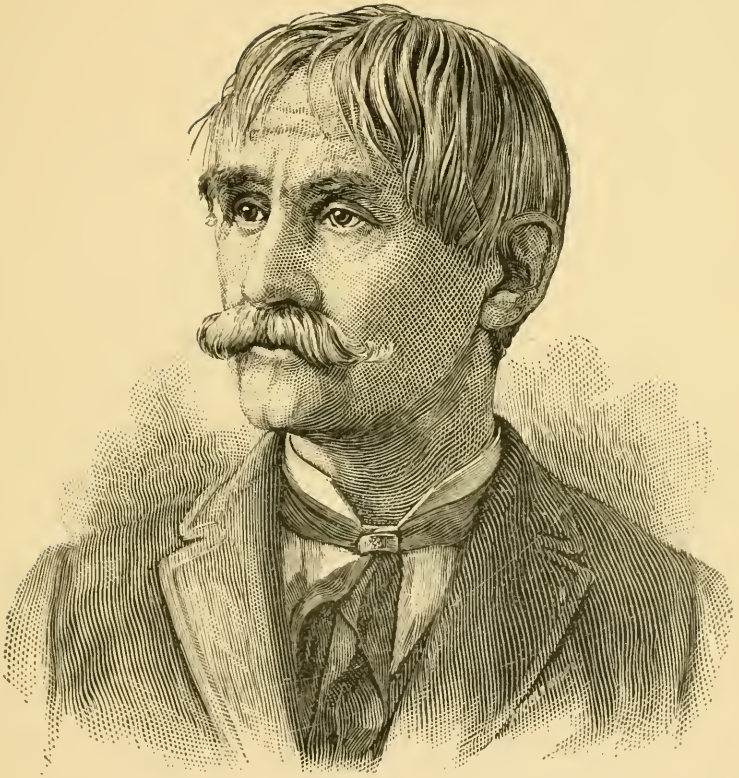
Colonel Coates Kinney, of Xenia, Ohio, of whom Julian Hawthorne says, "Few poets have so effectively communicated their inmost souls to the reader," wrote the "Annual Poem," which was read by L. May Wheeler, as follows:

THE SHIBBOLETH.

[Written by invitation of the Western Association of Writers for reading in their Convention at Warsaw, Indiana, July 10, 1889.]

The gods are all dead — glory be to God!
  Though still they ghost it in old words, as Pan,
Apollo, Jove, the Numen (or the Nod),
  That cast thin shadows in the thought of man,
Yet they themselves have toppled from their hight
  Olympian and fallen back to clod.
Science has exorcised them with its light,
  Religion banished them from fane and shrine;
Only in Poesy they haunt the night,
  Pale reminiscences of life divine.

Now that the Christ has come, iconoclast
  Of old religions, now that Science flings
Its dawn-flame on the darkness of the past,
  And fetches into sun the truth of things,
Why is it that Imagination moons?
  Why is it Poesy still sits and sings



Coates Kinney

The babe-songs of old fairyland and croons
  Her mother-melodies of ignorance,
Her INDIAN MIMICRIES of Finnish runes,
  Her HOLY GRAILS, her ARTHURS of romance?

Why with ENDYMION still fondly mope,
  Shaping Love's Lady out of moonshine — why,
Unless our Poesy is past all hope
  And pining with the Muses Nine to die?
The Nine are every one already dead;
  It is their airy ghosts that linger nigh:
They all, with god Apollo at their head,
  They all would not be air enough to blow
The sail of CHAMBERED NAUTILUS aspread
  And push it over Prose's undertow.

It seems not strange that our new world of Fact
  Should look on Verse as an anachronism;
A stopping of the white light to refract
  Its rays to colors through old Fancy's prism —
Nay, juggling with the light, in darkened rooms,
  By Fancy's worn-out tricks of spiritism.
While lived the gods the words of Song were blooms
  Upon the tree of life; but such words now
Are withered garlands on the dead gods' tombs,
  Dry wreaths around a marble Muse's brow.

Our Poesy is like that Gadarene
  Of old who roamed among the tombs, and raved,
And gashed himself with stones, and cried his threne
  To the sane Jesus, who rebuked and saved.
She, too, has come from out the burial-place,
  With night-voice by Minerva's owl depraved,
To meet the Wonder-Worker face to face
  And wait for Legion out of her to pass:
As they relinquish her from their embrace
  They rend her garments into LEAVES OF GRASS.

The Wonder-Worker is our living truth —
  Truth of to-day, the knowledge of our age;
This shall restore old Poesy to youth,
  And bring her back to reason from her rage.
She shall look round herself and shall behold
  Religion, Story, Science on the stage

Of the new Learning's language, and grow bold
To take her role with them and act her part;
Chief part, as in her glorious days of old,
When she led nature captive to her art.

Yes, Poesy must play first character,
Must queen it in this drama of the world,
Or else her singing-robes be stripped from her
And she be in the ballet frocked and girled;
Her voice of goddess in the chorus drowned,
Her gait of goddess capered, toed, and twirled.—
Shall she be second? Where is first, then, found.
In Music? Music is her serving-maid.
In Eloquence? When Eloquence is crowned
He stands in her lent mantle of flame arrayed.

Painting and Sculpture rival for her hand;
She is their sweetheart and their sovran. Yea,
All arts concenter on her, as a band
Of damsels ringed around a Queen of May.
Yet she must wane away as moon no more,
But orient herself and dawn as day.
The gods that she has practiced to adore,
The liturgies employed to worship them,
The rhetoric defunct of fairy lore,
Belong not to her New Jerusalem.

In this New City come down out of heaven,
And given her to reign in if she will,
No pagan deities, as on the seven
World-topping hills of Rome, the temples fill;
No satyrs, fauns, or nymphs there are to name
And designate to wood, and vale, and hill:
It is old Nature newly searched with flame,
Discovered newly by exploring mind—
The truth of things, the truth of words that aim
The fine realities of things to find.

Words are her kingdom: Poetry is words;
Words aptly chosen by their aptest sense,
But natural as babblement of birds;
Words that are music, painting, eloquence;
That are keen light from out a core of fire,
And are of things not seen soul's evidence;

That star the darkness of sublime desire
With hintings of the somewhere-shining sun,
And chime our still thoughts like the morning-choir
That sang together o'er creation done.

But Poesy must keep within the law;
Her power of miracles is obsolete;
Plans of creation she anew must draw;
Her miscreations she can ne'er complete:
Muse, Goddess, Triton, Siren, Fairy, Troll,
Each a stark mummy in its winding-sheet,
She never shall re-word with life and soul.
These are the names of fossils that belong
To mind of other epochs, and the whole
Potence of life is gone from them in Song.

No! Song must throb in words of living speech;
Must think the living thoughts of living men;
Must learn of living love what love can teach,
And fire the world with living hope again:
Descend from ether to the atmosphere
And breathe afresh the common oxygen.
Then wits no more shall query, with a sneer,
How long may Poesy live after death.
She shall be known then, when she does appear,
By this: *She will not speak the Shibboleth.*

Prof. John Clark Ridpath offered a Resolution, to be incorporated in a telegram to Colonel Coates Kinney, expressive of the appreciation of the Convention of his beautiful poem, also providing for the appointment of a Committee to draft the same.

The Resolution was adopted.

The Committee included Prof. John Clark Ridpath, James Whitcomb Riley, Dr. H. W. Taylor.

TELEGRAM.

FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTION WESTERN ASSOCIATION OF WRITERS,
Warsaw, Ind., July 10, 1889.

To Col Coates Kinney, Xenia, Ohio:

The Western Association of Writers, by enthusiastic vote, tender you congratulations and thanks for your admirable poem, so worthy of the author, just read before the Convention.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH,
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY,
H. W. TAYLOR.

Judge Cyrus F. McNutt made a motion providing for the publication of President Parker's address.

Mrs. M. L. Andrews seconded the motion.

Remarks were made by Mrs. D. M. Jordan, Prof. J. C. Ridpath, W. W. Pfrimmer, J. W. Riley, and Dr. H. W. Taylor.

The motion was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Clarence A. Hough humorously illustrated the recitative style of "the modern elocutionist" in a presentation of "The Lady of Seville."

Committees appointed:

EVENING PROGRAMS.

Judge C. F. McNutt, Mr. G. B. Cardwill, Mrs. M. L. Andrews, Mary E. Cardwill, L. May Wheeler, Ella M. Nave.

BANQUET.

J. P. Dunn, Jr., James Whitcomb Riley, Mrs. M. L Andrews.

Recess.

AFTERNOON SESSION, July 10, 1:30 P. M.

TABERNACLE.

The Association resumed its Wednesday sessions, after a recess of one hour and a half.

Mr. W. P. Needham, of Winchester, Ind., author of "Phantasmagorian Theology" and other works, presented the following poetical

"ADVICE TO A FRIEND."

I.

If a lily please thee, take it;
Ask not of the earth and air
Where they found it; simply take it,
All its whiteness you may share.

If the sunshine please thee, take it;
Ask not why it comes to thee,
It is thine to love, and make it
Brighten all life's mystery.

If the moon and stars surround thee,
When thy soul would leap and hark,
Question not the love that bound thee
To the jewels of the dark.

If a brother falter, fold him
In thy mantle soft and warm;
Take him, love him, soothe him, hold him,
Shield him from the passing storm.

Should one come to thee in sorrow,
Come to thee from some abysm,
Telling of a sad to-morrow,
Do not flee to priest or ism;

Lead him where the soft airs flowing
Winnow care and grief away;
Comfort, heal him, only knowing
That he needeth thee to-day.

If thou gaze for aye and ever
Out upon the unknown seas,
Watching, weeping, praying ever
For belated argosies,

Think not that the gods bereave thee,
That thy days are incomplete,
And if joy and love deceive thee,
Ask no questions -- time is fleet.

Do what seemeth best and fleetly,
For there is no stop nor stay,
Do it well and do it sweetly,
Swift the current runs away.

Nature made a beggar of thee;
God gives thee His charities;
As He gives He asketh of thee;
Illumine with His verities.

All the world is interceding!
Mercies come and mercies go!
Listen to the pleading, pleading—
Words are idle, vain, and slow.

II.

If shelter a stranger should ask thee,
For mercy should pray, or for food,
Oh, turn not away in thine anger,
It is thine own similitude
So fashioned and so framed by nature,
A brother with his aches and grief,
And *he* is not a reptile crawling
Nor *thou* a worm upon the leaf.

Wherever thou art, Oh, remember
That other men rise above thee,
That God in his infinite mercy
Did not make the world all for thee.
Beneath are the weak in the struggle,
With souls that are patient and pure,
Awaiting, yes, waiting forever
For courage and strength to endure.

Oh, what if some good deeds are wasted!
Mistakes are the mother of good;
A right intent ne'er lost its sweetness
Because it was not understood.
The little that Love has to give thee,
Is all that there is in the strife;
The web and the woof of the sunshine
That brightens the dreariest life.

The soul of the world is aweary,
Because of the sorrowing poor,
And wrongs if they are to be righted
Must lose but their power to allure.
The world needs the help of the helpless,
The helpless need strength from the strong,
And riches serve but to make selfish;
It looks as if something is wrong.

Sweet voices that sing in the valley
And eyes that so tearfully mark
The pageants of sin that are moving
To vestibules solemn and dark,
In working and singing together
And weeping your mercies away
Remember that thou art the sunshine
That lightens a perilous way.

Prof. John Clark Ridpath, of Greencastle, Indiana, the Historian, and author of the new and popular "History of the World," commanded attention, in a profound and logical analysis of

THE PERSISTENCY OF ETHNIC TRAITS.

The student of history must be constantly surprised to see recurring, after the lapse of centuries, the personal and race peculiarities of the ancient peoples. The institutional forms of human society are not nearly so long-lived as are manners and customs. Even those great political organizations to which we give the name of governments are comparatively evanescent. If we take those that have longest survived we shall find their career to have been but brief compared with the epochs of geology, archæology, or anthropology. A vast majority of the governments which have been instituted by men have not survived a century from the date of their founding. A few have lived longer.

Among the kingdoms of Western Asia, Assyria held a single organic form from the last year of the fourteenth century B. C. to the forty-seventh year of the eighth century, a total of five hundred and forty-three years. In North-eastern Africa Egypt had a continuous existence from Menes to 525 B. C., a period a little over three thousand years in duration. In Europe the two conspicuous examples of political longevity have been Rome and England. The former, from the founding of the city to the overthrow of Romulus the Little, survived for twelve hundred and twenty-nine years; the latter, from Alfred to Victoria, has reached a span of a little over a thousand years. Thus much for the occasional persistency of political institutions.

The real life of man is far removed from his political form. Instead of being the first, the political garb is the last expression of his methods as a human creature. There are, however, other garments which fit him more closely and last much longer. The political form of society is only a spectacular overcoat—a thing easily seen and easily described, but *very loose* and readily removed from the person. Men have carried into all parts of the earth into which they have distributed themselves the race peculiarities inherited from their ancestry, and the actual activities of mankind are much more ethnic in their derivation than they are civil or political. Indeed, I am almost willing to hazard the assertion that all the major realities of human life are deduced from the ethnic side. They have come down from antiquity with the blood of the race, and find expression in a thousand ways which, taken in the aggregate, constitute *history*. This ethnic life of man is the indestructible

part; the part which is transmitted from age to age, receiving increments in different centuries and from different sources, constituting what may be called the immortalities of human society.

It thus happens that when we look abroad at a given race and attempt to determine its physiognomy, to describe its motives and conduct, we find an assemblage of ethnic traits struggling for expression. The old method in history sought simply to delineate; to give pictorial representation of things as they appeared to the eye of sense; to paint, as if on a flat canvas, the *aspect* of things. The new method seeks perspective. It considers the aspect only as the current expression of the forces which lie behind it. It lays all the stress upon the *movement* of human society, and very little on the visible features. In this way it happens that the scrutiny of the student of history is constantly fixed on what we here call ethnic traits; and in the consideration of these the one thing which most surprises his ideal and most instructs his critical faculties is the *persistency* of race characteristics. He perceives at a glance that they assert and re-assert themselves in so many forms, and constitute the real explanations of so great a part of human conduct, as to be in reality the vital body of the subject which he is to investigate. It is the purpose of this article to note a few examples of those ethnic peculiarities which, in spite of all vicissitude and all catastrophe, live on, rising out of the past into the present, and constituting at once the most invariable and the most vital part of human conduct.

The persistency of linguistic phenomena must have attracted the attention of all observers. The accent and voice of the father are not more certainly transmitted to the child than are the accent and voice of the race transmitted to posterity. It is easier to overthrow a kingdom than to subvert an accent. It is possible to show that peculiar inflections of the voice, and peculiar forms of emphasis, have survived much more than a thousand years on the tongues of the descendants of some tribe by whose original instincts the peculiarities in question were devised.

Long before Greek was Greek, in the highlands of Phrygia, the people — in what stage of the human evolution we scarcely know — spoke a dialect the words of which were paroxytone; that is, the accent was thrown back from the ultimate syllable. In ages afterward, when the old Æolic Greeks, first of the Hellenic tribes, came island-wise across the Ægean, they carried this peculiarity of speech into Hellas; and ever afterward the Æolian Greek persisted in preserving the quality of the ancestral tongue.

Later on, among the western nations of Northern Greece — the Epirotes, and particularly the Illyrians, to say nothing of the Macedonians, who had the same dialectical inflections — the Greek

PROF. JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

accent continued to differ from the Doric and Attic Greek of the south. Still further on, we discover among the Aryan tribes of Central Italy on the west, the vanguard of the Græco-Italic race, mere adventurers aggregating in Latium, nearly all males at first, robbers by profession, not nearly so tearful in their sentiments as Father Æneas was in the Virgilian fiction, those primitive Albanian fathers — Romans, in short. Every student of language knows with what assiduity the Latin tongue avoided an accent on the ultimate. Down to the present day, in the dialects of Albania and even in the Italian language itself, we may find the evidences of this linguistic peculiarity, which made its appearance among the Phrygian ancestors of the Græco-Italic race more than fifteen hundred years before our era.

Is it possible to intensify negation? that is, when a negative particle has been once thrown into a sentence, does that end the matter? What shall be the effect of introducing a second negative into the same sentence? Some languages have adopted the latter expedient. Even the discerning Greek multiplied his negatives, and the greater the number the stronger the negation. But for some reason Latin adopted the opposite plan; that is, in Latin one negative completes the negation. And the same is true in every tongue derived from the Latin stock, and in most of the languages which have been affected by the Latin grammar. Of the latter, English is the most conspicuous example. It is known to all how upon the Teutonic grammar of our barbarian ancestors the Roman monks of St. Gregory's time and subsequently imposed the grammatical structure of Latin. While St. Patrick and his followers strove in Ireland to cultivate the vulgar Celtic and bring it to development according to its own principles, the Latin monks in England pursued exactly the opposite course, contemning Saxon and enforcing upon it the principles of the grammar which they had brought with them from the south of Europe. Now in Anglo-Saxon the Greek principle of *doubling negatives* prevailed. Perhaps no other tongue has ever so intensified its negations by the addition of negative words and particles as did the Anglo-Saxon.

From the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, in King Alfred's translation of Boëthius, I quote the following extract:

"Tha sceolde se hearpere swa sarig thaet he ne mihte on-ge-mong othrum mannum beon, ac teah to wuda and saet on tham muntum aegther ge daeges ge nihtes, weop and hearpode, thaet tha wudas bifodon, and tha ea stodon, and *nan* heort *ne* onscunode *naenne* leon, *ne nan* hara *naenne* hund, *ne nan* neat *nyste naenne* audan *ne naenne* ege to othrum for thaere mirhte thaes sones."

All the italicized words at the close of this extract are negatives! That is, out of the last twenty-seven words no fewer than

twelve express negation! A current English rendering of the paragraph is as follows:

"Then was the harper so sorrowful that he could not remain among other men, but withdrew into the woods and sat on the hills, day and night, weeping and harping, so that the woods thrilled, and the streams stood still, and the hart shunned not the lion, or the hare the hound, neither did the cattle know any anger or fear towards each other, for the sweetness of the music."

But the real Anglo-Saxon of the extract is as follows:

"Then [according to the story] should the harper become so sorry that he might not be among other men, but withdrew to woods and sat on the mountains both by day and night, weeping and harping, that the woods trembled, and the rivers stood, and no hart shunned not no lion, nor no hare no hound, nor no cattle knew not no anger nor no fear to other for the sweetness of the sound."

Here current English requires two negatives as against twelve in the original! That is to say, the principles of Latin grammar, enforced on the English language, have reduced the negative element in our speech to *one-sixth* of its original power!

Every child born with an English-speaking tongue in his mouth begins his linguistic career by doubling the negatives. Nature is strong. Nature says that two negatives are better than one; that they do not amount to an affirmative. For much more than a thousand years the Latin grammar, imposed by the old schoolmen on the English language long before the incoming of the Normans, has been struggling with the native impulses of our ancestral speech — struggling in vain. For, as we have said, every child, even in the arms of the most scholarly mother, in his very lispings, before the morning sky of thought is more than faintly dappled with the monosyllabic mists, shocks her artificial correctness by adopting the Anglo-Saxon grammar. He doubles his negatives. When two are not sufficient, he puts in three, or six. In doing so he bears unmistakable witness to a lineage much older than the introduction of Christianity into the British Isles. I should not be surprised if another thousand years would be insufficient to obliterate from the brain and tongue of English-born children the disposition to intensify negation according to the practice of a barbarian ancestry whose homes were in the Hollow-lands of Northern Europe.

American folk-speech preserves a great number of such peculiarities. Anglo-Saxon words were richer than those of any other speech in what are called "breakings." The breaking was generally a short *ĕ* inserted before the principal vowel in the word. The Anglo-Saxon word, as all the world knows, was generally a monosyllable. The breaking before the principal vowel or diphthong gave to the words in pronunciation a peculiar *y*-like effect.

Thus we have such words as bēôn, *to be;* ċeald, *cold;* dēôp, *deep;* ēâge, *eye;* ēorthe, *earth;* ſeaw, *few;* ġeard, *yard;* ġeong, *young;* healf, *half;* heofon, *heaven:* heorte, *heart*, etc. These words in Anglo-Saxon were pronounced very nearly thus: byon, kyald, dyope, yahge, yorthe, fyaw, gyard, gyong, hyalf, hyofon, hyorte.

The most casual observer will have noticed among all the folks the disposition to preserve this Anglo-Saxon "breaking," against all lexigraphic rules. Ever since the days of Johnson and Richardson, the lexicographers have been trying to teach English-speaking people to say *car;* and polite folks so pronounce it. But the disposition to say *kyar* is almost as universal as the disposition to eat or sleep. Patrick Henry said, "Nothing on *yairth*, I tell you." What does h-e-a-r spell? Is there a breaking, that is, a slight *y* sound in the word? The people so pronounce it. The lexicographers have it otherwise. How *care*ful we must be in saying *careful*, and how many great men are unkind when they are trying to be *kyind*. The Yankees even more than the Western folk have preserved the Anglo-Saxon breaking. Neither Worcester's *Dictionary* nor Dr. Holmes's ridicule has been able to prevail against a subtle ethnic disposition which Americans have inherited from an ancestry whose language as a distinctive form of speech perished before the Crusades.

Human speech is only one out of scores of indications which bear swift witness as to race character and descent. The peculiarities of building which the primitive races invented, or possibly gained from an ancestry still older than themselves, have always an ethnic significance. I have heard the fact cited that the birds and quadrupeds build according to a fixed plan — that there is no departure from the type which the architectural instinct of a given kind of creatures has provided for itself. Undoubtedly; and the races of men have much of this same quality.

It is much more difficult than we are wont to suppose to change the manner of structure. Show me an Aryan anywhere between the western foothills of Burmah and the upper waters of the Rio Amazonas, and I will show you a man who is able to see a house in a tree; that is, he is a wood-builder, as contradistinguished from a mud-builder. He can be civilized — or at least refined — up to the point of building by brick and stone-work; but wood is his forte. The trunk of the tree, with little modification or much, has been the delight of all the Aryan folk from the days when the first tribes set out from the Bactrian Highlands to do the adventure and thinking for the rest of mankind.

Shem, on the other hand, does not take kindly to timber; and Ham, not at all. It is believed that in all ancient Media, before the days when the relations between that power and Persia were

reversed by the genius and sword of the young man Cyrus, there was not a single brick or slab of cut stone. Ecbatana, with its palace, and probably its temples, was built of wood. Chaldæa, on the contrary, was, architecturally considered, one vast brick; mud, bitumen, solid, square, heavy structure of earthen masonry — such were the ideas of the architects who built for the great people out of whose border town Abraham started west with his clan and his camels.

These building instincts are preserved to the present day in the descendants of the ancient peoples here referred to. I will cite a single circumstance, sufficiently occult in its origin and instructive as a fact. I refer to the position of the ground-plan of house-building with respect to the points of the compass. So far as my knowledge extends, all the Aryan nations have set their houses so that the sun in rising, at noonday, and on going down should look on the three *sides* of the building. We call this arrangement of the ground-plan "setting the house square with the world." It seems as natural to a man of the Aryan race to have a south and a north side to his house (the conditions of locality permitting it) as it is to have a house at all. The ancient Chaldæans and the later Babylonians in all that portion of Mesopotamia below the latitude of Hit and Samarah chose, under the influence of some instinct which it is difficult to understand, to lay the ground-plan of all their houses, with the four *corners*, instead of the sides, to the cardinal points of the compass. It is known that at least some of the great temples and palaces of Assyria beyond the Upper Tigris were constructed in the same manner. We may be sure that for some reason the Aramaic branch of the Semitic peoples preferred that the sun at rising should shine against the *corners* of their houses, and not against the sides. The point of great interest about this architectural peculiarity of a certain group of ancient peoples is, that it has persisted to the present day, not universally, but with sufficient distinctness to mark the descendants of a people who were already old when the Vedic hymns were still young on the tongues of the Indian poets.

The evolution of clothing is marked with many ethnic lines. The form and character of the garments which men and women have invented for the protection and adornment of their bodies is as much the result of race instinct as of climatic adaptation. We need only reflect for a moment to see that a great majority of the garments which have been worn by men and women have very little respect, or no respect at all, to the human form. In the absence of knowledge, the uninformed observer would be left wholly to conjecture in determining the use of the larger part of the articles worn

for clothing. This was especially true among the Eastern peoples and the races of antiquity. In general, the progress of civilization has brought a conformity of the garment to the shape of the person. In the progress of humankind to the West *trousers* did not appear until the migrating nations had passed the highlands of Armenia. The Iranic Aryans, who filled up the Persian plateau, and the Indic races, who poured through the Hindoo-Kush into the valley of the Indus, were still under the primitive instincts of apparel, and to this day the ancient styles have been preserved in all the countries occupied by our oriental kinsfolk.

But as the west-bound march continued, as Mesopotamia was passed and the ancestors of the Græco-Italic peoples entered the hill-country of Cappadocia and Phrygia, certain garments were invented hitherto unknown among men. Shoes were here first introduced. The trousers were an Aryan invention. It seems a thing simple enough, but the history of the evolution of this garment would occupy a volume, and would embrace a variety of details more interesting than fiction, more instructive than Plato's *Dialogues*.

It was in this same region that the well-known Phrygian cap, which may be rightly regarded as the most chaste, simple, and elegant form of head-dress ever seen, was invented. The modern saddle and the modern method of bridling and riding the horse, as distinguished from the Oriental and Turanian methods, were introduced at the same time and under the same circumstances. We speak here of a period as much anterior to the epoch of the Trojan War as that event was anterior to Platæa and Salamis. From that day until the present the garment to which we have referred has had a struggle for existence, gradually gaining ground among the western Aryan nations, and being adopted even by the scattered sons of Israel in Europe and America, but never as yet able to make a conquest anywhere to the east of the meridian of its origin.

When the Græco-Italic peoples of Southern Europe first became acquainted, in the pre-classical ages, with the Celtic race north of the Alps, they found in the civil organizations of that people three orders of nobility — the Druid priests, the Gaulish chieftains, and the Equites, or horsemen. The first attended to the religious duties of the State; the second were the civil rulers, and the third constituted that body of cavalry with which the legions of Cæsar had to contend for the mastery of the country between the Rhine and the Pyrenees. The second of these noble orders, that is, the chiefs, wore as a national dress a kind of blanket, of striped or variegated cloth, thrown around the body somewhat after the manner of the Roman toga. The garment was the established style as early at least as the fourth century B. C. After twenty-three hun-

dred years it is still worn by the Gaelic Highlanders of Scotland, and it is doubtful whether another thousand years will witness its extinction.

About a year ago I was passing along the principal street of Paso del Norte, taking my first view of the low adobe houses, and my first practical lesson in Spanish as it is spoken. Most of the people were of the ruder, poorer class; but while I was listening to the enchanting talk of some draymen, as they unloaded their boxes of Sonora oranges, a living creature came out of a kind of bazar on the other side of the street, and began to walk up and down. His dignity was something indescribable. I do not mock at his walk when I say it was majestic. He had on a hat which (as I afterward learned from pricing those in the shop) was worth $300. But what caught my attention at a glance was the outer garment which he had thrown around his person, and which he adjusted now and then by giving an aristocratic movement to some of the foldings. It was my first sight of a *Roman toga!* The man who wore it was a Spaniard — doubtless a Castilian. And if a Castilian, then he had in his blood an element of the old Celtiberian life, which belonged to the center of the Spanish peninsula before the days of Hannibal. That is, his blood was composite, a part having come with the Celtic race through the notches of the Pyrenees, and the other part by the way of the Pillars of Hercules out of Africa; finally, from the Hamites in Egypt and Arabia. But my Mexican was not only Celtiberian; he was Latin — Roman. His haughtiness was of that sort. And then his color — that was Moorish. Islam had left its stain, not on his skin but in his blood. The Saracen was in him as well as the Celt, the Iberian, and the Latin stock. But his cloak was the Roman toga. No mistaking that. Its genealogy was as certain as mathematics. It was a part of that universal ethnic calculus by which the visible aspects of human life are determined in every part of the world. To wear such a cloak was natural to a descendant of the Roman race; but has any one ever seen a comfortable German or Englishman inside of a toga? I think that the long white robes worn by the Druid priests of Britain were associated with the ritual of Zoroastrainism; and if ethnography were sufficiently advanced as a science we should find that the altar-stones of the Druid in the center of Stonehenge, or far out in the gloom of the oak woods, had, somewhere in the past, an ethnic identity with the fire-altars of the Parsees.

All the principles and practices by which the races of men have adapted themselves to their environment have been characterized by such peculiarities as can only be accounted for on the grounds of ethnic preference. I do not pretend to offer or suggest

an explanation as to *why* some primitive races have chosen one method and some another of gratifying their desires and perpetuating their lives. I simply insist that far back in the tribal state instinctive dispositions appear among men and work out certain results in conduct which must be simply referred to ethnic preference. For instance, the milk-bearing animals are widely distributed over the earth. I do not know but what their distribution is coïncident with that of the human race, but the uses which men make of these auxiliary creatures and of their products are as various and peculiar as the peoples themselves. The goat in America might be used for milk and cheese under circumstances most favorable to plenty and profit, but there is an ethnic repugnance among the Aryan races to such use. The use of goats' milk in America seems as far off as lion-hunting or Buddhism.

The area of certain prepared foods is coïncident with ethnographic lines rather than with climatic boundaries. All the Aryans of Europe, with the exception of the Græco-Italic races, came into the Continent out of Asia, around the Euxine, northward out of Armenia. The race-current which thus flowed into Europe from the Upper Volga contained the potency of all the Letto-Slavic, Teutônic, and Celtic peoples. It is possible to trace in this channel, from its source in Scythia to its distribution along the North Sea, the pathway and distribution of *sour cheese* as a food of man. The custom of making and preferring this product seems to have originated among the Scythians, with whom it was a principal article. Strangely enough, it was the milk of mares which they used in its preparation rather than the milk of cows or goats, though they possessed both. In the hands of the Teutonic Aryans, the manufacture was continued from cows' milk; and all of those odorous compounds which Dutch ingenuity has extracted from the curd have resulted from an ethnic appetite which is quite unaccountable to the majority. The pathway of pepper can be traced geographically and ethnically, being generally coïncident, so far as the Aryans are concerned, with the distribution of the Latin races. It cannot be doubted that the Mexican and Peruvian palate of to-day is excited by the same condiments with which Roman bacchanalians were wont to provoke their appetites under the Empire.

These things may be considered trifles, but they are rich in meaning. If we pass to those intellectual and moral characteristics which may be called ethnic we rise to a higher and much more important plane.

Different peoples have taken their different views of the natural world according to ethnic lines. The Aryans have been poets and mythologists. The views which they have taken of nature

and their methods of expressing the same have been identical in all countries and all ages into which these peoples have been distributed, whether in Punjaub or Nepaul, on the Iranian plateau, in the Græco-Italic peninsulas, in the dark woods or lowlands of Northern Europe, or in the wilds of the New World. To the Aryan mind nature has presented herself as a problem to be solved. The aspects of the visible world have attracted a curious interest and called forth a vast array of poetical imagery and rational speculation. It might be said that the most natural activity of the Aryan intellect is *to follow the sequence of phenomena*. In an unscientific age this disposition produces mythology. In a scientific age it produces natural philosophy. In all ages it produces poetry. I do not know of any other respect in which the human mind has changed its modes of action so little as in the expression of its sentiments relative to the aspects and influences of nature. It will be said, of course, that there is a great difference between mythology and physics. And so there is — in the nomenclature; but not in the substance. It makes little difference by what names things are called so long as they are the same things, apprehended with the same vision.

To the first Aryans, nature was, of course, as she is to all children, more *alive* than she is to the last Aryans; and this being more alive constitutes the fundamental difference between mythology and natural science. All the rest of the difference is simply a linguistic mutation which may be neglected in the inquiry. I have been surprised to note in the *Dialogues of Socrates* precisely such expressions and such views of nature as might have been given out yesterday by some scholar in comparative philology. In the *Phædrus*, for instance, occurs the following interlocution:

Socrates. Turn this way; let us go to the Ilissus, and sit down at some quiet spot.

Phædrus. I am fortunate in not having my sandals; and as you never have any I think that we may go along the brook and cool our feet in the water; this is the easiest way, and at midday and in the summer is far from being unpleasant.

Socrates. Lead on, and look out for a place in which we can sit down.

Phædrus. Do you see that very tall plane-tree?

Socrates. Certainly I do.

Phædrus. There is shade there, and the wind is not too strong, and there is grass to sit, or, if we like, to lie down.

Socrates. Lead on, then.

Phædrus. Tell me, Socrates, is it not from some place here they say that Boreas carried away Orithyia from the Ilissus?

Socrates. So they say.

Phædrus. Should it not be from this spot? for the waters seem so lovely, and pure, and transparent, and as if made for girls to play on the bank.

In what respect does this differ from Goethe, from Wordsworth, from Tennyson? The young Bryant, with his harp for the first time in his hands, began thus:

> "To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language."

The Vedic shepherd, full two thousand years before Christ, gazing eastward in the early dawn, saw the morning star over the snow-notches of the Himalayas, and poured out his rhapsody in song. The sentiments of the hymn, poetical in the last degree, and flecked with religious emotions, were at once the epitome and the antitype of the prolific poetical literature which has poured from the heart and brain of the Aryan peoples. The strain was taken up by the Zendic bards and repeated on the myriad tongues of the Greek poets. Chaucer renewed the echoes among the twittering birds that made the morning vocal at old Woodstock; and the poetry of the nineteenth century, in England, Germany, and America, still blends in its strophes the sympathies and yearnings for visible nature, and the awe of her mysteries, which were felt by the first men of the race who looked abroad on the panorama of the earth and sea and sky.

Or, turning from the poetical side, in what respect does the conversation of Socrates and Phædrus differ from such talk as Max Müller might have with Huxley? Whether with the poetical or the scientific eye the Aryan folks in all the countries which they have traversed have looked curiously and sympathetically on the aspects and processes of the visible world. So intense has been this disposition that it has demanded the extension of the senses in both directions. On one side it has called into being the infinitudes of the telescope, and on the other the infinitudes of the microscope.

Shem looked upon the natural world with another eye. He was not insensible to the majesty of the universe; but his mind dwelt ever on the moving Cause behind it. We can epitomize his view of nature, as did the psalmist, in a single clause:

> "The heavens declare the glory of God,
> And the firmament showeth his handywork."

It was not the beauty, the majesty, the sublimity of the worlds on high with which he was affected. To him the universe was simply an expression of invisible purpose, intelligence, will.

It has been insisted that the Aramaic peoples of the lower Euphrates and the Hamites of the Nile valley were the founders of astronomy and kindred sciences. We have been told many times how the Arabian Moors of Spain were the introducers of science

into Europe. This is true and not true. If astronomy and astrology were convertible terms — if they expressed the same facts in the human evolution — we might assign the origin of astronomy to the Chaldæans and the Egyptians. But it was by no means the *laws* of the physical universe that those dreaming ancients sought to know and to formulate. It was only the *lore* of the stars that they produced. There is a great difference between a physical law and an astrological myth.

History is replete with examples of great men who could not understand themselves, and whom others could not interpret. Such characters are, I believe, for the most part, the result of the confluence of ethnic tides. Wallenstein is a conspicuous instance. I am confident that could his genealogy be traced we should find in him a strain of Arabian blood. In his tent at night he had before him his astrological charts and his war-maps by turns; and he studied the former with more interest than the latter. Schiller has not solved the mystery of his character. He had the spirit of the ancient Chaldees; and if our knowledge of his antecedents were ample, it would probably be seen that one of his lines of descent stretches across the Mediterranean, traversing deserts, and finally fixing itself, perhaps, in the sands of the Arabian plain, or among the date-palms and alders of the Lower Euphrates.

Like astrology, alchemy came from Shem and Ham. But alchemy is not chemistry. To this day it is impossible to interest the peoples of the East with such questions as arise out of the molecular constitution of matter. On the other hand, it is almost impossible *not* to interest any Aryan mind with such an inquiry. True, the ancient Arabic world was rich in experimentation and discovery; and much of both has flowed into Western channels. All chemical, and I might add all physical, science is infected to a certain degree with alchemical and astrological influences. In all the drug-stores of Europe and America one may buy — indeed, he must buy if he buy at all — his "spirits" of camphor, "spirits" of nitric ether, "spirits" of turpentine. Mark the spirits. The drug-clerk, with his materialistic mind, sells you the *spirit* of turpentine in a vial! You have four ounces of the oil of terebinth, derived, perhaps, from the *Abies balsamea* of Canada, and a certain indefinite quantity of alchemy, derived from the Arabs, and represented by the "spirit." In the middle ages the spirit was the principal thing in the laboratory. It was the working force in matter. Perhaps we might call it the Semitic name for chemical affinity.

Many peculiar phenomena with which physical and intellectual science is perplexed in modern times are the ethnic residue of

ancient forms and modes of mental action. Physical science has shown that in the evolution of animal bodies certain organs have become atrophied, and with this certain modes of action have passed away. But the disposition of the animal to act in the ancient manner and to use the atrophied organ is always seen when the ancient conditions are restored. This is true of the intellectual actions of men. Many of the peoples of to-day feel a sudden impulse to act in a primitive manner when the same is suggested by the revival of some circumstance from the past. The circumstance is generally such as has belonged to ethnic history. I believe that several scientific theories will have to be revised, under the principles here suggested. Take, for instance, the scientific explanation of the mirage. I seriously doubt its accuracy, or, at least, its completeness.

In February last, while journeying northward through the Mojave Desert, in California, I had opportunity to study for some hours the mirage in Death Valley. This waste region lies about a hundred and twenty miles to the east of the line of the Southern Pacific Railway. I looked long and intently at the illusive images that hung low in the gleaming horizon. It was, in general, a lake, surrounded with palms and tents, and what might well be mistaken for shady groves and fountains. I tried faithfully to reconcile the phenomena with the usual explanation; but the effort was futile. To begin with, the scene was, to my thinking, altogether Oriental in its character. The palms were not like the California palms. Moreover, the line of vision is here directed across the wide, waste region of San Bernardino and toward the desert parts of Arizona. I do not believe that there were any palms or water, much less tents and villages, in that direction. I noticed that this desert Fata Morgana presented *no motion* except a certain fluctuating and illusive drifting in the horizon.

> No whirring wing, no bounding foot, went by;
> No wild-fowl ruffled the mock-water lake;
> No tall reed quivered with a song or cry;
> No girl or fawn stooped down her thirst to slake.

It appeared to be a picture rather than a dramatic action. The image of a village reflected into the air would be a dramatic action. Men would be going about the street, and animals would enliven the scene.

What, then, can all this be? I do not deny the spectral theory which physics has suggested in explanation; but it seems to me insufficient, and possibly erroneous in toto. Is it not possible that the mirage, after all, is a subjective phenomenon, at least in part? Hunger and thirst always produce delirium. He who dies of starv-

ation sees, in his last hours, tables of rich viands and golden fruits, more than heart could desire. The vision builds for itself the concomitant circumstances of feasting. Trees and flowers and dining-halls are seen, even until the eyes glaze apace and the senses close forever. So, also, of the delirium of thirst. Invariably he who famishes for water, or, indeed, suffers much for it, will become delirious, and will see a veritable mirage. The lake, the fountain, all things that gush with living water, will come into his vision. The associated circumstances will also arise on his swimming sight. Generally the hallucination takes the form of an oasis. In no other regions has there been such suffering from hunger and thirst as in the desert or half-desert countries. Is it not possible that the so-called mirage is a transmitted delirium? Would there not be — is there not — in the mind a susceptibility to certain surroundings out of which a given form of suffering would arise, and has arisen in the past? I have known instances in which aged people, riding far on railway trains and suffering from hunger, have seen through the car windows a mirage for hours — this in countries where such phenomena are unknown to people in full blood and health. Why should not certain landscapes so forcibly and yet unconsciously impress us with the possibility — even the nearness — of perishing of hunger and thirst as to awaken in our sensorium the transmitted sensations of that which our ancestry has actually suffered under like conditions? If so, may it not be that the lines of our ethnic descent reach into regions where delirium from hunger and thirst has been so common a fact as to make us sensitive to those physical conditions out of which the original phenomena arose?

These views are put forth tentatively. I suspect that northern nations are not, on the whole, so sensitive to mirage as those whose ancestors have been much exposed to the hardships and terrors of the desert. I suggest that it is worth the attention of scientists to re-examine the phenomena here referred to, not in the light of theory, but in the light of fact; more particularly, that some company of good observers viewing the mirage under the same conditions compare carefully the things which they respectively see, noting accurately whether the spectra coincide, or whether each observer sees a mirage of his own.

Will some one immediately say that the mirage of the sea consists of ships hung in mid-air, etc., and that therefore the vision is not subjective? Bear in mind, however, that those who perish or suffer at sea from hunger and thirst do not have the delirium of the oasis; for the oasis, the palms, the fountains, the heaped-up viands are not the things which the sufferers hope for, not the things on which their swimming senses are fixed. The coming of the ship is

to them the one blessed circumstance that can save; and the delirium takes the form of the desire. Seeing ships at sea is rather a proof than a disproof of the subjective theory of mirage. If towns and hamlets and sheep and oxen were seen in the sea-vision, it would confute rather than establish the view which I here present. Is not, then, the mirage of the desert, at least in part, the remaining figments of an ethnic delirium which has been transmitted from the actual delirium of the East?

All thoughtful persons have remarked the ethnological relations of religious thought. While we should by no means adopt the vagary called Semitic monotheism, we may very properly admit the extreme tenacity with which Shem has held to the belief in one God, and abhorred polytheism and mythology. Under the best interpretations of the ancient systems of thought, it is now seen that the original concept of the Aryan mind was also monotheistic. More properly speaking, the original faith of the Aryan race was *Kathenotheism;* that is, a belief in many powers, under the supremacy of one. Dyaus Pitar of the Indic Aryans was the Supreme Being, but not the only deity. In the evolution of the Aryan races the original belief degenerated into polytheism. When Paul went to Europe with the new faith, he transplanted into Western Arya that stern and lofty monotheism which has struggled with the ethnic dispositions of the Indo-European race to the present day. The poetic, cause-seeking, law-seeking disposition of the Aryan peoples has risen with difficulty to the sublime concept of unity and universality.

The breaking away of Ishmael by his refusal to accept Christianity was the result of an ethnic peculiarity. The vehemence with which Islam proclaims the oneness and indivisibility of the Most High, and the frequent expressions in the Koran of abhorrence at the idea of a *Son* of God, are clear evidences of the intense monotheistic faith of the southern Semites. It is against this old ethnic instinct that Christianity has still to make its way in all the countries which have fallen under the influence of the Prophet.

We cannot pursue these general views, but may pause to notice in the west of Europe the persistency of an ethnic characteristic among the Irish Celts. It was into Ireland that Druidism retreated before the sword of Rome. It was there that the ancient system was found intrenched in its last fortifications. In dealing with the question St. Patrick and his followers had to pursue a method very different from that adopted by St. Gregory in the conversion of the Saxon pagans in Britain. The Celts held to their Druidical superstitions with much more tenacity than did the Saxons to their Northern paganism. The Druidical forms of worship would not yield to

the Christian forms proposed by the saint and his followers The latter were obliged, just as Rome has been obliged in many countries, to accept the *garment* of the old system in the hope of a new body and a new spirit.

At the time of which we speak the lore of Druidism was preserved in the poems composed and sung by the Irish *Fili*, or Bards. The Fili were one of the three orders of Druidical officers. St. Patrick accepted many of the Druid hymns, and others were composed in the same spirit and incorporated in the Christian songs and ritual. There thus arose in Ireland the system which has been designated as Neo-Druidism. It was Christianity in the garb of the ancient Druidical faith. The old ethnic forces of the Celtic race were thus permitted to enter into union with the new evangelism. It might almost be said that Druidism has never been abolished in Ireland. The stream of the ancient superstition flowed as a tributary into the new river of religious thought, and all the waters below the confluence, even to the present day, have been tinged with the religious sentiments of the Celtic race as it was at the time of its prehistoric ascendency in Gaul and the British Islands. The stubborn Catholicism of modern Ireland is to be explained, in part at least, by the ethnic constitution of the people, and in particular by the Druidical element which it received from the ancient Celtic priesthood.

Mr. W. W. Pfrimmer gave "A Study in Dialect" in

"DREAMS OF INGIN CRICK."

Pears like I jest can't forget,
An' I keep a thinkin' yet,
Till I'm mighty nigh homesick
Fer old times on Ingin Crick.
Thought about it till it seems
I go back there in my dreams—
Turn the years back till I stand
With my straw hat in my hand,
An' my pants rolled to my knees,
Underneath the locus' trees,
Er lay there, as I ust to do,
An' watch the sunshine filter through;
Er put off down the Crick until
I bring up at Bruce's mill,
Wade the Crick below the dam,
An' wander on until I am

Ez hungry ez a boy kin be,
At Uncle Eli's sarvice tree.
Go back through the sugar camp,
Wade the Crick agin an' tramp
Through the bottom lands, an' climb
The hill clost on to supper-time.
See gran'pap a settin' there,
In the old, split-bottom chair,
On the porch, an' by his side,
Gran'ma knittin', satisfied.
Strange how nachrel dreams kin be!
Dreams 'ats built o' memory —
'Y I 've laid in our old loft
An' huern the rain draps patter soft
Like on the roof clost to my head,
An' me a layin' there in bed,—
An' I 've drunk frum our old well,
An' ben in huerin' o' the bell,
Our old bell cow ust to wear,
Ever sence we moved frum there,
Done it all in dreams, ye know,
Still, I wisht 'at I could go
Back there wide awake onst more,
An' stand inside the school-house door,
An' see the schollars 'at I knowed,
Just as they wuz, before they growed
To men an' women; like to see
The old school as it ust to be.
Give the best hoss on the place
Fer a glimpse o' jest one face,
Do my eye sight good to-night
To see her stand up to recite
Her readin' or her 'rithmitic,
Sweetest girl on Ingin Crick!
But she 's growed up too, an' she
Likely never thinks o' me.
Think ef I could go back now
I 'd climb up in the old hay-mow,
An' lay down on the hay, an' rest.
Don't know which ud be the best,
That er fulin' through the wood
A huntin' paw paws, 'wisht I could!

Jacob P. Dunn, Jr., State Librarian of Indiana, and author of "Indiana" in the "American Commonwealth Series," and other works, contributed for discussion a paper upon

"TOWNSHIP LIBRARIES."

It is my desire to interest this organization in the work of re-organizing and rehabilitating the township libraries of Indiana. My aim is not so much to secure formal action of the Association, though that might be beneficial, as to enlist the active sympathies of the members in their individual capacities. No class of persons is more directly interested in this movement than the members of this Association. Not that it would certainly extend the market for the publications of such of you as have published books, though of course it might do so; but that it must necessarily extend the culture, the refinement, the love of literature, and the appreciation of literary merit for its worth, without regard to the name attached to it, which are the essential conditions for the life and growth of literary aspirants. I am well satisfied that many literary productions have passed unnoticed in this State, which if they had been produced in Boston or New York, would have at once given the authors standing and recognition as persons of literary merit. If I be correct in this, and no doubt most of you have had the same thought, it will easily be perceived that the difference is due to the different literary atmospheres of the places. If a musician desires to produce an artistic musical work he naturally goes to some place where there is a general taste for music — where it is understood and appreciated. Writers by a process of involuntary reasoning arrive at the same conclusion, and therefore we hear a great deal about a desire to "break into the Eastern magazines." The difficulty of accomplishing this has led to a desire for independence among Western writers, but of all the projects that have been suggested for this, I have heard of none that is not superficial in its character and certain of failure.

The only way to cure a disease is to go to the roots of it. If you want a field for literary work here, you must have a literary atmosphere here. You may start magazines and write articles about the merits of Western writers till you wear yourselves out, and no effect will be produced until appreciative readers are secured in the general public. How will you acquire such a public? I answer, educate — educate — educate. It is to your interest to stimulate and push forward education of all kinds, but no education will be of so much service to you as library education; for that it is which takes people beyond school work and puts them into your field —

which makes them capable of appreciating beauty of thought and of expression — which makes them love and respect those who can satisfy this literary taste. The thing is axiomatic. From whom do you receive individual appreciation, from people who read, or from people who do not read? Who understand you? Who are your friends? There can be but one answer, and, when you have given it, let me further ask you how can you expect general appreciation so long as the majority of people do not read? But how can they be induced to read? Give them the opportunity and they will need no inducing. Go out through this State, as you may anywhere, and find people poring for hours over an old newspaper, and then talk about inducing them to read. It is absurd. Put something worth reading within their reach and there will be no trouble about the reading. And once the reading habit is formed, they are yours.

No doubt a number of the members of this Association live at points where public libraries are not readily accessible. To such there is the added incentive of gratifying their own taste for books. Even if one is able to supply himself with what he wants for ordinary reading, there are always books of reference that he is liable to want at any time, and which persons of ordinary means cannot indulge in. For numerous reasons, literary people get more benefit from public libraries than other classes of people. They ought to be the leaders in the movement for securing and maintaining them for their own sakes, as well as the interests of others. I have very little confidence in a love for literature which does not beget a desire to have others share in the pleasure and profit so easily obtained by reading good books.

It is a singular fact that the proposition to improve the township libraries of this State is almost invariably met with the objection that the libraries are worthless; that the books are in bad condition, and many of them are lost; that the township trustees take no care of the libraries; and that they are of no practical use to any one. Unquestionably, these statements are correct, but it certainly is illogical, to say the least, to urge the existence of an evil as a reason why that evil should not be corrected. To a well-balanced mind, the existence of an evil is the essential reason for correcting the evil.

On the other hand, it is fairly incumbent on those who advocate reform in this matter to show why the present township library system is a failure, and how it may be remedied. This can easily be done by briefly reviewing the history of these libraries. The law under which they originated was a part of the school law of 1852. (Rev. Stats. 1852, Vol. 1, p. 456.) It provided for a tax of a quarter of a mill on the dollar, or twenty-five cents on one thousand dollars, and a poll tax of twenty-five cents, the proceeds

of which were to be devoted exclusively to the purchase of township libraries. By the provisions of the law this tax was to be collected for two years only. By November 1, 1854, $171,319.07 had been collected from this tax, and $147,222 expended for books. The first imperfection of the law was then manifested.

It required the purchase of complete libraries; but instead of providing one for each township, it directed that ten libraries should be furnished to each county having more than 15,000 inhabitants, eight libraries to counties having from 10,000 to 15,000 inhabitants, and six libraries to counties having less than 10,000 inhabitants; and the libraries so received were to be divided equitably among the townships by the county commissioners. The result was that there were 690 libraries to be divided among 938 townships, and the basis of distribution to counties was so unequal that there were over 150 townships that received less than full libraries, each of which had more inhabitants than one entire county that received six libraries. What was worse, as there were very few counties in which the number of libraries received corresponded exactly with the number of townships, the completeness that had been aimed at in the purchase was at once destroyed by the division of almost all the libraries, and in some instances that division was made with such stern impartiality that sets of books were divided, part of the volumes being sent to one township and part to another. This process of division has since been continued, as the townships increased to their present number of 1012, and the libraries affected have decreased proportionately in value.

Notwithstanding this defect, which could, of course, easily be remedied by applying the tax paid in each township exclusively for the library of that township, the libraries were very popular and very successful for several years. By the revised school law of 1855 (Laws 1855, p. 177) the defect as to distribution was cured and the tax continued for another year. In his report of 1856, Caleb Mills, Superintendent of Public Instruction, declared that an examination of the statistical showing of the libraries would

> "Convince the most skeptical that a one-quarter of a mill property and a twenty-five cents poll tax never accomplished so much for education in any other way."

The total amount raised by this three-years taxation was $273,000, or about $290 to each township; the average number of volumes received was about 300, the exact number varying with the population. The official reports of the use of the libraries made at the time, many of which are set forth in the Superintendent's Report of 1857, fully justify Mr. Mills' statement that the system had already "accomplished results equal to the most

sanguine expectations of its friends, and fully redeemed their pledges in its behalf." He adds:

"The reports from many townships will show that the number of books taken out, in twelve consecutive months, is equal to from one to twenty times the entire number in the library, a case perhaps without a parallel in the history of popular reading."

But it is not necessary to go to statistics to prove the usefulness of those books. Wherever you find a well-informed man who lived in Indiana from 1855 to 1860, you always find a man who patronized the township libraries, and he will tell you that he profited much by them. Make the inquiry for your own satisfaction. I have tried it repeatedly, and never yet failed.

Now, why did not this condition continue? Before the novelty of the libraries had fairly worn off, the civil war came on, and the whole attention of the people was turned to it; and from the new conditions created by it there was rapidly developed a nation living in a feverish, abnormal state of activity. There was little thought of the future, and less of the past. Everything was absorbed in the present. This habit of life is not consistent with research and reflection, and after five years of it the people were much less able than before to appreciate the benefits of quiet mental development. We were left at the close of the war a nation of business men, as we had never been before. The activity that had become a necessity in living during those five years was transferred to the ordinary pursuits of life, and we passed into an era of enterprise, of speculation, of vast projects, such as had never been seen before, and will not probably soon be seen again.

Meanwhile, however, the libraries were not wholly forgotten. Some one remembered their benefits and realized that they could not continue beneficial without continuing support; and in 1865 a law was passed providing for a tax of one-tenth of a mill on the dollar, or one cent on one hundred dollars, for their support. (Acts of 1865, p. 31.) Small as this tax was, it would have gone far toward satisfying the public needs, and by this time would have built up very respectable libraries in all the townships, but it was not destined to continue. The interest in the libraries was not general, and worst of all, they were not appreciated in the place that should have been their stronghold. Mr. Hoss, then Superintendent of Public Instruction, recommended that the fund raised for the township libraries, amounting to about $50,000, be diverted to the erection of the Normal School at Terre Haute (Report of 1866, p. 42), and obtained his desire. A law to that effect was passed by the next legislature, approved on March 8, 1867 (Laws of 1867, p. 177), and on the next day a law was approved repealing the tax entirely.

Left thus without any support whatever, the libraries were of necessity doomed to continual deterioration. No new books could be added except by donation. When a book wore out it could not be replaced. If the binding came off it could not be re-bound. Then, aside from actual deterioration, a public library is always on the retrograde in usefulness if it be not growing. People who wish to read finish such books as they care for, and then, having no further use for the library, take no further interest in it. It gradually drops out of sight. What difference does it make if the township trustee, who is burdened with the care of the library, boxes it up and stores it in his cellar? What, even if he loan the books to his friends and make no pretension of seeing that they are returned? Who cares? No one uses the library. In fact, a majority of the people do not know there is any. That is the state of the public mind at present, and has been for a number of years past; and under it the libraries have steadily advanced in disintegration and ruin. They have died, or rather, are dying, of starvation and neglect. But this furnishes no argument against the usefulness of township libraries. It merely demonstrates that our system is defective; and the reasonable action to be taken is not the abandonment of the libraries, but the amendment of the system.

The particulars of amendment desirable should, of course, receive the most careful consideration; but to my mind the bill presented for the purpose at the last session of the Legislature outlines the desirable course in the more important matters, as follows:

I. The levying of a continuing tax for the support and increase of the libraries. The tax proposed was one-fifth of a mill on the dollar, or twenty cents on one thousand dollars. A majority of the tax-payers of Indiana pay taxes on less than that amount, and therefore twenty cents a year would be the maximum of expense to a majority of our citizens. At the same time this would raise in the State a total of $160,000, or an average of $160 to the township. In some townships the amount would be considerably greater, and in some much less; but as the money raised in each township is to be expended for the library in that township, the result would be exactly what is needed, *i. e.*, the more populous and wealthier the township, the better the library.

II. In case there is a town of over one hundred inhabitants in a township, the library is to be located at the largest of such towns. This will usually secure the easiest access to the greatest number of readers. In case there is no town of that size, the county commissioners are empowered to locate it at a smaller village or postoffice, if public convenience will thereby be advanced; otherwise the library is to be kept at the schoolhouse most centrally and conveniently located for general access.

III. The employment of a librarian. The funds, of course, will be limited, but there will be little difficulty in finding in each township some young person who would gladly devote one day in the week to the care of a library, for fifty dollars a year. Such persons would be interested in books, the use of the library being always an object with them, and better care

would be taken of the libraries. It is useless to expect township trustees to give proper care to libraries. They are not selected on account of their knowledge of such matters, and usually cannot afford the time that is necessary.

IV. The supervision of the libraries by the county superintendents of public instruction, including semi-annual inspection of the libraries, and reports to the State Superintendent. This connects the library system closely to the school system, and will do much toward promoting the harmonious advancement of the two. Our educators have already waked up to the importance of the libraries as an adjunct to school work. Their reading circle work has also brought home to them the desirability of public libraries in which the reading-circle books may be found. In consequence, recommendations of an improvement of the township libraries have already been made by the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and by committees from the State Teachers' Association.

These are the principal features of the proposed law. The remainder are matters of detail in connection with these changes, and of prevention of conflict with libraries already established — especially those of cities which wish separate and exclusive libraries. It is believed that they are all practical. No one has yet been able to point out anything impracticable in them; and criticism of that nature is coveted, for the prime object is to get the best law possible. The principal objection in the Legislature has been and will be the increase of taxation. That is always a bugbear, and very often it would be well if it were more of one; but in this case there can be no question that the tax would be popular. I know of one county at present in which a township library tax is being levied and collected in every township, under a supposed authority of law, but in reality without lawful authority of any kind, and without objection. The County Superintendent recently informed me that some of the trustees objected to making the levy at first, but afterwards, on finding that the people were in favor of it, they proceeded. There is a waking interest in the township library question, in several localities. The most noteworthy of recent date is at Richmond, where the Morrisson library and several other collections have been turned over to the township of Wayne, and the township library system has been re-inaugurated in good style, with some 15,000 volumes for a beginning. This library may have the aid of a continuing tax, as our law provides that when a township library has been started by private donation to the extent of $1,000 or upwards, a tenth of a mill tax may be levied for its support.

It is especially desirable that some action should be taken in regard to the township libraries at as early a date as possible, in order to save what remains of the old libraries. As nearly as can be estimated from the published reports of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and from a rather careful investigation made during the past two years, there are about 100,000

volumes still remaining in serviceable condition. Taken by themselves, these books would be of little use, but they will form nuclei for libraries, and as usually they are works of a solid character, will add materially to their value. The books which had the greatest use, and consequently those which commonly wore out or disappeared, were novels and books of a popular character. The histories, scientific works, and works of reference, remained more closely on the shelves. Broken sets can be filled with comparative cheapness, as the breaks in a thousand libraries are usual supplementary to an extent that will cause them, as an entirety, to absorb complete sets. With these considerations in view, it will readily be seen that what is on hand already will prove a feature of importance in the township library project.

I trust that you have all now arrived at a state of mind when you are asking, mentally, what can we do to forward the township library system? You can do a great deal. In the first place you can talk — at least some of you can, and my observation has been that literary people were usually gifted in that way. You go out from here to the various localities in which you reside, where you are personally known, and where your opinions in literary matters are respected. Talk to your neighbors and friends. See if any of them can offer any legitimate reason why Indiana should be behind other States in the matter of public libraries. See if they can give any reason why every Hoosier child that hungers for knowledge should not be given access to good reading matter free of cost? See if you can find anyone who will object to a tax of twenty cents on a thousand dollars for keeping up these libraries. If your voice becomes weak, or you feel that you can reach further with a pen, write. All of you have access to newspaper columns, and are on friendly terms with editors. Enlist the press in the war. There is no greater agency for public education.

I ask you to consider this subject maturely and seriously. You have personal interests in it; but beyond that, you have all that enlightened state-pride can give to urge you forward. I have no more at stake than any of you; but with all her eccentricities I love Indiana, and I would, with deep pleasure, see her come forward to the front ranks of her sister States in every work of progress and enlightenment. She is moving in that direction, and when the day shall come when this particular step of reform is taken, as come it certainly will, I trust that the impartial historian will be able to record that the Western Association of Writers was a powerful factor in obtaining it.

Mr. George B. Cardwill endorsed the position of Mr. Dunn, as expressed in the paper, and gave a brief history of the establish-

ment of the library at New Albany, Indiana. Mrs. D. M. Jordan, Prof. J. C. Ridpath, Mrs. M. S. Brooks, and Judge T. B. Redding also participated in the discussion.

Mr. Franklin E. Denton revealed the master-touch in the rare combination of strong thought and deep feeling expressed in

"AN AUTUMN DAY."

If the bright soul of Shelley could be wrought
Into a day, it would be such as this,
Fair as e'er burst the night's starred chrysalis,
The only perfect day the year has brought.
With "peace that passeth understanding" fraught,
Like an old mystic lost amid his dreams,
Bathed in October's introspective beams
The world seems builded of the stuff of thought,
But I am dumb! Conceptions words forsake
Do heave and quiver on the heart's deep feeling,
Like water-lily leaves upon a lake,
O'er whose blue meadows summer winds are stealing!
I starve, like Tantalus; almost in reach
Of the rich banquet of the gift of speech!

President Parker read a letter written by Mrs. Mary J. Tucker, of Greensburg, Indiana, concerning her daughter, Mary Louisa Chitwood, whose harp of song was long since unstrung, but the memory of whose genius still lives, as evidenced in

"THE TWO EDENS,"

read by L. May Wheeler.

I am dreaming, dreaming of Eden,
  E'er the serpent entered in,
And over the brows of the tempted
  Fastened his fangs of sin;
When the flowers that grew in the garden
  With shadowless bloom were bright,
And no broken urn of the lily
  Enfolded the dews of night

O ! fair and beautiful Eden,
O, perfect and sinless love !
When light, like a prism of glory,
Circled the earth from above.
And a sweet rejoicing anthem
Was sung by the earth to the sun,
As swift through the realms of azure
She swept in her glory on.

And the flash winds played a chorus
Of love to the blue eyed waves,
E'er they bore the echoes of sobbing
O'er the muffled digging of graves,
When afar in the quiet valley,
'Neath the bloom of the thornless rose,
The lion and lamb together
Lay down in sweet repose.

When the fawn and spotted leopard,
The wolf and young gazelle,
Came close to the sound of singing,
As Eve's voice rose and fell ;
And the beasts that lived in the jungles,
And the birds that flew in the air
Fled not at the footsteps of Adam,
In Eden e'er sin was there.

But I turn from the night of darkness,
The time of the cross and thorn,
The night of the earthquake mutter,
That followed when sin was born.

* * * * * *

I am dreaming, dreaming of Eden,
That Eden of love, that lies
Far over the shadowy waters,
That quiet land of the skies ;
Where, over the walls of pure jasper,
No serpent can enter in,
And o'er the Eternal City
Hangeth no cloud of sin.

When the loved ones o'er whose bosoms
The sods of earth have lain,
Will come to our fond embraces
And gladden our hearts again.
Oh fairest and beautiful Eden,
Of endless, eternal rest,
Of all the sweet dreams that e'er thrill me
This glorious one is the best.

When the heart within is pulsating
With longings, and hopes, and fears,
When the eyes that look to the starland
Are misty and dim with tears,
There cometh the voice of an angel,
A syllable sweet of love,
With a thought and a hope of Eden
Remaining for us above.

Mary E. Cardwill read the following letters:

LETTER FROM OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BEVERLY FARMS, Mass., June 17, 1889.

BENJ. S. PARKER, PRESIDENT WESTERN ASSOCIATION OF WRITERS, NEW CASTLE, IND.

My Dear Sir: — I thank you cordially for your kind note and invitation. I wish I could meet all my distant friends face to face, but I can only send them my grateful acknowledgments and my best wishes. Believe me

Very truly yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

LETTER FROM W. D. GALLAGHER.

BROOK STREET, 1333, LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 11, 1889.

Dear Sir: — It was with much pleasure that I received the inclosures which you sent me relative to the "Fourth Annual Reunion of the Western Association of Writers," and it is with equal regret I have to inform you of my inability to attend that meeting, which, I have no doubt, will be one of great interest and much value. * * * * * *

At some future "Reunion" I hope to be able to meet with the "Western

Association," and enjoy the personal acquaintance of its members, as well as participate in their literary doings. Extend my sincere regards to the Association, and believe me,

I am very sincerely yours,

W. D. GALLAGHER.

B. S. Parker, President of the Association,
New Castle, Indiana.

President Parker extended comradic greeting from Mr. D. L. Paine, of Indianapolis, and read the following characteristic letter:

LETTER FROM D. L. PAINE.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 8, 1889.

Dear Ben: — Herewith I send you the little poem "Coronado," as promised. It is faulty, but is the best I can do under the circumstances. * * * * I should delight to be with you. Give my love to all the boys, old and young. I still consider myself one of them, and at the head of the list, being in the dish usually first mentioned in the bill of fare. Truly yours,

D. L. PAINE.

"CORONADO." *

The journey had been long and wearisome,
The mountains and the desert were o'er-past
And lay in purple distance; and at last
The clamor, and the city's busy hum.

The jasper sea sang its unending songs,
And in it as a burning plummet cast,
The sun's great fiery orb was drooping fast
And only twilight brief the day prolongs.

I asked my guide: "When will the journey end,
And when will rest and love again be found?"
He, smiling, pointed to enchanted ground
Which, glorified in light, seemed to descend.

*Coronado, in Mexican, signifies a crown, and is the name given to the long, narrow peninsula which separates the Bay of San Diego from the Pacific Ocean. The distance around the bay to the considerable body of land which terminates the peninsula is many miles, but across is only half a mile. In that low latitude the sun drops perpendicularly into the sea, and darkness supervenes with scarce any twilight. For the rest, the poem tells its own story.

The light-house burned afar, the nigh-spent day
Drowsed on the ocean and its eyelids fell ;
Noise seemed the passing echo of a bell.
He softly said : "Only Across the Bay."

And now again I wait. The twilight gray
Again enfolds me, and the prospect fades ;
I ask "How far ?" and through the gathering shades
I hear the words : "Only Across the Bay."

Mary Hartwell Catherwood presented the following

RESOLUTION :

Resolved. That the greetings of the Fourth Annual Convention of the Western Association of Writers be incorporated in a message of respect and fraternal sympathy to Mr. D. L. Paine, of Indianapolis, and that it be signed by a committee of four appointed by the Chair.

Mr. Clarence E. Hough moved the adoption of the resolution as read.

Mrs. M. L. Andrews seconded the motion.

Prof. J. C. Ridpath, Dr. Rachel Swain, and Mrs. D. M. Jordan suggested the addition of the names of Prof. W. H. Venable, Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton, and Hon. Henry Howe, respectively.

Mrs. Catherwood accepted the suggestion, and the names became a part of the original resolution.

Prof. J. C. Ridpath moved that the resolution be wired to Mr. D. L. Paine, Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton, Prof. W. H. Venable, and Hon. Henry Howe, and that the committee be appointed to do this.

Judge C. F. McNutt offered a second.

It was unanimously carried, and the following committee appointed :

Mary Hartwell Catherwood, James Whitcomb Riley, Judge Cyrus F. McNutt, and Dr. H. W. Taylor.

BOAT LANDING.—LAKESIDE PARK.

President Parker introduced a

"GENERAL DISCUSSION"

upon "The Four Greatest English Novels."

Mary Hartwell Catherwood, J. P. Dunn, Jr., Mrs. Angeline Teal, Mrs. D. M. Jordan, Prof. J. C. Ridpath, Mrs. M. L. Andrews, Judge C. F. McNutt, and Dr. H. W. Taylor contributed to making this one of the pleasantest features of the day.

President Parker explained the By-law of the Constitution of the Association relative to eligibility and fee for membership, for the benefit of those desiring to become members.

Wm. Dudley Foulke, the Treasurer of the Association, being absent, Mr. W. W. Pfrimmer was made Treasurer *pro tem.*

Mr. W. W. Pfrimmer responded to the request of Mrs. Metcalf Beck to repeat his recitation, "The Dream of Injin Crick."

Hon. Hiram S. Biggs, the President of the "Warsaw Summer Resort Association," extended the freedom of the Park, the Lake, and the row boats, and the free use of the "Steamer," with the assurance of a "trusty pilot at the helm." [Applause.]

Convention adjourned.

EVENING SESSION,

First Presbyterian Church,

WARSAW.

The Third Session of the first day of the Convention was held at the First Presbyterian Church in the City, opening at 8 o'clock. A large audience of the citizens of Warsaw was in attendance.

The exercises were made especially pleasing by the interspersion of excellent music and singing by Mrs. M. E. Moran, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hetrick, Mrs. J. D. Widaman, Mrs. Merlin Funk, and Mr. Charles P. Downs.

The address of the evening was presented by Judge Cyrus F. McNutt, of Terre Haute, Indiana, upon

THE PRESENT VOGUE IN FICTION.

He said:

Rightly speaking, there is no "present vogue in fiction." The conditions are nebulous, so to speak. In the efforts of its apostles to establish the gospel of realism in fiction, they have been more successful at *de*struction than *con*struction. They have succeeded, to a degree, in rendering the old forms unfashionable, without having quite established any new fashion; and so, have brought about a state of chaos. It may be—and, no doubt, will be claimed—that what appears to be chaotic, is really formative or transitional. However this may be, I venture to say again, there is no present vogue in fiction; using the word vogue in its sense of "prevailing fashion."

And yet, for argument's sake, it may be conceded that there is a vogue, and for convenience of terminology, I shall call that vogue "Realism."

But let it be understood that the observations which follow are made, entirely, from the point of view of the *layman*, who has been a reader of current fiction, within comparatively narrow limits, only; and who, therefore, professes no higher vocation to discourse of it than that enjoyed by any other fairly thoughtful reader. In short, I disclaim the right to speak critically. Indeed, the functions of the professional critic seem to be mysterious functions, to be exercised, at some hidden altar, within that *penetralia*, called his sanctum; where, shutting himself in, and the rest of the world out, he is able to speak with tongues, and to prophesy.

Not from thence, but from the ranks of those who have read the edicts issuing thence, and who, despite these, still have opinions of their own, I come to speak this word.

Indeed, it may be fairly doubted if the judgment of the disinterested layman, who reads the book he buys—or more often borrows—is not a better prophesy, and a truer, of the future of a work of fiction, than is that of this same high priest, speaking from his inner sanctum.

Nevertheless, is it true that the critic can make the fashion in fiction, as surely as could the *demi-monde*, in frocks, not a very long time ago.

And is there much room to doubt that the critic, speaking persistently, month after month, from his high place in the pages of two or three leading American magazines, has succeeded to the degree that success has been attained in establishing as the fashion in fic-

tion, what is known as realism? and that, too, largely apart from any consideration of its inherent merits? nay, despite some quite obvious demerits?

No candidate for public favor, it may be said, ever had for champion an advocate more adroit and unyielding than this newcomer found in him who is justly reckoned as at once its chief apostle and its one undoubting prophet.

Not only has Mr. Howells continually proclaimed realism as the one true form in fiction, he has sought to illustrate it in a series of volumes, remarkable in more than that particular, and which, by reason of their cleanness and the rare excellence of their style, not to mention other merits, and despite the system on which they are constructed, deserve all the kind things said of them. Still, is there any doubt that this amiable and accomplished writer has done much more as critic and advocate, as apostle and prophet, in "The Editor's Study," to establish the fashion, than he has by realistic studies, found in the volumes mentioned? And is it not already become a grave question whether it has not been easier to set the fashion than it promises to be to keep it within decent bounds?

Against the works of Howells, James, and their like, nothing can be said on this score; but there has arisen another class, as earnest realists as these, who say that the realism of these is realism with a fig leaf, and that the fig leaf must go! and they appear to have, logically, the better of the argument.

If realism is, indeed, the one true form in fiction, it follows inevitably that it must be very narrow in its scope, or it must sometimes become offensive to clean-minded people, and in large part unfit for the youthful of both sexes, for whom, chiefly, fiction has popularly been supposed to be written.

If Mr. Howells may, in "April Hopes," deal with the quite common-place behavior of two simple and pure minded young people, while they carry forward, or are carried forward by their love affair, and if doing so, he shall, obedient to the requirements of realism, descend to minutest detail, laying bare, with rare felicity, every impulse, emotion, and mental operation; reproducing to the very inflection of the voice, every word uttered, and every glance exchanged, who shall say Edgar Saltus nay! when he sets himself the task in dealing in like manner with the behaviour of the parties to "A Transaction in Hearts?" Or why cry shame! when Amelia Rives, adopting the same form, gives the world "The Quick or The Dead?" or the tragedy of "Herod and Mariamna."

If there are fig leaves in "April Hopes," they are there because Alice Passmer and Dan Mavering are decent young folks. The difference is in the subjects treated, not in the form of treatment.

The one product is, no doubt, as faithfully realistic as the other. And if our authors had exchanged subjects, each one, if true to the fashion, would have felt himself obliged to do what the other has done, barring, of course, any difference in styles. For Mr. Howells, no more than Mr. Saltus, would have the right to clothe the naked, to put fig leaves on people who had deliberately discarded them.

For what is realism as predicated of a form in fiction? And here it should be noted that it is of recent origin; so recent, indeed, that no dictionary of our language, so far as I am advised, attributes any such meaning to the word as that in which it is now currently used. The definition given in "The Encyclopœdic Dictionary," as applied to a mode in art, to-wit:

"The representation of nature as it actually appears," while too narrow to define realism as a form in fiction, will yet fairly suffice to indicate what is meant. And in the sense indicated, idealism is its antithesis. This is made the more apparent, when we reflect that idealism has decreased, in critical favor, at least, as this newcomer has increased.

But of this irrepressible conflict we may speak presently.

Taking it then as true that realism, as a fashion in fiction, signifies the dealing with real incidents, episodes, and conduct as these actually arise in the lives of men and women, we are confronted with the question, "Is this Fiction, in any sense in which we have been accustomed to use the word?"

Nor will it help us to an affirmative answer to suggest that the persons, incidents, episodes, and behaviour are supposititious. That still does not signify the fiction, to which the world, since the date of the book of Job, has been used; for these are merely vehicular parts, and so far as it affects this point, the realism would be no more real, if the names were those of real persons and the behavior and episodes actual happenings, since to the realist it is bad form, and insufferable, to attribute to the supposititious Jones or Miss Jones any behaviour of which the real Jones or Miss Jones would not inevitably and to the surprise of no one be easily capable.

So it will follow that a novel will be fit or unfit to come within our doors, dependent, not upon the genius and spirit of the author, but upon the *genus* of his subjects; not upon the cleanness or otherwise of the writer, but upon the cleanness or otherwise of his *dramatis personæ*. Realism allows no discretion in its professor, except in the selection of his types; for, once the actors appear, his power of election and selection is at an end. Thenceforward he is a biographer, an historian, who must slur nothing, palliate nothing. What he records is not, indeed, his affair; an inexorable law constrains him. He must set down whatever happens as it actually

appears to him. He may conjure with neither the people nor their behavior. If they are naked he may not clothe them; if they are barbarians he may not civilize them; if they behave shockingly he must hold his *camera* none the less steadily upon them, nor suppress any part of the picture, caught upon the sensitive plate; nay, he must develop it in its every detail. He has not even the poor privilege of the other photographer of removing the wart from my gentleman's nose, or the wrinkles from my lady's brow.

It is this devotion to detail, called by the votaries of realism faithfulness, trueness to nature, that fills a volume with the happenings in the life of a simple country girl, while as "The Lady of the Aroostook" she journeys with two young fellows from the coast of Massachusetts to Venice; and another volume, with the incidents in the life of another simple maiden and "A Chance Acquaintance," while at a resort for a fortnight, or so.

"Why, these are perfectly charming!" I hear some one exclaim.

"Charming?" Yes; for their author is a genius in his way, and has reduced literary micrology and photography to a fine art. Himself clean in mind and heart, he delights in the society of the clean and simple, and with scarcely an exception has introduced us to that sort of people; and has — some dare to think — so helped on a doubtful cause.

"Charming?" Yes; but *cui bono?*

"O, the abundant good of it, if it has no other merit, is found in the graceful, incomparable style of the author," it may be said; indeed, is often said.

On a San Francisco business street, in the window of the shop of a French *modiste*, there is, or was, two months' ago, a figure that never fails to arrest the attention of the passer-by; the figure of a woman, dressed in a *Linguerie* robe of daintiest linen cambric and real *Valenciennes*, her golden hair bespangled with costly jewels, her pretty feet clad in bewitching slippers, the tints of perfect health glowing in her smooth skin.

She is turning slowly around, so that if you stand for a long moment you shall see every graceful fold of the rare and costly drapery of that peerless robe; that is, if you are a woman. If a man, you will but glance at these and then turn your attention to the gracefully poised head, and that alabaster neck, half hidden by a narrow frill, and wait impatiently for a look at her face, now turned from you. Ah, what eyes she must have! For a moment you look upon the matchless profile, the well-shaped ear, the sensitive nose, the tinted cheek, the gracefully rounded chin, the lips apart as those of one about to speak, and then by an unexpected movement, she

suddenly confronts you. A single glance disenchants. The eyes, as expressionless as beads of jet, gaze blankly over your head at the bare walls across the street. It's a dummy, a lay-figure, and you move on half angry and disgusted.

But once accepted as the true form in fiction, realism will have its schools, as every other *ism* in and out of literature has had. There are those that will not be content to deal with simples, with trifles; who are not, indeed, qualified to do so, and under whose treatment the common-places which the rare skill of Howells renders amusing would become insufferably irksome.

It cannot be denied that the realism of Howells, as illustrated in his stories, is, whatever his teachings as critic may be, one-sided, extremely narrow in its play and scope. His types are few and like enough to have been, in the female characters, selected from among the dwellers on a single fashionable street, and in their male characters, to have been drawn from among the under-graduates of a single New England college. And while they are not quite goody-goody young people, they are always respectable, "highly connected," and void of positive faults; in short, not unfit associates for our sons and daughters.

There is no call for the smoothing off of ugly angles in their characters or their conduct. No need to suppress their speeches or even their thoughts, for these are as proper as proper can be.

But will Mr. Howells change his types and dare to remain as faithful in the use of his microscope, his *camera*, and his scalpel?

The very thought of it would give him a fit of the shudders. He could never again look one of his *clientele* — one of the ten thousand American girls — or boys either — who delighted in "April Hopes" and its like, in the face.

"But Mr. Howells is not obliged to change his types," you argue. Ah, but realism has not only other sides, other types, it has other disciples. And these have already given us a sample of their wares. Nor is it to the point to decry these; 'tis not even fair to do so. And the critics of the other school recognize this fact, or, at all events, have forborne.

If one realist professes a vocation to record the mild and harmless events in the lives, for a season, of the parties to "A Chance Acquaintance," why may not another realist profess a like vocation to record those more stirring, and no doubt quite as true and natural, if less proper and conventional incidents and passages in the lives, for a few weeks, of the Rev. Gonfallon and his sister-in-law while engaged in "A Transaction in Hearts?" And by what right shall the other realist expurgate the erotic fury in the "Quick or the Dead?"

In short, where is the line to be drawn? and by whom? If realism is a good form, it must be because it insists upon presenting things as they are, dealing with people and their behavior as they appear to the writer. But what kind of people? what manner of behavior? The kind found in the stories of Howells, and James, and their like? Really, these are scarcely worth the while. Nay, I will venture to assert that to mature men and women they are *not* worth the while, even after making due allowance for the excellence of their styles.

Seriously, you grown people, have you ever arisen from the reading of one of these books with the feeling that you had been helped? Anna Kilburn, possibly excepted, is there one single helpful study of life to be found in all these pleasingly written stories? And have you not exclaimed as you were borne along on the slow-moving current of the story, "What a pity that such skill, such keen insight, such power of analysis have not been applied to worthier tasks? to something worthy of the vast pains bestowed by the author?"

Yet, these are, no doubt, within the scope compassed, genuine realism. And while it confines itself to the treatment of simple, clean subjects, it will do little harm, if small good. But, as we have noted, and we have space to do no more than suggest the fact, it has not and will not so limit itself. All about and around and, no doubt, within the very society from which Mr. Howells and his like select their types, there are others upon whom and whose lives, if the camera were faithfully turned and the picture developed as faithfully as in the other cases, the disclosures would be unspeakable. And are there not scores of men and women with a *penchant*, even a genius for writing, who will elect to turn their microscopes and their cameras and to use their scalpels upon these other types, in which society, it is to be feared, by far too much abounds?

To every protest, realism as a fashion, affords ample answer. "What I have written is a truth to nature," cries the author. "It is not my affair if the picture is ugly. I am responsible for its truthfulness, not its hideousness. Do you expect a silk purse to be made of a sow's ear? If you don't like the stump in the picture just take it out of the landscape, and then the next time I turn my *camera* in that direction I shall show you a picture with never a stump in it." And the objector, heaving a sigh of defeat, as he remembers the fashion, says "That 's so, I must allow."

Even the other realist himself, he who set the fashion, and proclaimed it the one true form in fiction, but who in setting and in following it, meant only to amuse, not to shock, disgust, or worse yet, demoralize his readers, protests in the clean and honest heart

of him. But against him and his protest, there is an estoppel, *in pais* and of record, and the author pleads it.

"I beg pardon, Sir Critic," he argues, "it is not, as you well know, being yourself a realist, albeit of another school than mine, it is not a question of whether you *like* my picture, nor yet of whether it is a pleasing, comely picture; but is it true? answer me that."

And the discomfited critic is compelled to answer that it is true.

But forbearing to enter further upon considerations, arising in this direction, let us turn briefly to another branch of our subject. Suppose none shall ever abuse the fashion by using it as an excuse or apology for writing what were better left unwritten, in the guise of fiction, what then may be said of realism?

I remember to have seen, once, a Dutch painting, the reproduction of the corner of a room, embracing a part of the great fireplace; done, it was said, by one of their masters. There was the one andiron, a moiety of the glowing coals, the tiles in the visible section of the hearth, the bare walls, the half of the old smoke-begrimed clock on the mantel-piece, the hour hand, nearly approaching five in the afternoon, the minute hand invisible; an old man holding in the gnarled fingers of his rough hand a pipe, the smoke issuing from its bowl; the floor bare but for a great cat sleeping at the old man's feet.

It was a perfect picture, but with no more perspective than the walls of a cellar. But there was no call for any, and so it was true art.

But such a picture does not purport to be a product of the imagination. That faculty needed to have no part in its production. It required for its construction only the skilled hand and the trained eye. But with another kind of picture it is quite different.

He who painted "The Last Judgment," or "Christ Before Pilate," must have these not only, for these, unaided, could create a world as easily as they could produce "The Last Judgment" or any one of a hundred other great pictures that have moved the heart of the world. The skilled hand and the trained eye were indispensable indeed, but before these, and greater than these in the task, was the function of the imagination.

Yet realism has its place in painting. Some pictures may be produced without any aid from the imagination. One can scarcely conceive any use for that faculty in producing the Dutch picture described. The artist either had the subject before his eyes, or lying in his memory.

But with fiction as a department of literature it is quite a different matter, unless, indeed, this new fashion has changed the meaning of the word.

The Encyclopædic Dictionary defines fiction

as "the literary productions of the imagination, whether prose or verse, narrative or dramatic; more specifically applied to prose romances, or novels."

English and American writers uniformly use the word in the sense of this definition.

Realism, then, is the exact antithesis of fiction. The work of the realist, if he is true to his professions, cannot be said to be in any true sense the product of the imagination. It is the product of the memory, aided by that quality of the mind which the mental philosophers distinguish from the imagination and call it fancy, and which differs in its functions from the imagination. In the work of the realist, the memory reproduces, while the fancy adjusts and relates the things brought. There is nothing new resulting from the collaboration.

The pose, the glance of the eye, the grimace, the coquetry, the attitudinizing, largely, the very speech are reproduced by the memory, if not in identity, in verisimility; and the fancy does the rest. The one is, so to speak, the hod-carrier, the other, the mason. The creative faculty has small part in the processes. And as the painter needed no imagination to aid him in reproducing the corner of the room, neither does the author of this product require any aid from that faculty.

Again we assert that it is not fiction at all. It is biography, wherein real conduct is attributed to supposititious personages. So long as it deals with simple and innocent behavior, it may be harmless, but scarcely useful. But with whatsoever kind it may deal, it flies false colors when it inscribes "fiction" upon its pennant.

Realism in the literary sense concerns history and biography. There is its true place, and it has no lawful one in fiction, except as everything else may have, for that is the privilege, greater than even the poet's, of the writer of fiction; he may lay all things under tribute.

Let, then, realism be content with its place; and if it will consent to be and not go masquerading under assumed names, endeavoring to cheat us, striving to pass itself off for what it is not and can never be; if it will forbear invading nurseries in the guise of that beloved friend of the children — the story-teller, the romancer — of blessed memory in all lands and ages, we shall, notwithstanding its recent insufferable presumption, continue to respect and prize it for all it is worth. And when the young ones grow older, if it will come wearing its own homely garb and its own name, and will say, "By your leave," it may be cheerfully assigned ample quarters in their book-cases.

If, then, the word fiction is applicable to products or creations of the imagination only, what is its proper office? The answer is simple, and as old as it is simple: The presentation of ideals.

The world needs ideals; and when these have not been supplied, it has gone about setting up for itself *idols*.

Whenever the people have not been furnished for their spiritual contemplation, something or somewhat higher and better than themselves, they have invariably attempted to supply a substitute, visible to their eyes of sense, using the best material at hand. If they have had gold they used that; if not, they have used stone, or possessing neither they have employed wood; but always, it has been the best available material, for they have desired something not only better than themselves, but less evanescent.

Every golden calf and graven image that ever the race set up has certified the activity of that faculty called the imagination and has demonstrated the yearning and aspiration of man's spiritual nature toward an ideal. "There must be something better than this state and higher than I," has been the cry in every soul from the beginning. The Supreme Ruler has been constrained to send, from time to time, into the world, exceptional personages to meet these aspirations and yearnings half way. To the Orientals he sent Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius; to the world, Jesus Christ.

But in addition to these racial types and ideals, there must be supplied others in many directions.

To the gifted, to those specially endowed and qualified, the task of supplying these has been committed. The obligation cannot be discharged within the limits imposed by realism, whether within the domain of literature or that of art. It surely cannot be true that the realistic picture, however artistic of execution, can uplift the souls of men. It may please and amuse, but it does not respond to that faculty which aspires to something higher than that which lies about us, and which is cognizable by the external senses. So, neither can that fiction — if we must call it fiction — which concerns itself with the common-places in the lives of our neighbors, or people just like them, respond to this majestic faculty of the soul. As well expect to satisfy it with the gossip of a wool-picking. Indeed, the realism found in current fiction differs from common gossip only in the fact that it is reduced to writing and painfully embellished.

If realism is here to stay, the faculty of imagination must fall into decay and obsolescence, to become, a few generations hence, extinct, like eyes in the fishes found in Mammoth Cave. For the King is not more prompt to forfeit a charter for non-user, than nature to extinguish an unused endowment, whether it be fin of fish

or the faculty of an arch angel. And if by non-user the race forfeit this faculty, what is it to get to compensate the loss? Anything? Possibly; for once started in that direction who shall foretell the consequences?

We may even get back what our remote ancestors so recklessly exchanged for the useless faculty, so that the future realist may be able to take his observations of the behavior of his hero and heroine, while the whole trio, the observed and the observer are hanging by their tails to the limbs of neighboring trees. For there can be small doubt that it was when they began to feel the stirrings of that new-born faculty, the imagination, that the primitive fathers and mothers of the race assumed the perpendicular and began to turn their faces heavenward, whither the faculty pointed. Why, then, when it becomes extinct shall not their descendants resume the old attitude, and later, tails? since nature is a considerate mother and supplies her creatures, if they will but have a little patience, with facilities for the enjoyment of their place and station.

Seriously, think of a literature in the production of which the imagination had, in the language of the Scotch law, neither "art nor part." Try to fancy with what sort of feelings you would open each new work of fiction — so called.

Now — Yes, even yet — as you leave the book stall with your new acquisition, having been careful to note its author before buying, you begin to ask "What new ideals am I to find here? What fresh type of hero and heroism?" For I assume that you have not suffered yourself to be bullied out of your liking for ideal heroes and heroism, even of the slightly improbable type.

But suppose there were to be written no more stories of ideal heroes and heroism, and instead of the romances that have moved the hearts and inspired the lives of millions, you found yourself possessed of a volume gotten up on the realist's plan, what would you ask yourself, if, indeed, you felt enough interest to institute any inquiry? Well, if its author belonged to the mild school, you could ask no question that you could not answer by reading the title page. But if it chanced to be the product of the other school, the *ferocious* — the predaceous school, the realist with a *whereas*, and I suspect it would — you would wonder what ghastly aspect of society is to be exhibited here; what that is fœtid, and noxious, have the microscope, the scalpel, and the camera-obscura uncovered now?

"But are there no heroes nor heroism in real life?" you ask. Aye, indeed are there! But history and biography will take care of these. They are in no wise debtors to realism for the preservation of their names and deeds.

Besides, your genuine realist, especially of the *dilettante* school, does not believe in heroes and heroism. This school regards both the real and imaginary hero and heroism as themes too stirring; it is not good *form* to move, to stir your readers. The highest encomium possible to be passed by one of this school upon a recent drama, is that it has neither a marriage nor a death in it. But it is *so* amusing; *so* true to nature, and deals with *such* delightful nothings. Just as if the source of laughter were not always found hard by the fountain of tears. As to the other school — well, it has other fish to fry, as "A Transaction in Hearts," "The Quick or the Dead?" and their like, certify us.

I conclude then, confidently, that realism as a vogue in fiction is not here to stay; that its sway is forced, factitious, and therefore ephemeral; is, indeed, the only real fiction, respecting, or about it. And while pretending to no more than ordinary acumen, I venture the prophesy that that faculty of the mind called the imagination, trained and quickened in men and women, will continue in the future to minister, as in all the ages, since ever the race began, it has ministered to that faculty of the souls of men, which yearns for lofty ideals, and will refuse to be satisfied with what the realists of either school have to offer it. And so, it shall come to pass, that in the irrepressible conflict between the earthly and the heavenly, the fittest shall survive.

RECITATIVE.

MRS. D. M. JORDAN — *Dedicatory Poem to the "City Fountain" of Cincinnati*, and "*The Whistling Boy.*"

MR. W. W. PFRIMMER — *A poem in "Hoosier Dialect."*

N. J. CLODFELTER — "*Spirits of the Storm.*"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY — *Selection in "Dialect."*

DR. H. W. TAYLOR — "*Deserter Black.*"

Adjourned.

THURSDAY, JULY 11.

MORNING SESSION.

TABERNACLE.

The Morning Session of the Second Day of the Convention was opened promptly at 9 o'clock, with President Parker in the Chair.

Secretary's report of the previous day was omitted by consent of the Chair.

The Treasurer's report for the year was read and accepted.

Judge C. F. McNutt moved that an order be drawn upon the Treasurer to defray the official expenses of the Association.

Prof. J. C. Ridpath seconded the motion.

The motion was unanimously carried.

Prof. John Clark Ridpath — Poem.

"VOX CLAMANTIS."

I.

Did you say cry out? Well, what shall I cry?
For the streams are thick and the floods are dry,
And my hopes return to the fountain head,
And the blood flows back like a tide of lead,
And the clover blooms in the clover fields
  Are not the blooms that they used to be,
And the tasseled corn of the cornfield yields
  No odorous balm for the sense of me!
Shall I cry for a NAME? It is not the thing
That I thought it was in the days of Spring,
When I lay by the banks of many a stream,
  Or followed the phantom of many a form,
Or gathered the fragments of song in a dream
  In the lonesome woodland's shine or storm,
Or played with the fringe of the gilded bow
On the summer cloud of the long ago:
    No; not for a Name—
    'Tis a flicker of flame
That plays, for a night, in the ashes of fame!

II.

Did you say cry out? Well, what shall I cry?
For the years are dull and the days are dry,
And the leaves are brown that used to be green
On the summer's dimpled and dappled screen;
And the music of words grows faint and dies,
And the pictures that hang in the echoing halls
Look down with their lifeless and soulless eyes
From their somber frames on the solemn walls!
Shall I cry for GOLD? It has not the ring
That I thought it had in the days of Spring;
And I deem it will somehow weigh them down
Who carry a load of that metal far;
When the days grow gray and the years grow brown
Will they open the Gate with a golden bar?
The yellow ore hath the power *to buy*,
But it kind o' chokes when we come to die!
No; not for Gold—
It is heavy and cold!
What good will it do when a man is old?

III.

Did you say cry out? Well, what shall I cry?
Is the day not here and the hour not nigh
When the reed that quivers beside the stream
Shall bend no more to the watery gleam?
Why vex the air with a song or a shout?
Why call to the shore where the surge is beating,
Where the billows break and the tides go out?
Will the ocean hear while you stand repeating?
Shall I cry for LOVE? It is not the thing
That it seemed to be in the days of Spring;
For the waters quench while the embers burn,
And the pulse beats low, like a falling tide,
And the birds fly South, and the archers turn
With another dart for a bleeding side,—
And the roaring billows are swallowed up—
Can you soothe the sea in a lily cup?
No; not for Love—
From the cliffs above
To the rocks below sinks the fluttering dove!

IV.

Did you say cry out? Well, what *shall* I cry?
For the nights are dark and the winds blow high,
And the tempests gather and lightnings gleam
With a threatening glare over woods and stream;
And the heavy refrain of solitude
  Comes up with a moan from the deep, deep sea; —
Is there any shell with an interlude
  Of an unsung song for the soul of me?
Shall I cry for REST? 'Tis a sweeter thing
Than I dreamed it was in the days of Spring!
There's a folded hand, and a closing eye,
  And the sinking of thought on the mighty deep,
And the heaving of many an unsighed sigh
  As my soul sinks back into dreamless sleep!
With thy sightless eyes and thy sweet lips dumb
O, Sister of silent Oblivion, come!
    Aye; even for Rest —
    It is sweetest and best
For a wounded life or a heavy breast!

Mr. George B. Cardwill moved that a Nominating Committee of five be appointed for the nomination of Officers and Executive Committee for the ensuing year.

Judge McNutt seconded the motion.

Motion was carried.

COMMITTEE.

Geo. B. Cardwill, Prof. J. C. Ridpath, Mrs. M. L. Andrews, Dr. H. W. Taylor, L. May Wheeler.

Mary E. Cardwill, Corresponding Secretary, read letters of regret and extended greetings from absent members and friends of the Association, as follows:

Dr. J. N. Matthews, Mason, Illinois; Alice French, "Octave Thanet," Davenport, Iowa; Charles J. O'Malley, Hitesville, Kentucky; Richard Lew, Dawson, Indianapolis, Indiana; Mrs. Annie J. Fellows-Johnston, and Mrs. Albion M. Fellows-Bacon, Evansville, Indiana; Alice Williams Brotherton and Mamie S. Paden, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. A. L. Ruter Dufour, Washington, D. C.; Hon. Will. Cumback, Greensburg, Indiana; Judge D. D.

Banta, Franklin, Indiana; Hon. Moses F. Dunn, Bedford, Indiana; C. L. Phifer, California, Missouri; Mrs. F. M. Howard, Carroll, Iowa; Nellie Moore, "Clemenzy Jane Fowler," Defiance, Ohio; Rachel Littell, Cincinnati, Ohio; Lee O. Harris, Greenfield, Indiana; Prof. Hattie A. Prunk, Indianapolis, Indiana; Dr. S. A. Butterfield, Indianapolis, Indiana; Evaleen Stein, Lafayette, Indiana; Mary Durham, Washington, D. C.; Dr. H. S. Cunningham, Indianapolis, Indiana; Miss Ce Dora Lieuellen, Danville, Indiana; Clarence A. Buskirk, Princeton, Indiana; Ida May Davis, Terre Hante, Indiana; Rena L. Miner, La Grange, Indiana; Margret Holmes Bates, Indianapolis, Indiana; Capt. W. DeWitt Wallace, Lafayette, Indiana; Olla Perkins Toph, Indianapolis, Indiana; Emily Thornton Charles, Washington, D. C.; and Julia Carter Aldrich, Wauseon, Ohio.

Mr. Theophilus Van Deren, one of the pioneer poets of the West, contributed the following "Sonnet" expressly for the Convention, which was read by Miss Cardwill:

"TO PALMYRA IN THE DESERT."

My spirit rests within thy streets to-night,
And hears no sound except the jackal's cries,
And of the night-bird that at evening flies
As if to wail thy loneliness and blight.
The moon's enthron'd, and in her liquid light
The roofless walls stand out before my eyes,
And marble columns, pointing to the skies,
Appear thy sentinels in vestments white.
The fallen palace here, and ruin there,
Mark this as life and center of thy trade,
Where men and women thronged, and children played,
In the oasis of the desert bare;
But thou art spoiled and yet dost lovely seem,
While I of all thy vanished glory, dream.

Mrs. Maria Sears Brooks, writer of prose and verse, presented an "Essay" upon the

"OLD TESTAMENT POETS."

Saint Paul says, that

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God."

However great the mind may be it is certain that God never works without preparation. Never a blade of grass without sun and dew, and a proper adjustment of the soil. Even Moses must go to school in Egypt, and dwell in the tents of Midian. David sinned, and was forgiven before he could say

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

Solomon was surfeited with riches before he exclaimed

"All is vanity."

The Lord said unto Isaiah

"Take a roll and write in it with a man's pen."

Yet Isaiah walked unclothed and barefoot for the space of three years, as a special preparation.

The prophet Jeremiah was ordained before he was born, yet he suffered imprisonment and persecution, and became discouraged, and made up his mind not to write any more, but the word burned within him and could not be stayed.

Ezekiel was put to hard study until he had mastered the roll of a book that the Lord gave him; so we find that inspiration in the old time was not unlike that of later times, and that it comes chiefly through a capacity for hard work, through avenues of suffering, of isolation, disappointment, and sorrow.

From the growth of trial, comes the growth of the spirit. No true poet in the Bible, or out of it, ever received his inspiration without first going into the mountain, entering the clouds of sorrow, disappearing for a time — then perhaps he may stand forth luminous as an angel.

Follow the personality of some of the Old Testament Poets and see in what way their preparation came. Put aside the statue, and study the human personage — the man — see what influences wrought amid his daily life, and gave him his distinctive characteristics. For this purpose I have chosen three of the minor prophets — Amos, Hosea, and Micah.

Not one of these boasts of aristocratic lineage; none wore a kingly, nor a priestly robe. They did not even belong to a recognized band of prophets. Their poetic fervor appears as the result of passing events. Their humble lives began in the days of the second Jeroboam, who reigned in the rich and fertile country of Bethshan. It was a time of unparalleled luxury, of great wickedness, and great

splendor at the Samaritan court. For more than two hundred years Israel had been given to practices of idolatry. They had forsaken the holy city of Jerusalem, robbed its temple of gold and silver, and made to themselves other gods, still claiming the protection of Jehovah. A King of Israel had set up in Samaria a temple in honor of the Syrian Baal, carrying on its worship side by side with that of Jehovah. In addition to this internal corruption, the world was seething on either side of them. It was the time when the destinies of civilized Asia were to be fought out by the two great powers — Egypt and Assyria. Seeing the impending destruction of Israel, the prophets besought the people to return to the God of Abraham.

The days of Robert Burns behind his plow were not passed in greater seclusion, nor more remote from life in cities, than were those of Amos. His language betrays the same rustic simplicity as that of the Scotch poet, the same acquaintance with the wild elements of nature, but there is something beyond this — it is the high seriousness born of absolute sincerity. He has brooded over the wrongs of his people, under the star-lit skies. Alone with his sleeping flock he has entered into communion with the Most High.

With an enthusiasm which we to-day call fanaticism, Amos grew to the full stature of the Lord's messenger.

Two years before the earthquake a festival was in progress at Bethel. Bethel was the most conspicuous sanctuary of Jehovah in all Israel, but here multitudes were assembled with gifts and offerings, sacrificing to the golden calves of Jeroboam. Using the Jewish ritual, they were burning incense at the hands of priests who were not the sons of Levi. Suddenly a shepherd, lowly and unknown, stands among them. He has come from the wilderness of Tekoa, on the borders of the Dead Sea — a long and weary journey. The silence which follows his entrance is broken only as the voice of Amos smites the air with the mourner's wail:

"The Virgin of Israel is fallen never more to rise. She is forsaken upon her land; there is none to raise her up."

In vehement language he proclaims the downfall of Israel as close at hand. His solitary life upon the wild hills of Judah has made him familiar with storm and tempest, and the strong imagery which he employs has been learned in the fierce conflicts of changing seasons. With a voice like an on-coming tempest, he cries:

"The Lord will roar from Zion and utter his voice from Jerusalem, the habitations of the shepherd shall mourn and the top of Carmel shall wither."

In short emphatic clauses he denounces their idolatry, their unthankfulness, their oppression, and their incorrigibleness. The

burden of their iniquities weighs so heavily upon him that he compares himself to

"A cart that is pressed full of sheaves."

In recounting their oppression of the poor he uses the boldest metaphor. Has Shakespeare depicted a Shylock any more forcibly than this?

"They sell the righteous for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes; they pant after the dust of the earth on the head of the poor."

The simplicity of his style is that of the highest art. Amos tells them himself how the word of the Lord came to him in a vision of a basket of summer fruit, and in words that have never been surpassed in describing the creative power of the Most High, he solemnly utters this adjuration:

"Prepare to meet thy God, O, Israel. For lo! He that formeth the mountains, and createth the wind, and declareth unto men what is His thought, that maketh the morning darkness and treadeth upon the high places of the earth, the Lord, the God of Hosts is his name. Ye who turn judgment to wormwood and leave off righteousness in the earth, seek Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night; that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth. The Lord is His name."

The solemn night watches, the onward march of the constellations, the morning mists as they rolled up from the sea while he watched his flocks, have given him a conception of his Creator impossible to one whose life is hedged in where men buy and sell and get gain. He is not dismayed by haughty looks, nor by words of contempt, but, filled with the free spirit engendered by mountain air, he addresses himself to these luxurious people:

"Who lie upon beds of ivory and eat the choice of the herds, who drink wine in bowls, and chant to the sound of the viol."

"For," he says, "Ye have turned judgment into gall and the fruit of righteousness into hemlock."

That the critic was ready and alert in that day we have ample proof, and from the tenor of his speech we may suppose him to be the father of all the critics to the present day. He assumed that Amos, obscure and unknown to fame, intruding in this manner upon the select circles of the city of Bethel, had been filled with the utmost presumption, that it would far better become him to retire to the provincial atmosphere of Judah's hill tops. This critic was a man of note—no less a personage than Amaziah, a priest of this reactionary image *cultus*.

After recovering from his surprise at the prophet's audacity, he scornfully says to Amos,

"Go, thou seer, go; flee away into the land of Judah, and there eat bread, and prophesy there, but prophesy not any more at Bethel, for it is the *King's* Chapel and it is the King's *Court.*"

Listen to the sturdy independence of Amos as he confronts this self-appointed critic:

"I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son, but I was an herdsman and a gatherer of sycamore fruit, and the Lord took me up as I followed the flock, and said unto *me*, 'Go prophesy unto my people Israel.' Now, therefore, hear *thou* the word of the Lord."

Then in language that is not at all ambiguous, he fortells the especial calamities that shall overtake Amaziah and his family, and further says:

"The songs in the temples shall be howlings in that day. Will a lion roar in the forest when he hath no prey? The lion hath roared, the Lord God hath spoken. Who can but prophesy?"

The figures Amos employs are all drawn from his wild outdoor life. When the promise of God that he will not utterly destroy the house of Jacob overwhelms the seer and he sings of the restoration of David's Tabernacle, it is still with the same pastoral imagery:

"Behold the mountains shall drop sweet wine and all the hills shall melt, and I will bring again the captivity of my people Israel."

The beauty and fitness of his imagery entitles Amos to the highest place in literature.

The prophet Hosea was contemporary with Amos. Whatever standing or reputation he may have had was clouded by the bitter disgrace of one he loved—the wife of his bosom, the mother of his children. In obedience to the divine command Hosea married the daughter of Diblaim, with the taint of profligacy in her blood. She was faithless to him and left him and her three children, who had received names symbolical of God's purpose toward the house of Israel. She, at last, fallen and in despair, is rescued and brought back to her house by her husband Hosea, who, setting aside the rigor of the Jewish law, with tender affection provides for her and watches over her.

It is said that this trial was permitted that Hosea might enter into the feeling of God at Israel's departure from their covenant obligations—that so he might comprehend God's great compassion toward his erring people.

The poet Heine, chained for years to a bed of suffering, once said:

"Only the man who has known bodily suffering is truly a *man;* his limbs have their passion-history—they are spiritualized."

If this be true of the flesh, must it not be doubly true of the lacerated affections of the heart? Of this chastening of the spirit, Hosea furnishes the highest example in all literature. There was no outward ceremony, no formal adoption into the school of the prophets, but baptized and consecrated in the waters of affliction, Hosea went forth to proclaim the long suffering, the mercy, the forgiveness of God. It was in the experiences of his domestic life, amid the ruins of his desolated home and worse than widowed heart that Hosea first heard the revealing voice of Jehovah, saying:

"Set the trumpet to thy mouth and fly as an eagle against the house of the Lord."

Hosea, we have said, was not of royal blood, but he was possessed of a royalty of spirit that makes him the King Arthur of the Bible, the Knight of the Round Table in Judea. Although the story of King Arthur deals only with the human side of life, the picture drawn by Tennyson of the stages of mental anguish, correspond so nearly with that of Hosea, that one must fain believe that here the British poet found a model.

When taking upon himself the controversy of the Lord, Hosea's words, like those of King Arthur at the holy house of Almesbury, are first those of reproach:

"There is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land, but swearing and lying and killing and stealing."

The wrath and the first pang past, like King Arthur, whose

"Vast pity almost made him die,"

in passionate tenderness Hosea exclaims to the faithless ones:

"O, Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O, Judah, what shall I do unto thee? For your goodness is as the morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away."

Then he entreats:

"Come, let us return unto the Lord, for He hath torn and He will heal us; He hath smitten and He will bind us up."

Then the full sense of the enormity of the transgression produces loathing and despair:

"They have sown the wind, they shall reap the whirlwind. They went to Baal-peor and separated themselves to that shame."

And in anguish he cries:

"My God will cast them away, and they shall be wanderers among the nations."

The great grief of separation and leave taking is thus expressed:

"When Israel was a child, then I loved him. I drew them with the cords of a man, with bands of love How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, Israel?"

Has England's poet-laureate put into King Arthur's speech anything more touching in his last interview with Guinevere than Hosea's final effort at reconciliation?

"Behold, I will allure her and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her, and I will give her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope, and she shall sing as in the days of her youth, and I will have mercy upon her that had not obtained mercy."

The sublime beauty of the poet occurs especially in those passages where with yearning love he follows Israel to call them back from their sin.

A further parallel with Tennyson's idyl is where the poet causes King Arthur to say:

"Lo! I forgive thee as eternal God forgives."

Had he before him at this time the full tide of Divine compassion, the sublimity of the God-head which Hosea saw when with divine ecstasy he exclaims?

"I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger, for I am God and not man. O, Israel, thou hast not destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help. I will redeem thee from death."

King Arthur is made to say:

"Let no man dream but that I love thee still;
I am thine husband, not a smaller soul."

Hosea says:

"I will be thy King, where is any other that may save thee in all thy cities?"

As if to justify such forbearance, with what dignity he enquires:

"Who is wise and he shall understand these things; prudent, and he shall know them? for the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them."

Hundreds have read the Idyls of the King, and have wept in sympathy with the true-hearted knight. Whether a myth or no, King Arthur stands for all that is purest and noblest in man; but how many find his prototype in Hosea, and discern the pathos of God's love? the tender yearning over fallen humanity? Is it because we lose sight of the human agency which God employs? Surely, if God could assume our human nature, He does not disdain to use human language for man's comprehension. A Jewish legend relates that Hosea died in captivity in Babylon, and that he was

carried to upper Galilee, and there was buried on the eastern shore of the Jordan. No cloud received him, no chariot of fire carried him from the gaze of admiring multitudes. It was for him to share the humiliation of his people to the very dregs, and in that far away country by the waters of Babylon his tried spirit found release.

Another seer of the same century was Micah, who dwelt in the low-land near the Philistine country. A Moresthite he is called — one of the oppressed or peasant class. His sympathies are all with the down-trodden of his own nation, and he rebukes the princes in strong language for their treatment of the poor:

"They hunt every man with a net that they may do evil with both hands earnestly. The best of them is a brier; the most upright is sharper than a thorn-hedge — the good man is perished out of the earth. Woe is me! I am as when they have *gathered* the summer fruits, as the grape gleanings of the vintage there is no cluster to eat."

He is only one of the innumerable throng of poets who have fought with famine and contended with insult. Toil, envy and want have caused him to dine on bitter herbs. He has been over-reached in his dealings, and in buying and selling he has got the worst of it. Roused to indignation, he inquires:

"Shall I count thee pure with the wicked balances, and with the deceitful weights?"

His confidence has been abused — he has grown cynical. He exclaims:

"Trust ye not in a friend, put ye not confidence in a guide."

With a spirit of undaunted courage he says, bravely:

"Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, when I fall I shall arise."

His pent up emotion bursts forth after this manner:

"Truly I am full of the power of the spirit of the Lord and of judgment, and of might to declare unto Israel their sin. And what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

He has felt the grinding heel of the rich and powerful, and he contemplates with satisfaction the time when they shall cry unto the Lord and he will not hear, when Zion shall be plowed, and Jerusalem become heaps. There is none of the compassion and tenderness of Hosea, but, with the bitterness born of poverty and degradation, he invokes the monarch of Assyria, whose court is at Lachish, to bind the chariot to the swift beast, and hasten to their destruction. If living to-day, he would be classed with the Anarchists.

Of the poor, the oppressed, the remnant,

"Whom the Lord shall gather as sheaves into the floor,"

what does he say? Looking far into futurity, beyond this nineteenth century, and some have said even to our own land, he declares:

"The remnant of Jacob shall be among the Gentiles, in the midst of many peoples; as a lion among the beasts of the forest, as a young lion among the flocks of sheep."

There is nothing like poverty to sharpen the vigor of prophecy. Micah, the lowly one, is the only prophet to point out Bethlehem as the birthplace of the Messiah. His prophecy concerning the victory of Christ's kingdom and the glories of the millenium is the hope of every son of toil and oppression.

In this retrospect of the lives of these three poets, Amos, Hosea, and Micah, we see that each reflected in his work the peculiar condition of his life. Each is a human being, subject to the same sorrows and disappointments that afflict poets from the beginning until now. Thus were they refined and made ready for the work.

They lived in an age fraught with momentous results—of tragic interest to their race. Each from his own point of view comprehended the significance of passing events and gave to them his own local color, and with the high and excellent seriousness which Aristotle assigns as one of the grand virtues of poetry, they gave to us

"the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge."

A simple herdsman, upon the hills of Tekoa, Amos saw the Lord standing upon the altar, and heard his voice saying:

"Smite the lintel of the door that the posts may shake."

And we have seen with what terrible earnestness he responded to the call. It is said the muse is made to sing, to love, to believe, to pray. Even so, yet preparation may come as it did to Hosea, by reason of some terrible affliction, some crushing sorrow, which bows the soul to the very dust. God knows that only so is the poet able to reach the whole gamut of human passion and suffering, only so can the divine message be voiced within him. Fame, riches, honor, may not concern the poet.

"Woe unto the foolish prophets that follow their own spirit and have seen nothing. Eat thy bread with quaking, and drink thy water with trembling and with carefulness, and say unto the people, 'thus saith the Lord.'"

Let the poet wait until something having the appearance of fire, with brightness the color of amber, shall put forth a hand, and taking him by the lock of the head as it did Ezekiel, the spirit shall lift him up between the heaven and the earth that the vision may be plain to him; then he shall not build with untempered mortar. Almost three thousand years since the days of the prophets, yet to-day the words they uttered attest their right, not only to the

prophet's mantle, but to the poet's chaplet. We may be sure no thought of fame, no dream of worldly honor, no hope of reward animated the stirring passages found in their works. So must all work be done that shall endure. Evil, injustice, ignorance, and worldliness still exist; vices to rebuke, crimes to abhor. It is the mission of the poet to lead toward the infinite, the good. Eschylus says:

"From the beginning the illustrious poet has served men. Orpheus taught the horror of murder; and the divine Homer, heroism."

Victor Hugo says:

"It detracts nothing from the poet to be the great servant. All the mysterious voices sing within him none the less because upon occasion, and impelled by duty, he has uttered the cry of a race, because his bosom must needs swell with the deep human sob. The imprecation can be just as holy as the hozanna. To be the servant of God in the task of progress, and the apostle of God to the people, such is the law which regulates the growth of genius."

To those who would place the poet outside of humanity, he submits this test, and it is the test by which the Bible poets must be tried if they are to benefit man:

"Let the poet have wings for the infinite, provided he hath feet for the earth. After he has been seen as an archangel, let him once more be a brother. Then, human and superhuman, he shall be the poet."

William Alfred Hough, whose muse could most fittingly have been a gleeful sprite singing of youth and love, struck in tender chord and read in tender tone,

"THE MOTHER'S LAMENT."

In every dream I see my baby's hands:
They reach to me, and will through all the years,
Until I clasp and kiss them in the lands
Where we shall find no sorrow and no tears.
I look across the plain and o'er the sea,
I gaze across the hot and burning sands,
Yet everywhere, in plant and flower and tree,—
I see, in all, the same entreating hands.
The little hands, the dimpled hands,
The dainty, loved, entreating hands,
My baby's hands.

In every dream I see my baby's eyes.
I clasp my hands, — I can not cry aloud —
My baby's eyes as though from paradise,
Smile tenderly from every summer cloud.
They smile on me through mists of pearly tears, —
Sobs tremble in my throat — my poor heart cries, —
And yet I know that dear day slowly nears
When I shall kneel and kiss those tearful eyes.
The gentle eyes, the sweet, blue eyes,
The dear beseeching, tearful eyes,
My baby's eyes.

In every dream I see my baby's hair.
I can not twine the curls about my hand,
Nor braid the golden floss with loving care
And tie it with a dainty silken band,
As once I did, with only words of praise.
But this, from now, shall be my earnest prayer,
That sometime, in the slowly coming days,
I once again may curl the golden hair.
The silken hair, the wavy hair,
The shining, sunny, golden hair.
My baby's hair.

This side of all I see my baby's grave,
Where dainty hands and hair will soon be dust.
And I — I live to hope that what I gave
To God I 'll see again, — For He is just.
And yet — my tears fall on the new-grown sod,
I can not pray — I am no longer brave; —
And when dim-eyed I try to look toward God —
I only see my baby's little grave.
The tear-dewed grave, the slim, small grave,
The flowered, daisied little grave,
My baby's grave.

Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson, whose versatility of talent places her among the popular writers of the day, presented a narrative poem, entitled, "When Jim Cum Home." Her verse in negro vernacular is characterized by unusual harmony of feeling and expression, as is evidenced by the melody:

"'T IS CHRIS'MAS IN DE CABIN."

'T is Chris'mas in the cabin,
Tho' I am far away;
'T is Chris'mas in the cabin,
I kno' de bressed day.

I kno' de mock birds singin'
Mak' glad de happy spot,
An' all de flow'rs am bloomin'
Aroun' my little cot.

De flow'rs my Liza planted,
De golden gelsemine,
De pink Azalia blossoms,
An' honeysuckle vine.

Her po' ole han's am folded,
Her weary wo'k all done,
But yet the blossoms lifting
Smile up to greet the sun.

'T is Chris'mas in de cabin,
De chimes sweep fro' de do',
Whar used to be dar foot-steps
My chillun cum no mo'!

De fir' place hol's no embers,
De do' is open wide,
De winder 's dim and dusky
Whar de moonlight po'd its tide!

'T is Chris'mas in de cabin,
And de watah murmurs deep,
" De banjo's strings am broken,
'T is time to go to sleep!"

De pleasant ribber singing
By de Bend so fa' away —
Whar I use' to fiddle, honey,
De livelong Chris'mas day.

I 's singin' now — jis' lis'en!
Wid 'Liza by my side
I clim' de starry stairway
Of bressed Chris'mas tide!

Mr. Clarence E. Hough gave in recitation "Thoughts for a Discouraged Farmer."—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Mary E. Cardwill presented an exegetic paper upon

"THE PLACE OF THE DIDACTIC IN VERSE AND FICTION."

"Conduct is three-fourths of life and its largest concern."—*Matthew Arnold.*

"The hand can never execute anything higher than the character can inspire."—*Emerson.*

At the beginning of this paper, two difficulties arise. First: The subject will, to many, seem trite and lifeless; how can it be made vivid, generally interesting, and debatable? Second: The subject is exhaustless. How can it be brought within proper limits for discussion?

A brief outlook over the literary field, however, will show that the subject is not trite, for never before has it represented so unmistakably a living issue.

About two out of every three readers, according to library statistics, confine their reading chiefly to novels. Yet probably these readers, or a like proportion, share their novel or other prose reading largely with poetry. So it may be said, without exaggeration, that two-thirds of the reading public, for their literary diet, feed upon poetry and fiction. No satisfactory evidence is given that this proportion will decrease. Nor is it by any means certain that its decrease would be for the mental, moral, or spiritual good of mankind.

Again, the rapidly increasing number of writers of verse and fiction is perhaps a prophecy of a time when all other kinds of literature will be crowded out. If this should come to pass, it will be because creative literature, so-called, can and will subserve worthily the uses of all literary work.

Literature is before all else an interpretation, and a verbal expression of life. "Conduct is three-fourths of life." With conduct, therefore, is literature's largest concern.

If, in this connection, we make the didactic primarily a synonym of conduct, the place of the didactic in literature, especially in what may be in time universal literature — verse and fiction, is a question which calls for an answer from every writer. His answer will sound the key note to his own ultimate achievement.

The tendency of creative writers of the period is to attach themselves to one of two schools — to that which has for its motto

"Art for art's sake only," or to that which believes in a definite, ever-present, painfully-predominate moral purpose. Yet both of these schools are more or less false in idea, and they are rarely, if ever, strictly true to their assumed ideals.

"Art for art's sake," rightly interpreted, expresses an incontrovertible truth. Not art for mere expression's sake, but art for the sake of its ideal, "not the ideal of the artist, but of the art." This statement is not given as original, yet it may need explanation as well as a wider acceptation. With no consciousness of difference in his aims or aspirations, the earnest worker in every literary field accomplishes much better work at some times than at others. If he simply follows his own ideal, should not his will-power, all other conditions being equal, suffice to keep his work always on the same high level? It will be answered that in these comparatively rare best moments, the writer is led by something without himself, over which he has no absolute control, and which he delights openly or secretly to call inspiration. Is he not also unconsciously drawn towards something inexplicable, extraneous to, and higher than his own ideal, the ideal of his art?

If, however, it is true that in the moments of his most genuine work, when alone his talent or genius fills its measure, he is simply the passive instrument used by inspiration to bring his art nearer to its ideal, wherein lies the moral responsibility of the writer?

Inspiration in its entirety is one of nature's mysteries. Yet its first effect upon the writer is generally understood to be an exaltation of feeling, not merely an excitement of the emotions, but a lifting up of the moral nature, through an irresistible impulse towards a more spiritual atmosphere. This impulse implies a basal motive power. Is it not the power, or the eternal, as Matthew Arnold terms it, which "makes for righteousness," the power upon which character also is based?

According to these premises, literature, like every other art, is environed by a beautiful three-fold chain of truth. Art has a right to exist for art's sake only, or for the sake of its ideal. Art to approximate most closely to its ideal must be inspired. Inspiration, like conduct, is based upon the power which "makes for righteousness," a power inseparably connected with the morally didactic element in human life and character.

Aside from inspiration, which exerts through poetry and fiction an indirectly didactic influence, the function of creative literature seems to be, in a greater or less degree, to teach. For if it does nothing more than give innocent amusement it puts in motion a moral force, and compasses the results of a moral lesson.

Of poetry, Leigh Hunt says it is its boast

"Above all other arts; that sympathizing with everything it leaves no corner of wisdom or knowledge unrecognized."

Sidney Lanier, one of the most discerning of modern critics, says:

"The greatest work has always gone hand in hand with the most fervent moral purpose. For example: the most poetical poetry of which we know anything, is that of the author of Job and of David and his fellow psalm writers. * * * The moral purpose with which these writers were * * * surcharged, instead of interfering with the artistic value of their product, has spiritualized the art of it into an intensity which burns away all limitations of language and sets their poems as indestructible monuments in the hearts of the whole human race."

This essential relation of the didactic to poetry predominates so strongly in all of the world-acknowledged masterpieces, that it is impossible to consider their authors otherwise than as actuated by a conscious moral purpose.

The poems of Homer, it is true, are sometimes declared to be wanting in a strictly didactic quality. Yet the Iliad, as a recent critic suggests, has never before been so widely read, or what is more significant, so thoroughly appreciated as by the Christian people of to-day. The truly heroic element in human character, which goes so far in making up the moral stature of a perfect man, appeals more effectively to our highly civilized Christian era than it could have done to a less advanced, less morally-sensitive age. From cover to cover the noble lesson of heroism taught by the Iliad, turns its pages drenched with the blood of the Trojan war into a moral tonic for all students and lovers of Homer.

Dante is as consciously and unswervingly, though as a rule tenderly ethical, as he is supremely ideal. We could not imagine the Divine Comedy without its author, as a censor, holding aloft his golden scales of justice.

Milton wrote Paradise Lost that he might justify the ways of God to man.

By these typical epic poets, conclusive proof seems to be given that the didactic used consciously has an essential part in the epic art's ideal. To write a worthy epic, the poet is under a sort of constraint, not only to choose a high theme, but by its treatment to make an appeal "to the higher side of human life and strengthen it."

The work of the drama is to bring a picture of humanity in action vividly before our eyes. To do this it has been said:

"A great poet should be free from all prepossessions; his one business is to see life steadily, and to represent it faithfully as it is"

Schlegel gives a truer and more literary as well as a more philosophical interpretation of the drama when he likens tragedy and

comedy, respectively, to earnestness and sport. His definition of earnestness, as "the direction of our mental powers to some aim," provides a reason for the immeasurable superiority of the tragic to the comic poets of classic times — the one exhibiting the workings of the moral, the other of the animal part of human nature. But when the line drawn so sharply between ancient tragedy and comedy was almost obliterated in the more perfect modern drama, the world was given the plays of Shakespeare, every one of which shows the "direction of the mental powers to some aim," has some lesson to teach, the highest, if not most observable, where the art is considered most perfect, as in the "Tempest," or "The Winter's Tale."

Thus the conclusion is forced upon us that the dramatic art's ideal also includes the consciously used didactic as an essential element.

Lyric poetry in its nature implies the absorption of the poet in his own feelings to so great an extent that he is, as a rule, oblivious to the impression he creates. Yet lyric poetry covers the widest range of knowledge and experience. The mood of its highest inspiration is a moral or spiritual fervor, or an intensity of feeling concerning human experiences, which, understood by all, moves universal sympathy.

Ruskin accurately describes Wordsworth's "distinctive work" as "a war with pomp and pretence and a display of the majesty of simple feelings and humble hearts, together with high reflective truth in his analysis of the courses of politics and ways of men; without these, his love of nature would have been comparatively worthless."

All of Tennyson's poetry, polished and gem-like in its artistic perfection, creates the impression that England's Laureate is ever pursuing a lofty mission.

Browning's worshippers bow at his shrine because of what seems to them his constant aim — soul development. In no other poems, perhaps, do we feel so decidedly the thrill which only a genuine poet can give united with so forcible and quickening an impulse towards diviner things.

Purely didactic poems and direct didactic phrases are, however, foreign to the ideal of poetic art in general.

Pope, the highest type of all distinctively didactic poets, seems at times to be genuinely inspired. But his poems with a purpose, are like the frame of the didactic without its living soul. Perfect with a finely mechanical perfection, their lessons are cold, cut and dried maxims, not the heart-warm utterances of high inspiration.

Compare one of the best of Pope's aphorisms,

> "Honor and shame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies,"

with a few lines from the Iliad which even Pope's artificial rendering could not spoil:

> "Ye Greeks be men! the charge of battle bear,
> Your brave associates and yourselves revere;
> Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,
> And catch from breast to breast the noble fire."

Pope's sentiment is a moral truth and is so accepted by his readers to whom his lines are directly addressed. But they do not move the heart, nor stimulate men necessarily to high thoughts and noble actions. They are not poetry. Homer's lines, put into the mouth of a brave general, are instinct with life. Our pulses beat in sympathy, and we are fired with the same martial spirit, which it was their apparent object to arouse in the soldiers to whom they are supposed to be spoken. They afford a good illustration of the true place of didactic phrases in epic, and also in dramatic poetry—as an absolute part of the narrative, or as a revelation of character.

But suppose we compare Pope's lines with these, almost as directly didactic, of Browning:

> "Knowing ourselves, our world, our task so great,
> Our time so brief, 'tis clear if we refuse
> The means so limited, the tools so rude
> To execute our purpose, life will fleet,
> And we shall fade and leave our task undone."

The difference here is one of feeling. Browning is not giving us simply an ethical lesson, but is voicing a heart belief which is clamoring for expression.

Genuine poetry may exist, it is true, in which the didactic influence is most obscure, and much didactic literature of a high kind has in it apparently little or nothing akin to poetry. Still the unworldly enthusiasm of spirit that lies at the root of all noble teaching, whether it demands poetical expression or not, is in its essence poetical.

Poetry, touching the whole gamut of human emotion and experience, is the most comprehensive of all arts. It offers, therefore, the most effective means of didactic expressions, and is by its very nature the most universal of teachers. Its province is to educate mankind; to provide a sure, subtle and delightful way for the entrance of truth into the mind. And it may be said with emphasis that no artistic beauty or merit can cover or conceal the hollowness of verse wanting in that exalted and exalting quality which Matthew Arnold calls seriousness, and sometimes by the still better name of truth. Noble poetry is truth fitly spoken like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Truth — truth to life or to human nature is also the basis of all fiction of real worth. Fiction may effect a moral or an immoral purpose, simply by being a true or a false picture of life. Strictly speaking, therefore, there is no such thing as *unmoral* fiction.

Scott has been placed under Carlyle's and a later critic's ban, because of a lack of a definite moral purpose in romances which have afforded a delightful and healthful mental stimulant to three generations of readers. How much more appreciative is another critic's reference to the Waverly novels, as exercising "among the most beneficent energies of art," in that "they rest our hearts," and "recreate us for all work." They do still more: They take their color from the highest of moral qualities — universal sympathy, or a warm, true heart-feeling for man and his Maker, and for all God's creatures. Their influence is to make more, or less, impressive the worth and beauty of heroism, manliness, and honor. They serve a historic purpose also by breathing life into the past, while they teach indirectly God's own lesson that life is eminently worth the living, and that humanity *per se*, through its innate merits demands our respect, sympathy, and love.

Scott's case may be made stronger by contrast with the typical so-called *un*moral novelist of to-day — Henry James. Abounding in cynicism and satire, he delineates with icy calmness the weaknesses, imperfections, and unloveliness, as well as occasionally some of the better characteristics of human nature. We admire perforce, the mechanical perfection of his art, but if we did not as a rule turn with resentment from his superficial views of life, we would probably gain from him that contempt for humanity which is a certain sign of moral degradation. His work must be classed as *im*moral, rather than as *un*moral.

Fiction, from its earliest beginnings, has been used largely as the sugar-coating of some moral or religious lesson. Yet in many of the old romances, notably the Arthurian legends, the toothsomeness and pleasant flavor lies in the lessons.

It was left, however, to the modern world to make a picture of every-day life the "vehicle of a moral purpose." The first novelists were naturally often realistic and intentionally didactic to a nauseous degree. The very title of the first English novel — strictly so-called — "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded," is offensive to the better taste, the higher refinement, and the more advanced stage of morality of the nineteenth century. Yet it would be a mistake to overlook the genuine moral quality, and probable good results of this and similar novels of the eighteenth century. It is painful to imagine a time when they were needed, yet their specific use created a new and powerful instrument for reform. They were

the more effective because they respected the *Zeit-geist* — the spirit of their time; a time which demanded a reform in the superficial morality of manners, rather than in the deeper morality of the heart.

We call the works of Richardson and his contemporaries classics, and we tolerate, even admire them as the first fruits of modern fiction. Similar works produced to-day would find few, if any, readers. Like the pictures of Hogarth, by exhibiting the ugliness of vice, and the bold contrasts between the material results of good and evil, they served to arrest the disease of immorality of that period. The world now refuses to accept moral lessons so coarsely and openly thrust upon it even by fiction. Yet much the same superficial view of things, usually without the same excuse of a good intent, is presented in a more refined way by the so-called naturalistic novels to-day so prevalent. Hence, we have a "Zola," a "Ouida," an "Amelie Rives," and their numerous imitators, who, professing to give us pictures of life, and scorning an avowed moral purpose, show us men and women in their moments of folly, weakness, or passion, yielding to temptations, and gratifying their baser instincts in a matter-of-course way. Such novels, overlooking the better part of human nature, the divine aspiring element, misconceive life and man's part in it. Their influence is, and must be almost invariably immoral. There is no good reason for their existence.

The innate truth to nature of many of the best works of modern fiction has attached to them the term realistic. Could any term be more appropriate, according to an admirable definition of realistic fiction — that it combines the natural with the ideal? Of these novels it may be said, however, that it is their ideal elements which not only stamp them as superior, but also enable them to exert their purest and most elevating influences.

An ideal standard of life and conduct is becoming more and more generally recognized as man's best impetus and guide towards higher living. The time is probably not far distant, if it has not already arrived, when Christian people will universally accept the beauty of holiness as a more practical and helpful text than the ugliness of sin. This hopeful condition of things may be attributed, in part, to the widely read master-pieces of modern fiction, which by their method of presenting their predominant idea, are made so incomparably greater than the first novels, whose didactic tendency and aim they share.

Thackeray used his trenchant blade of satire, not only to hew down the shams of society, but also to lay bare the beauty of the genuine and the natural in human relations and character.

Dickens, heart-full of some needed reform, battled for it, often with rude weapons and rough strokes, and usually with a sure and immediate effect. Yet his books are most impressive because the evils they picture are made to appear abnormal, contrary to the desires of man in general, and obnoxious to his natural instincts.

"George Eliot" and Hawthorne concern themselves with outward conditions, only or chiefly as connected with character, and with a revelation of the inner life of the individual.

"George Eliot," in books, often too sadly realistic, produces an elevated impression of humanity by making prominent the brave soul-struggles of men and women under the many varied, trying, character-testing circumstances and conditions of life. Drawing the materials for her creations from all classes of society, she leads us to feel that in every one, perhaps even in the most degraded, there is an element akin to the divine, a something worthy of the love which unites man to man and man to God. Through this characteristic which we like to call Shakespearian, "George Eliot" wards off our contempt from characters whose depravity she paints in true and ineffaceable colors.

Hawthorne's lesson is, that outward circumstances, glowingly impressive though they may be, are but little more than shadows when compared with the life of the spirit. He also teaches that the battle-ground of individual life is within.

But both "George Eliot" and Hawthorne have at times permitted themselves to be mastered by their themes. And the melancholy of the one and the morbidness of the other have detracted from the force of their high lessons. Both are most perfect didactically, if not in every other way, in their shorter stories. "George Eliot" reached a high artistic beauty while she taught her noblest lessons in "Silas Marner," "Amos Barton," and "Janet's Repentance." Hawthorne, in "The Great Stone Face," placed fiction at the highest point it will probably ever reach, at least in short story form. In each of these stories the moral lesson is not only plainly apparent, but to its working out, in the highest way through the development and regeneration of the individual, all the energies of the author is bent.

In fiction, as in poetry, a work, to be a master-piece, must have the dramatic, or rather the tragic quality of earnestness. It is this quality which has given Tolstoi and Meredith their high rank, and made "Robert Elsmere" the most widely read and most frequently discussed book of the past year. It is the direction of their mental powers to some sincere aim that has lifted so many *American* novelists to a respectable place in literature, and has given them pre-eminence over English and other foreign novelists, of equal, or

superior literary merit. American novelists, perhaps, as a rule, make the mistake of following too closely after a didactic purpose. Yet it is a lack of moral earnestness, and of a high moral principle which places the seal of an intrinsic inferiority upon such novels as those of Thomas Hardy, for example. Novels which from an intellectual and purely artistic point of view are of unquestionable excellence.

But the place of the didactic in fiction is not confined to the exertion of a good moral influence, though that is its broadest and greatest work. Probably no kind of fiction is more generally fascinating than a good historical novel; consequently, by no other means can historic facts and conditions be made so strongly and permanently impressive. There seems also to be a peculiar moral force connected with the turning of history into romance. The idealizing of past events, perhaps by removing what is dross and superfluous, effects a revelation of higher historic truths — the underlying motives which moved men to action. Scott and Kingsley, showing us the working out of historic events through individual character, provide a healthy moral stimulus while vitalizing the past into a natural and impressive scene.

Fiction is invading more and more frequently all of the different domains of the intellect and of specific knowledge. Reference, direct or indirect, to art, literature, natural science, music, philosophy, and religion, enter into the substance, or serve for the ornamental touches of almost all good, modern novels. The wide culture in this way displayed by their writers must inevitably produce some of the effects of culture upon their readers.

The didactic in its broadest sense has indeed become to so great an extent a ruling element in fiction, that nothing evidences more clearly than in the manner of its use, the skill of the artist. The fault of what may be called the didactic school to which so many novelists of the period belong, is the subordination of the story to the lesson, or underlying theme. An impression of the theme, as a necessary part of the narrative, is thus prevented, and the result at best is that received from a sermon or a lecture, instead of the unconscious absorption of truth from an attractive and moving picture of life.

A didactic purpose in fiction is served first of all, and most delicately, as well as cogently, by a high general tone. But the place of more or less directly didactic language is of the utmost importance. Didactic phrases, direct moralizings, homilies, aphorisms, and proverbs, are the hand-maidens, or the pitfalls of fiction, according to their skillful or unskillful use. What would be stigmatized as preaching in a moral essay, if judiciously introduced as

a necessary part of a narrative, is often readily accepted and produces good fruit. Even detached thoughts with a didactic bearing, if in harmony with the tone of the book, not infrequently are the source of great additional pleasure, while at the same time enriching the reader's mind with useful or noble truths. "George Eliot's" originality as a writer lies perhaps primarily in her peculiar manner of constantly using moralisms in the development of her characters, and in connection with her incidents. More than that, the necessity seemed to be laid upon her to create such characters as "Mrs. Poyser" and "Dolly Winthrop," whose special business is humorously or seriously to teach moral lessons. Still further, the abounding, beautiful, and elevating detached thoughts in "George Eliot's" writings seldom, if ever, seem superfluous. The aphorisms of Thomas Hardy, on the other hand, though they have gained him the admiration of a high class of readers, are really artistic blemishes, through their excess and through the attention they attract to themselves, independent of the story. When "Swithen St. Cleve" says: "In these days the secret of productive study is to avoid well," we do not connect the words with their eighteen-year-old speaker, but we are impressed with the shrewdness and aphoristic ability of Hardy himself. His aphorisms are always like maxims, and would be as pertinent and more appropriate by themselves, used with an avowed didactic purpose. The right or wrong use of the didactic in fiction is best tested by its fitness. A perfect poem and a perfect novel are like perfect manners or a perfect character: all of their parts are essential to the whole, and none should be so conspicuous as to obscure the great general effect.

The suggestion may be repeated that its spirituality of tone is the measure of a novel's as well as a poem's highest worth. "Zola" and the materialistic school may attract many readers and have considerable temporary power. But the overwhelming testimony of multitudes of novels of great merit is that "to be carnally minded is death," to be spiritually minded is life. Lasting fame and influence demands apparently of this branch of creative literature also, a following after an ideal whose ruling element is a power which makes for righteousness.

The most impressive lesson in this study of the place of the didactic in verse and fiction, is that creative writers can best regulate their teachings by their own habitual tone of mind. The noble in thought will be inspired nobly. A noble character has for its inseparable companion noble thought. To be a "true poem" in his life, was Milton's idea of a poet's best preparation for high creative work, and his effort to realize this idea, no doubt made possible

the inspiration resulting in Paradise lost — all things considered, the greatest poem in the English language.

In spite of many great apparent exceptions, the weight of evidence, in literature, sustains Emerson's lofty and beautiful rule for all art — "the hand can never execute anything higher than the character can inspire."

A "General Discussion" upon "The Four Greatest American Novels" resulted indefinitely, but afforded an entertaining feature of the session. It was participated in by Prof. J. C. Ridpath, Dr. H. W. Taylor, Judge C. F. McNutt, J. P. Dunn, Jr., President Parker, E. P. Chaplin, Mary A. Leavitt, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Eleanor Stackhouse, and Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson.

Adjourned.

Afternoon Session.

TABERNACLE.

The Afternoon Session of the Second Day of the Convention opened at the Tabernacle at 1 : 30, with President Parker in the Chair.

Mrs. Mary A. Leavitt, whose verse composition is familiar to western readers, presented a suggestive poem in blank verse, entitled

"A MID-SUMMER DAY WITH NATURE."

When over-wearied with the cares of life,
The heated turmoil of the city's mart,
Go forth into the woods — the cool, calm woods,
And know the restfulness that nature yields
Unto the weary heart. Leaving the crowd,
The eager, selfish throng of worldly ones,
Go seek some shadowy solitude, within
Nature's great temple, hushed, and dim; here, 'mid
The grandeur of her leafy corridors,
May o'er thy spirit steal a holy calm,—
Winning thy heart from wasting care, the world
And self, to pour its all of adoration
At His shrine — The Great All Father's, who hath

Made our dwelling place so wonderfully fair.
Go, where His soft south winds may gather up
The treasured fragrance of ten thousand flowers,
Only to waft their garnered sweets to thee.
Go where whispering leaves hold converse sweet
And low, whose softly sighing flow shall lull
Thee into dreamy reveries and rare.
The verdant foliage, waving overhead,
Shall kiss thy cheek with its cool, dewy lips;
And trees, a-tremble in the far, clear blue,
Shall beckon to their shade, and whisper "Rest!"
Nature's ministry can soothe the turmoil
And unrest that riot in the human heart.
Her gentle hand glides o'er the jarring chords
That vibrate at the rude world's harsher touch,
And tunes them into restful harmony.
How tenderly her myriad voices
Murmur unto the wounded heart! And how
Her soft and mystic touch of peace
Can charm the quivering pulse of pain
Into a tranquil flow of quiet joy!
Of all her winsome arts to soothe and cheer,
Most potent is her sweet-voiced minstrelsy.
The music-gush of rills 'mid wooded banks!
As flow their waters 'mid the bloom, so flow
Their silver chimes and lulling interludes
Thro' all the harmonies of nature's song.
Swept by the phantom fingers of the wind,
Each vibrant leaf has learned some voiceful strain
—Softer than any harp æolian.
Like summer rain, down faintly echoing trees,
So flows a finer mist of melody
From quivering leaves, beneath the touches
Of the wind.
And on, thro' woodland paths, where bud and flower
And shrub dot all the way like stars; and all,
O'er arched by giant trees in fullest chords
Of leaf on leaf—all sighing with the breeze,
Oh, what a haze of harmony is here!—
Where every leaf 's a tiny instrument
In Nature's sweetest orchestra!
The rippling cascade, roaring waterfall,
Each dancing on its way, more loudly swells

The murmured song. How they, as keeping time
To their own tune, throw up their jeweled hands
In noisy glee! — then dash a shower of pearls
Into each flower's cup, and haste away!
Bending to catch the gift, yet sorrowing so
That 'mid their bloom the waters may not stay,
The flowers — *bathed in tears*, breathe their adieu!
List! Is it true that angels sometimes visit
Us, and, hovering near on unseen wings,
Sweep from their golden harps music exquisite,
Such as angels only know? List to that burst
Of happy song, from yonder towering elm,
Whose deep'ning foliage 'tis a joy to see!
Nature's own choristers! I hail the birds,
The joyous birds! Naught but a seraph's harp
Could weave cadence more sweet than echoes thro'
The leaf-embowered halls, and azure dome
Of Nature's many-mansioned house.
I bless thee from my heart, thou
Warbler free! for oft when shades of care had
Engulfed my soul in gloom, and all the ills
Of life were, with their leaden weight, pressing
My spirit down, thy song of grateful praise
To Him who "clothes the lilies," and, without
Whose care "a sparrow may not fall," has been
A sweet *reproof* to my o'er-clouded heart.
Didst thou, in some far upward flight, soar near
The heavenly gate, and, with impatient wings
Beating the golden bars, oh, didst thou list
The angels' song, to bear it back to earth?
For those who may not soar, art striving still
That "new song" to recall,— whose chords, or trills,
Or choruses 't would be an ecstasy
Of wonder e'en dimly to remember,
Or faintly to re-echo? . . . . . .
If to commune with Nature, and adore
The power whose glory she proclaims, yields
To the spirit quietude and peace, how
Must its inmost depths be stirred with joy,
When, after all life's weariness, it rests
In fadeless bowers, and by that river fair
Whose ever-flowing music maketh glad
The dwelling-place of Nature's gracious God!

Mr. W. W. Pfrimmer — Recitation in dialect.

To write the story of a song would make one of the sweetest biographies in the world. Mrs. Marie Louise Andrews approximated to this in a *resume* of the writers and sentiment of the

"POETRY OF THE ANTE-WAR PERIOD OF THE WEST AND SOUTH."

Too young, as we all are who are present to-day, to have had personal recollections of the ante-war period, yet to many of us, there comes a faint echo of those days, so dim, indeed, that occurrences during the war are the more deeply limned upon our memories, and all other contemporaneous happenings seem trivial and indistinct.

I fancy that the veteran, who, in his declining years, lives in the recollections of camp and of the field, has a feeling somewhat akin to contempt for the, to him, less fortunate members of our on-coming generation as he revels in delightful memories of the general superiority of all things mundane "befo' the wah." To him, every thing from a turnip to the moon, is invested with this glamour of "auld lang syne," which dwarfs the present status of every day life into insignificance.

At the risk of appearing ancient or provincial, I do not hesitate to declare that I recollect that in those days which tried men's patriotism, the other States of the Union became suddenly conscious of the fact that Indiana was situated upon an elevated plateau, the surrounding country seeming to slope in all directions, and since that time, as before, the cultivated Hoosier has continued to be the peer of any man in the educated universe.

The London "Times" bewailed the fact that thought and culture had come to a standstill on account of the Crimean war. How many nameless poets, painters, sculptors, Da Vincis sleep in heroes' graves because of the civil war only such names as Theodore Winthrop's can attest. If the test of the poet is the power to take the passing day, with its news, its cares, its fears, as he shares them, and hold it up to a divine reason, till he sees it to have a purpose and beauty, and to be related to the eternal order of the world, and his sensibility is so keen that the scent of the elder blow is event enough for him, then those who first hewed the shaft and laid the architrave of literature in the new West, were poets born. A nation that is still in the process of creating a new literature, must necessarily sow some wild oats, and plow them under, before the soil is enriched unto great fertility, and we are still in the era of a national literary

development. If, as a nation, we were slow to cast off the thraldom of the Elizabethan age of literature, we were not backward in supplying appreciation for Carlyle, Tennyson, and the Brownings. When Emerson first emerged from the truly American chrysalis of poetic fancy and addressed a poem to the "Humble Bee," it was called "a foolish affectation of the familiar," and the critics were amazed at his audacity; now, our own Riley and Joaquin Miller place such pictures of real Western American life before us, that we smell the burning prairies, and hear the protesting hum of "Old Fessler's Bees."

With the settlement of the New Purchase, the muse, like Satan, "came also;" the first poem being read at Marietta, O., July 4th, 1789, by Return Jonathan Meigs, an attorney at law, the theme being a prediction of the development of the country which has been more than fulfilled. Newspapers had gradually been established in several places in the West and Southwest from 1787 to 1815, but it was during the latter year that original Western poetry was occasionally published in "The Western Spy," at Cincinnati, although songs of more or less poetic merit were sung among boatmen, hunters, and soldiers previous to that time. Of the one hundred and fifty-two poets of the ante-war period whose names and achievements are chronicled by Coggeshall, sixty were residents of Ohio, two of Iowa, one of Kansas, four of Wisconsin, five of Michigan, thirteen of Illinois, three of Missouri, two of Minnesota, fourteen of Kentucky, and twenty-three of Indiana. In a sketch of this sort, it will only be possible to refer very briefly to these pioneers of song, as the subject is entirely too prolific to be handled at one time. For to even suggest the title of poems written in the West and South from the time of the poet artist, Washington Allston, of Charleston, on the Carolina coast, and later, the poet-priest, Father Ryan, to Joaquin Miller, singing near the Golden Gate, the air is vocal with the music of the poetic songsters of the ante-war days, and the task of writing of all of them, and of listening to the chronicle, would be too burdensome for endurance. As a matter of course the newspaper was the patron of the literary art in this new world. "The Western Spy and Cadet" and "The Olio," both rivals, were published at Cincinnati, and the encouragement given by these newspapers to local literature was the prime cause of the organization of the first Western Association of Writers, known as the Philomathic Society, composed of such men as Junius and John H. James, Robert T. Lytle, Lemuel D. Howells, George Mackey Wilson, and Edward L. Drake. Afterward, Thomas Pierce, Peyton Short Symmes, William Henry Harrison, and Daniel and Benjamin Drake were elected as members of a branch of the Association, and in this

circle of choice spirits, the enterprise of offering a medal, of the value of fifty dollars in gold, for the best poem written in the West, originated. Twelve poems were received by the committee, composed of John D. Godman, Benjamin Drake, and John P. Foote, and the prize was awarded to the writer of the poem entitled "The Muse of Hesperia," yet so modest was the author, that he did not claim the award, and it was ten or twelve years later that it was definitely settled that the poem was written by Thomas Pierce. It is too long to be quoted here, but it contained an appeal to local poets, to make use of the opportunities for the original study and execution of themes suggested by the romantic scenery of the Western Hesperian valleys.

The author was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, on August 4, 1786. In 1813 Mr. Pierce emigrated to Cincinnati, where he married Elizabeth Neave, and was subsequently engaged with her father in merchandising. His satrical odes entitled "Horace in Cincinnati," were both popular and meritorious, and were collected and published in book form in 1822 by George W. Harrison, forming in reality, the first book in Western poetry. Among his shorter poems, "Youth and Age," "The Dandy," "To a Lady," "The Drama," and his last one, "Knowledge is Power," were the most popular. Mr. Pierce was an honored citizen of Cincinnati. His death occured in 1850.

The earliest and most noted woman who wrote in the West at that time, was the gifted Julia L. Dumont. She was born at Waterford, Ohio, in October, 1794, and was married to John Dumont in 1812. In 1814 they removed to Vevay, Indiana, where she opened a school, being particularly successful in imparting instruction to all sorts and conditions of minds. One by one death claimed her children until her head was bowed in grief over six graves. Her health failed in consequence, and she died on January 2, 1857. Her best poems were published in "The Literary Gazette," of Cincinnati, the most popular ones being "The Orphan Emigrant," "Poverty," and "The Pauper to the Rich Man."

In this sketch it were almost superfluous to refer to one who is so well known as George D. Prentice, yet, as a patron of literature in the West and South, Mr. Prentice stands preëminent. Born in 1802 in Preston, Connecticut—in rugged, cold New England—his nature was as sunny as the South where the greater part of his useful and eventful life was spent. Mr. Prentice was eminent as a master of blank verse as evinced in "The Flight of Years" and "Mammoth Cave." A many-sided man was George D. Prentice; as a paragraphist, he is still the envy of the rising journalist; as a politician, he was far-seeing and out-spoken; as a wit, like Falstaff,

he was also "the cause of wit in other men;" as a poet, pure and pathetic, fitting the rhythm to the thought perfectly. His poem, "To an Absent Wife," is the embodiment of ideal conjugal affection; and his "Lines Written at My Mother's Grave," beginning

> The trembling dewdrops fall
> Upon the shutting flowers; like souls at rest
> The stars shine gloriously; and all
> Save me are blest,

sweetly breathe the tenderest filial love. Mr. Prentice died in 1870.

As a contemporary of George D. Prentice, it is appropriate that William D. Gallagher should be mentioned here. Like Mr. Prentice, Mr. Gallagher was also known as a politician, his advocacy of Henry Clay for president in 1830, while editor of the "Backwoodsman," published at Xenia, Ohio, bringing him into notoriety. Literature, however, was a more congenial pursuit than politics, and the establishment of the "Cincinnati Mirror," a literary journal of high merit, followed in 1831. Ill health compelled him to abandon it, but upon a partial recovery, he established the "Western Literary Journal and Monthly Review," but shortly discontinued it. "The Wreck of the Hornet" first attracted attention to Mr. Gallagher's genius, and made his reputation. The poems entitled "The Mothers of the West," and "Song of the Pioneers," breathe an admiration for the early settlers which is inspiring. Mr. Gallagher still lives in Louisville, Ky., and honors the Western Association of Writers by being a member.

We now turn to John Finley, a native of Virginia, but afterward an adopted son of Indiana, having lived respectively at Richmond and Indianapolis. Mr. Finley is most generally known by the New Year's Address written for the Indianapolis "Journal" in 1830, entitled "The Hoosier's Nest," a poem very familiar to native Indianians. His "Bachelor's Hall," with which school children of the last generation are familiar, as a model for scanning purposes, was widely circulated in America and England with Thomas Moore's name attached to it. Mr. Finley cared little for his own rhyming, and preserved scarcely any of it. In fact, none of the writers of that period wrote for posterity, and it is only now and then that the chronicler can catch glimpses of the poetry of such men as Salmon P. Chase, who wrote "The Sisters," "Themes," "To a Star," and some fine translations of Latin odes; of William O. Butler, of Kentucky, who wrote the poem beginning

> "O, boatman, wind that horn again,"

and of Thomas Shreve, who emigrated to Ohio from the District of Columbia in 1830, and assisted in the publication of "The Mirror,"

furnishing both critiques and poetry for the paper, such as "My First Gray Hair," "Midnight Musings," and "To an Indian Mound."

Amelia B. Welby left a deep impression upon the popular mind. She was born in Maryland, but lived the best part of her brief life in Louisville, Ky. Her "Rainbow" is familiar to all within hearing to-day; "The Dew Drop," "Pulpit Eloquence," and "The Mournful Heart," continue to be deservedly popular. She died in 1852, in the thirty-third year of her age.

In 1836, the Cincinnati "Mirror" published a poem entitled "Jerusalem," which was pronounced "beautiful, exceedingly beautiful," and a poem entitled a "Dirge of Napoleon," written by a young man before he was seventeen years old, was declared by the New England "Galaxy" to be "daringly and surprisingly original." These poems and "The Battle of Tippecanoe," which was inscribed to William Henry Harrison, were written by William Ross Wallace, a native of Lexington, Ky. Mr. Wallace was an especial favorite of Edgar Allen Poe and William Cullen Bryant. He died in New York in 1881.

Rebecca S. Nichols was born in New Jersey, but she has been a resident of the West for more than forty years. Mrs. Nichols' earliest poems were published in the "Louisville News-Letter," over the signature of "Ellen." She also published a series of sprightly sketches for the Cincinnati "Herald," over the name of "Kate Cleveland." In 1851, under the patronage of Nicholas Longworth, her later poems entitled "Songs of the Heart," and "Hearthstone," were published. Mrs. Nichols was the intimate friend of Otway Curry, both giving and receiving inspiration. Among her most noted poems are "The Lost Soul," "The Philosopher Toad," "A Lament," "Wee Willie," and "Baby Bell," the last two being inscribed to the surviving children of a family of seven. She now resides in Indianapolis, and was present at the last convention of this Association.

Little is known about the personality of George W. Cutter, beyond the two fateful events of having been born in Kentucky, and having been a member of the Indiana legislature. Mr. Cutter's "Song of the Steam" is familiar to every child who has attained the rank of the Fourth reader, while the "Song of the Lightning" is scarcely less known. His other poems are full of fire and patriotism; noticeably: "E Pluribus Unum," "Buena Vista," written on the battle field, and "Never! Never!" Beyond these, the divine passion, too, has inspired him to write as artistic gems as the following:

Who has not knelt at beauty's feet
And felt the very air more mild,
The sky more soft, the earth more sweet,
When woman sighed — when woman smiled?

Who has not felt love's sway sublime,
Till joy could only speak in tears—
And tested, in a breath of time,
The rapture of a thousand years?

Of the earlier writers in the Western country, the names of John M. Harney, of Bardstown, Kentucky; Micah P. Flint, of Mississippi; Peyton Short Symmes, of Ohio; William R. Schenck, of Cincinnati; James Hall, of Illinois; Charles Hammond, of Ohio; Elijah P. Lovejoy, of Illinois; Harvey D. Little, James H. Perkins, and Charles A. Jones, of Ohio; John H. Bryant, of Illinois; Edmund Flagg and Anna P. Dinnies, of Missouri; Hugh Peters, of Indiana; Thomas Gregg, Erastus S. S. Rouse, and Frederick W. Thomas, of Ohio, and a host of others, stand out in bold relief as the poetic painters of local life and scenery, when the Western soil was new.

Mrs. Laura M. Thurston, who died in New Albany in 1842, was a sweetly artistic painter of the landscape beauties of the Ohio valley. Forceythe Willson and his gifted wife, two poetic souls too spiritual for a long earthly sojourn, sang in concert along the beautiful White Water river. Amanda Louisa Ruter Dufour, an honored member of this Association, reveled in the picturesque grandeur of the Knobs near New Albany, and was inspired to mingle in the closest sympathy with nature and poesy. Her "Reveries" would establish her reputation as a poet, if she had written nothing else. Mrs. Dufour was born in Jeffersonville, Indiana, in 1822, and now resides in Washington, D. C.

Benjamin F. Taylor, of Chicago; Peter Fishe Reed, of Indianapolis; Jedediah Hunt and Jane Maria West, of Ohio; Sidney Dyer, of Kentucky; Francis Dana Gage, of Ohio; Luella Case, of Indiana; Hannah Arey, of Ohio; Lewis Cist, of Missouri; Sarah J. Howe, of Kentucky; Horace P. Biddle, of Indiana; Lois Adams, of Michigan; Eleanor P. Lee, of Mississippi; Catherine Warfield, of Ohio, and Henry William Ellsworth, of Indianapolis, lived, and sung also, in those days when "the gods were abroad."

Isaac H. Julian, of Richmond, Indiana, sang of "Boone in the Wilderness," "The True Pacific Line," and addressed a stirring appeal "To the Genius of the West." Horace S. Minor, who was called the Western Shelley, sang and sorrowed in the new country, and laid him down to rest in Illinois, in 1850. Caroline Chamberlin, of Oxford, Ohio, was mistress of the combination of art and poetry to an unusual degree. Her "Picture," and the "Soul's Visitants," are particularly charming to other poets.

Orpheus Evarts, too, took up the lyre, "befo' the wah," and still thrills our listening ears with poesy's sweetest strains.

Mary E. Nealy has touched the hearts of sorrowing mothers on both sides of the Atlantic with the pathetic poem of "The Little Shoe."

William W. Fosdick won his poetic laurels with "Lute and Love," and "Light and Night," in 1860.

Netta V. Victor drank the "Wine of Parnassus," of which she wrote, and gave to the world "Body and Soul," "Two Pictures," and "Compound Interest." Mrs. Victor was also the author of "The Tallow Family in America," and "Mrs. Alvira Slimmen's Window," which convulsed the continent thirty years ago.

Frances F. Barritt evinced a poetical conception of high order in "The Palace of the Imagination."

D. Carlyle Maccloy, Edward D. Howard, Obed Wilson, Celia Burr, Benjamin T. Cushing, Abram S. Piatt, Emeline Johnson, Abbey Allin Curtiss, Thomas W. Hoit, William Hubbard, Mary A. Foster, and William E. Gilmore, all traveled the steeps of Parnassus about the same time, and it was a "goodlie companie."

In 1840 Coates Kinney came from New York and settled at Springfield, O., as one of "The Heroes of the Pen," and encouraged halting humanity to move "On! Right On!" We had expected him to be with us to-day, as hopeful of heart, and as vigorous of mind as when he first heard the "tinkle on the shingles of the rain upon the roof."

John Gibson Dunn, Helen Bostwick, Horatio F. Powers, George York Welbourn, of Mount Vernon, Ind., a protege of Governor Hovey, and even the Governor himself, Louise Chitwood, and William H. Lyle were among the giants of those days.

Will Wallace Harney, of Indiana, never touched a false string of the poetic lyre. His "Buried Hope," beginning

> "Fold down its little baby hands,
> This was a hope you had of old;
> Fillet the brow with rosy bands,
> And kiss its locks of shining gold,"

is daintily exquisite, while "The Old Mill," and "Jimmy's Wooing," are brimful and heartful of poetry.

A little later in the march of time appear the names of Emma Alice Browne, and of Ella Caldwell, whose poetry is so sweetly rhythmical. There, too, are Lizzie Beebe, Hattie Tyng, and Cornelia W. Laws with "The Empty Chair," "Six Little Feet on the Fender," and "Behind the Post," awakening sweet, shadowy memories of home life.

Cora Mitchell Downs, Samuel V. Morris, William D. Howells, Albert Barnitz, William S. Peterson, Sallie M. B. Piatt, Isa Eberhart, Louisa McGaffey, Carrie Pennock, Granville Ballard, L. D.

Waterman, Carrie Hibbard, George Crowell, and Mary Short all began to court the muses contemporaneously.

Fortune and fame unprecedented, have come to Susan E. Wallace and her gifted husband since she wrote "The Patter of Little Feet" more than thirty years ago. George A. Stewart, Julia Amanda Wood, Horace Rublee, who attributed his poetizing to youthful inexperience, Mattie Griffith, Rosa Vertner Johnson, Frances Locke, Anna Rickey Roberts, Florus Plimpton, James Pumnill, Mary Wilson Betts, Elizabeth O. Hoyt, and Albert Sutliffe were all morning stars of Western poetry.

Still later in the poetic firmament, just peeping above the Eastern horizon, appear such lights as John Hay and Joaquin Miller, who were both born in this State, Philip Bevan, Sanford Cox, Mrs. D. M. Jordan, Maurice Thompson, and Clarence A. Buskirk, but I am ever mindful that these are but the merest fledglings yet.

This necessarily statistical sketch would be incomplete without reference to the Cary sisters of Ohio; Phebe, with her quaint version of the "Psalm of Life:"

Tell me not in idle jingle,
Marriage is an empty dream,
For the girl is dead that 's single,
And things are not what they seem.

While the sweet Christian spirit of Alice's poem, entitled "Reconciled," flows soothingly into every sorrowing heart.

In Indiana there are two well-known poets, dear to every Hoosier heart; one has passed through "The Open Gate" into the paradise beyond; the other still lingers with us, dreaming away the present moments in cheerful recollections of the past—Jonathan W. Gordon and Sarah T. Bolton. We can all recall that afternoon of the intellectual love-feast during the first convention when Major Gordon introduced our own loved Sarah T. Bolton, as "the queen of all poets." Major Gordon was the first one to respond to the circulars sent out looking towards the organization of this association, and during its formative process, no other member was so zealous concerning its aims and its needs as he. Alas! he was the first of its members to "join the choir invisible."

In close relation to Major Gordon—indeed, the relation was that of father and son—looms up the towering form of Stephen S. Harding, sitting in total blindness at Milan, Ind., waiting for the last message. Of him Major Gordon wrote:

Thou wast the frien' o' truth and right,
The steadfast foe of wrongfu' night,
And dared it ever to the fight,
Wi' nane to back thee;
Where ilka, base, ignoble wight,
Was sure to' attack thee.

Enow! I see thee blin' and old,
Wi' conscience clear and self unsold,
Still hawding truth above the gold,
That gars men bicker,
And in the cause o' justice bold,
To make it sicker.

Were it not for the youthful appearance of our honored President, I might be tempted to listen to the Western Froissart, and believe that he, too, wrote poetry in the ante-bellum days; but we all know that if he did, that Time has heeded the petition to "touch him gently," for "The Cabin in the Clearing" was published only last year, and we rejoice with him that

"'Tis morning, and the days are long."

Mrs. Alice Williams Brotherton, whose works are characterized by their spirituality of feeling, contributed the following poetical narrative, which was read by William Alfred Hough:

"CÆDMON."

Cædmon the cow-herd, poor and dull and old,
For many a year had tilled the niggard soil,
Tended the cattle, driven the sheep to fold
For Streaveshalch Abbey. Yet was all his toil,
His daily drudgery and meanest care,
Sweetened by holy living and constant prayer.

He sat one night, as often he was fain,
Among the hinds in hall: as it befell
With Master Steward and all the motley train
Drawn thither by the great conventicle,
Page, groom, and yeoman mingled round the hearth,
The night waxed old and wilder grew the mirth.

"Let each," the steward cried, "sing to my lute
In turn, some strain to grace our reveling!"
A dusk Italian in a tarnished suit
Caught up the lute, and straight began to sing,
With rolling eyes, wreathed smiles and amorous sighs,
A sonnet made to some fair lady's eyes.

The rude Northumbrian giant, equerry
To York's good Bishop, next in tones so hale
And strong they shook the rafters with their glee,
Trolled a gay catch in praise of nut-brown ale,
And tossed the instrument to the blue-eyed,
Blue-mantled Norseman lolling at his side,

Who sang, with kindling eyes, a saga wild,
Of vikings fierce who swept the Northern sea;
Pert pages piped of love and the king's child
Who mated with the "squire of low degree;"
Stout men-at-arms shouted the war-songs old
That stirred to battle-frenzy warriors bold.

Rude was the verse and little skilled the touch
That stirred the lute-strings; but to Cædmon this
Seemed perfect verse and melody — even such
As angels chant or blessed saints in bliss. —
And now the lute drew nearer to his seat,
Abashed he sat, and shuffled with his feet.

"Good Master Steward soon must call on me,"
Sighing he said, "And now, as oft before,
The look of scorn and mockery must I see
Upon all faces!" Gazing on the door
Silent he rose, and swiftly sped away
To fling himself upon his truss of hay.

"O dullard! fit to herd with beasts in stall!
O ignorant boor, whose tongue can find no word
When song and jest are ringing through the hall,
And every popinjay's glib tongue is heard
Lilting the praise of love and war and wine! —
Their themes are naught! O could these hands of mine,

Roughened and stiff with labor, find their way
Among the lute-strings, making melody,
Methinks a fitter subject for my lay
I'd find than that of yon rude giant's glee!"
Then his heart smote him that he had been rueing
The lack of that which scarce were worth the doing.

And "Pardon, Lord," he cried, "the coward heart
That drove me forth to-night. Next time I'll sit
Silent beside the hearth nor slink apart,
But bear my comrades jeers and saucy wit.
Better *within my heart God's praise to sing*,
Than use His gifts to grace mad reveling."

Now whether dream or vision who shall say?
Wide open swung the heavy door of oak,
Past stall and bin one entering took his way
To Cædmon's cot, and bending o'er him spoke
To the poor cow-herd, who gazed marveling;
"Cædmon, I pray you now arise and sing!"

"What, I?" he cried aghast; "*I* sing?—who fled
But now from yonder hall to 'scape the jeer
Of the mad roysterers?—to hide my head
In shame and herd me with the dumb brutes here?
I *sing?* What know *I* of your poet-words,
Who till the stubborn fields and tend the herds?

With a glad smile the stranger answered: "Nay,
The beasts are of God's making, and the fields;
Into thine own heart look and weave thy lay:
The *near at hand* his theme the poet yields,"
And lo, it seemed to Cædmon that his tongue
Was loosened, wondering he arose and sung.

For a new light shone in upon his soul,
And all things he had known from infancy
Took on new grace and dignity, the whole:—
Glorified on a sudden seemed to be
The earth and sea and sky—the humblest blade
Of grass that the Creator's hand had made.

And all the lessons Nature loves to teach
Her child, into his soul began to throng;
The thoughts came quicker than the words, and speech
Straight melted into melody. His song,
More full and clear than that the skylark sings,
Was "The Beginning of Created Things."

And, as he carolled, crept into his song
The melody of birds at matin-time,
The rhythm to which the tide wave sweeps along,
Beauty of sunrise and blue skies at prime,
The tender glamour of the grey twilight,
The grandeur and the majesty of night.

He saw the uplands yellow with ripe corn,
He heard the lark's loud carolling — as when
He sought the plough-field in the early morn.
The glory of the sunset marked again,
As oft when plodding homeward through the woods,
'Neath rosy clouds that swam in golden floods.

The marvel and the mystery of life
Took on new meanings; nature's life and man's,
In the new light, no longer seemed at strife,
But each with each in-twined in God's great plans.
"All is of God (he sang) and *we* are His,
In praising him do all things find their bliss."

"God is the worker of all miracles.
His hand the blue roof of the sky unrolled
Above this wondrous House of Earth, where dwell
Mankind and His creations manifold.
O, holy, holy, holy evermore!
Let all the earth the song of praise outpour."

Ended the song. And lo, an aureole shone
About the stranger's head. God's angel stood
Confessed; and, passing, spake in gentle tone:
"May this, thy song, draw sinners to Christ's rood."
Upon his bed the singer sank — to weep
Until glad tears gave place to happy sleep.

L' ENVOI.

Therefore, O poet, since an angel first
To Saxon tongue did teach the art of song,
Be worthy of thine office. Lest accursed
Be tongue and voice, keep well thy soul from wrong;
Walk humbly in the path St. Cædmon trod,
Elect high priest of Nature and of God.

Dr. H. W. Taylor gave, with blackboard illustrations, the following unique and instructive lecture upon the

"ANTIQUITY OF AMERICAN DIALECTS."

In so brief a lecture as this must necessarily be, I cannot enter into such exhaustive discussion of the various propositions as the subject demands. In fact, the bare propositions will almost be compelled to stand alone. Not that there is lacking material for their support. On the contrary, it will at some future time be shown, that the material is abundant, inexhaustible, and unobjectionable. With this explanation or apology, the subject will be at once presented.

What are superficially regarded as individual and accidental peculiarities in enunciation and pronunciation, are dialectic peculiarities, and doubtless precisely as unalterable as is the structure of the vocal organs. These, indeed, are so nearly alike in all human creatures as not to present striking differences to the casual observer. But upon close inspection and comparison there will be found as many differences as exist in external personal appearance.

These differences in structure of the vocal organs need, in fact, to be very slight, indeed, in order to make those differences in vocalization that constitute the real differences in dialectic word sounds. Let any one carefully observe in themselves the slight differences observable in the position of tongue and palate in pronouncing the words kĕh′-ō, kăh′-ō, kạh′-ō. In the first word the short "ĕ" sound is given by having the tip of the tongue against the lower incisors and the lower jaw only slightly dropped in speaking. In the second word with short "ă" as the vowel sound, the tongue is in the same position apparently; but the under jaw is dropped perceptibly lower than in the first word. In the third word with the broad "ạ" sound, the tongue does not reach the lower teeth — is too short, in fact — and the under jaw is very considerably lowered, opening the mouth much wider than in either of the other words. In these three vocal positions are to be found the causes of the dialectic differences between the Yankee, the Southern Tuckahoe, and the Southwesterner — now also the Westerner. In the South this latter personage is called "a Kō′-hē′." Tuckahō and Kōhē being the two distinct dialects of the South, the former preponderating in the extreme South; the latter in the middle South and the West. I am thus precise in order to lay the foundation for the successful demonstration of the three American dialects, because it has been affirmed that there are no American dialects.

Returning to the word kĕh′ō with which these illustrations began, let us drop the superfluous "h" and spell it kĕ′ō — remember-

ing that the primary accent is on "ĕ" (ĕh), and only a secondary and subsidiary accent upon the "ō." And, by the way, what a large number of word sounds have this long "ō" sound after them—much softened and so modified that we do not notice it in speaking. But in the form of a suppressed "ŭh," or a softened long "ō" this syllabic phonetization follows every word which is finished with opened lips! Kĕ′ō″, then, will be found to be the most simple and efficient way of spelling the Yankee method with the accepted English word "cow." A "cow" in Yankee is a kĕ′ō″. In Tuckaho she is a kă′ō″; while in Kō-hē, or in our Western dialect, she is, broadly, a kạ′ō″. Pronounce these words slowly, so you may be able to separate the two vowel sounds and determine the fact that there are two. Then it is quite easy to perceive that these spellings convey the precise phonetics of this word in our three dialects.

Oddly enough it will be found that these three words exist in the Greek *κεω—κἀω—καω*—and they mean "to sacrifice;" "to offer burnt offerings;" "to offer sacrifices." And since the cow was the animal generally used for sacrifices, the relations of the words are obvious.

Not only so, but the Greek has *καίω″* and *κἕίω″*—very much like the Scotch "kye"—in fact identical in a reasonable interpretation of sound in letters. But the word did not mean, originally, "sacrifices." The word kạh for "car" is a current word in the South to-day In fact no city, and almost no community, is without the person who says "kạh" for "car," "dō" or "dō′-ạh″" for "door," and "fī-ạh" for "fire." This is the Tuckahō; and you may know him by his inability to put the "r" sound at the end of any word.

But the word "kạ" is Greek also. And since the Greek *καπ′πα′* (k-yạh pạh) is said to have a "y" sound following it—there is good reason for believing that the word "cow" in all its dialectic forms began as "kạ"—that is "car" in our Doric method of terminal "r's." The "cow," then, was the original "car," because she (he or it) was used in all "carrying processes." Oxen are, indeed, still the "carriers" of all primitive peoples. Even at this day, in all newly settled parts of the country, and especially in the South, where antique and primitive forms live longest—live ever, indeed,—the ox is the "carrier" of all heavy freightage. Singularly enough, in our English word "carve" is preserved the original Greek phonetics of this word—probably with an abbreviated "-halve" added to it—"car-halve;" to cut the "cow" in "halves," as in the ancient method with a beast.

The word "k-yĕfful" prevails quite extensively in our dialects, being heard most frequently in the Tuckahō. To be "k-yefful o'

you" is a phrase frequently used, on appropriate occasions, and has its origin in the Greek κεφαλων (kephalou); so spelled in the Greek as to give precisely the same sounds that are heard in the phrase in our dialects at this day. This word is said to mean "the head" — that is the "careful" part of our anatomy. But it is doubtless a modern misuse of the word that makes it stand for the human head, as the following considerations will show.

Ἑδε (literally "hed-ĕ" — head of?) is said to be the same as εἰδε (ĕ hēd-ĕ) and this means "form," "shape," "appearance," "countenance." The dialect phrase "that's a good head," has its vindication in the definition "idea," "notion," both of which belong to this "hed" word. But I have brought up these two Greek words "hed" and "k-yefful" (head and careful — ἑδ — κεφαλ) in order to explode a notion that Plutarch had about the place where the magnificent Pelopidas fought his last battle.

Plutarch's translator makes him say that the battle was fought on or near the mountain called *cyno cephalæ* (what wretched misspelling!) because the mountain bore, at a distance, a resemblance to two dog's heads.

Some one has said that the Greek called all fruit "apples." That is nearly true. And he also called every animal a "hoss." Not only so but he called almost every other remarkable thing a "hoss." And it is very significant that in our American dialects almost every prodigious thing is a "hoss." If you are a powerful man, you are in dialectics "a plum hoss." A good dog is a "hoss" to hunt, or to watch, or to fight. This thing is a "hoss" and that is a "hoss." In fact that adjective "hoss" is used to describe every remarkable person or thing.

It is probable that the Greek went even further in profuse use of this word, as I shall at some other time point out. At present I shall confine myself to the statement that he called all mountains and islands "hosses." Thus the mountain referred to was called the κυνὸς κεφαλαι — that is the "kŭn hŏs kephal æ;" or in our Doric form of English "the Careful Coon-horse Mountain!" This reveals two curious facts, viz: that the "dog" was called a "coon-hoss" by the Greek, just as he is called a "hoss to hunt coons" by the woodsmen of the South-west — and that the Greeks must have hunted coons as our people of the flat woods hunt them now.

If Pelopidas had known that it was the Careful Coon-hoss Mountain upon which he met the enemy, would not the significance of the name have warned him not to throw his life away in the very moment of victory by that rash and unnecessary single-handed charge upon a broken and dispirited foe?

While I am upon the subject of the Greek word "hoss," let me get a fling from the dialect side of letters in the statement that

it is the origin of our plural personal "us." But I cannot stop to demonstrate this fact; but must hurry on to say that there is no reason nor authority for giving to the Greek "υ" (ὑπσιλον) our "y" sound. It was short "ŭ" and long "ū" and no more. The Greeks had the best of long "i's" in their αι (ah-ee). And by the position of the "spiritus asper" in the word "Olympus"—Ὀλύμπος—we are bound to say that the jocund Dorian called this alleged mountain of the gods "ōle hump hoss!" And why should this fact take any of the poetry out of it?

But what of Parnassus? The Greek had a Dutch way of substituting "p" for "b," as I shall show at some future time, beyond doubt. And this renders it uncertain whether the word was "Barn hosses" or "Barn-hays-hoss." That is the "Barren Hosses" or the "Barren hays hoss"—"hays" meaning "to pile up;" that is, to "stack"—hence hay-stack! "Barn Mountains" and "Barn Hills" are plentiful titles among our dialect people in our times—at least twenty of these unprofitable hills being in each of the Southern States. These renditions of "Parnassus" are fully borne out by the Greek spellings παρνήσος (parnhās'hos) and παρνᾶσος (parnhą̄sos)! I might go on to play havoc with thousands of Greek names of persons and places—letting a great deal of curious light in upon their origin. But I must turn to what I shall term another series of "hosses," in order to show the correctness of the present dialect use of the word "hoss" in all its bearings—premising that the Greek said "hoss hoss" when he meant more than one "hoss." And this is the origin of our plural "s" and "es"—which, by the way, we spell "ess," but pronounce "uz."

In our dialects the term "hoss yuh" means to arrest, to seize, to defeat in single fight; while "hosst im off" means to take away by force, &c. In the Greek, ὅσια (hŏs'ē̤ą'—hoss you) means among other things, "justice," "expiation," "atonement." Again, the general dialect use of "hoss" is borne out in the word ὅσσ (for ὀσσα) meaning "fame," "report," "rumor." Ὄσσομαί (hoss o' me) and ὁσσοντα (hoss onto) mean to "augur," "foretell," "divine"—and these bear out the dialect uses in games of chance—"he's a hoss onto me"—foretelling the defeat of the speaker, and the triumph of the adverse party.

Again in our dialects, "hoss im up" and "hosst im off" frequently refer to the violent death of the subject; and we find ὅσσια or ὁσια (hos-ē̤ą—hoss yuh!) defined "funeral rites or ceremonies."

Ὅσον (hŏsŏn—hoss on) has the definition "as much as" and "how much." Thus "hoss onto me" (ὁσοντομαι) was the Greek phrase as it is our dialect phrase for keeping tally.

But to leave the Greek hoss (not, however, without calling attention to the fact that the ass [or mule] was called a κιλλός [kill

hoss]—because he can kill any hoss at work!) I shall go back in the lexicon to show how we mispronounce and misconceive the word "angel" through our ignorance of dialectics.

"G-yell" is a form in our dialectics for girl. "Gal" is oftener heard in the Attic—that is, in the Yankee; while "g-yurl" is in the Doric—I mean the Western or Hoosier dialect; and "g-yell" is heard in the Æolic—I mean the Tuckaho Southern dialect. Now it is to be remembered that the oldest paintings, pictures, and sculptures represent the angel as a young woman blowing a horn.

Now with the premise that the Æolian-Southern-Tuckaho calls a *horn* a "hạwn," we are prepared to examine into the Greek construction of the word "angel." It is always spelled with broad "ạ"—never with "haytah" "ē"—the Greek long "ā" with which it would have been spelled if it had had the "āin'" sound in the first syllable. I may be pardoned for reminding the Greek student that the double "g" (γγ) gives the "ng" sound to a syllable. The French get their "ongs" and the Dutch their "ings" from this bountiful source—although the latter, including the English, push the "ing" sound to a vast abuse, no doubt, as I shall hereafter show.

With this much of explanation let me say that Ἀγγελλω—hạng-yellō (hawn g-yell uh) is in our English, plain and unmistakable "*horn girl.*" The girl with the horn. Not a messenger specially. Not at all a messenger philologically. Simply a "hawn g-yell" as the Tuckaho would say; and a "horn girl" as we Dorians of Hoosierdom would say, and do say. If *this* takes the poetry out of the adjectives "angel" and "angelic," let it go. At all events we will be rid of "flowers for our horn-girl mother's grave"—and this will be worth all the actual sacrifices endured in the loss of this misspelt and misguided old Græco-American dialect word.

I might go on almost infinitely in this discussion of dialectic identities and similarities. But the limits of this paper compel me to a brief statement of a few of the innumerable examples of Greek words that are identical with our dialect words and phrases—identical in sound and meaning, and always closely related in usage.

Ἀβαδδων—abaddon—a bad un!—"anti-Christ."

Ἀβαι—ạbạē—a boy—"tender," "delicate."

Ἀβαξ—ạbạx—a box—"bench," "table."

Ἀβαρ—abar—a bar—"a cake."

Ἀβατων—abatou—a bah to you—a bar to you—"not to be trodden," "or entered," that is, barred to you.

Ἀβρεζω—habrēzō—he breathes sō—"to sleep from excess of food."

Αβροβατως — abrŏ bạ tōs — a braw bare toes — "one who walks softly," "stepping lightly," "moving stately." This latter definition justifies the Scotch "braw" in this phrase.

Διαιτα — de ạē ta — the-I-eat-uh "diet."

Αβρων — a brŏŏn — a braw one — "rich," "splendid," "fair," "beautiful." The Scotch "braw" very evidently comes from this word.

Αβροτασω — ạ brot ạ sō — I brought her so — "to go astray in the dark," "to rove," "ramble," "err," "mistake," "sin."

Αβροχια — a brŏch ēạ — I brought you — "draught," "thirst."

Αβρυνων — hạb rŭn ōn — hob run nun — to play hob, running — "delay," "stop," "hindrance," "procrastination."

Αγγαρα — hạng ga ra — hong gry — hungry — "stations," "relays," "stations of the post in ancient Persia" — that is, the places where hungry man and beast stopped to feed!

Αγγελιηφορος — hawn g-yĕl hēā for os — horn-girl-here-for-us — "the deliverer of an oracular answer," "a nuncio or envoy."

Αγγρις — hạng grēs — hong gry's — the hungries — "grief," "pain," "irritation."

Αγελαστων — a jelas-to-u — ah jealous to you — "rough," "rude," "morose," "sullen," "surly," "harsh."

Αγενητός — a genāthŏs — a jennet hoss — "having no origin," "base," "ignoble."

Αγη, Αγης — hạ gā, ạh gās — how gay and I gaze — "admiration," "wonder," "astonishment."

Αγηνωρ — ạgānōr — a gain er — "manful," "spirited," "brave," "courageous."

Αγκυλος — hạg kul os — hog k-yŭless — hog-careless! — careless as a hog? — "not straight," "awry," "distorted."

Αγλαως — aglāos — a glass — "radiant," "glittering," "resplendent," etc.

Αγνυτ — hạg nunt — hog'n-un'-ut — hogging on it — "break," "bruise," "shatter," "dash," "wreck," "violate," "infringe," etc. The Yankee says "hạ'gn ŭn't," for playing the hog!

Αγνωμων — a gnō mōn (ah know mō'n) — I know more than! "ignorant," "foolish," "indiscreet," "unjust," etc. These definitions apply well to the fellow who uses the phrase often.

Αγωνός — a gōn hos — a gō'-un hoss — a going hoss — "contest" (between horses?) "spectacle," "games;" "the scene," "course," "circus!" (where the "gō'-un hoss" *ought* to be found!).

Αγων — agōn — a-gō-un — has the same definitions.

Αγω — ạgō — a go! — "bring," "lead," "to move," "drive," "impel," — in short, all the dialect use of "it's a go," including "to consider," "to utter," "to pronounce," etc., etc., etc. This

word is well worth a larger attention than space will permit me to give it.

Αγρυπνια — agrupnea — a group near — "watchfulness," "vigilance," "circumspection."

Αγρωστις — a̤grōstēs — a-grow-steers! — "herbage," "grass," "pasture."

Αγυια — *αγυιων* — a gwia — a-gwine — a going — "road," "highway," "street." "A gwine" is Tuckaho Southern for "a-going." And it is not the Negro dialect as many suppose. The Negroes speak whatever dialect the whites about them speak. They are imitators only. And the Guinea Nigger dialect is as different from the Southern dialects as are the Indian dialects of our country.

Αγχιστειων — hang shee stēē on — hang-she-stay-on — she staying! — "nearness," "relationship," etc.

Αγχος — angshos — anxious — "choking," "suffocation," etc.

Αγωνιστης — a gōn e stās — a go-un he stays — "wrestler," "boxer," "prizefighter," "champion," etc.

Αγωρ — a̤gōr — a gōer — "a crane."

Αδε — a̤dē and a̤thē′ — ah there! — "here." Also, doubtless ah here for "are here."

Αηθεσσω — a̤ ā thēs sō — ahe thēs sō — are thes so — dialect for "just so," — "to change the manners either in one's self or in another," "to disaccustom." Dialect example: evver theng's gut tuh be *thes so.*

Αμαω — a̤ma̤ō — a mow — "to mow," "collect," "gather," "heap up."

Αμβων — hambōn — ham bone — "a boss or spike in the middle of a shield," "any similar protuberance," "a knob," (such as the head of the ham bone?).

Αμην — a̤ mān — ah main — Hebrew, "amen!" Main for man is frequent in our dialects.

The Tuckaho Southern word "skeéa̤ah"" for "scare," exhibits the different phonetics of the three American dialects in juxtaposition with the same differences in the three principal Greek dialects. *Σκια* (skēa̤ — sk-yah) was the Æolic; *σκιρ* and *σκηρ* (skeer and sk-yāyr) the Doric or Doro-Ionic; while *σκᾶρ* seems to have been the Attic, just as the Yankee now says "scairt" in the past tenses; and as the Doric Westerner says "sk-yāyrd."

And to prevent a repetition let me say that I am prepared to prove that the Attic dialect is perpetuated in the Yankee; the Doric in the Hoosier, and the Æolic in the Tuckaho Southern dialect of our country. *Σκια* (skē ah scare) meant a "shade," "shadow," a "ghost," etc., "darkness," "a specter." And from this is *σκιτ*, (skēt, skeet,) "to glide away" — that is, to glide away as a ghost. To

"skeet" on the ice is good Greek no doubt, as it is good and current dialect to-day. The medical term *schirrus* (actually spelled skiros!) comes from this word, and should be spelled as originally—skiros, and pronounced "skeer us"—meaning "marble"—that is, something white and ghostly.

Ατε—ạtĕ (Eng. ought to?) "for," "because." This word is also spelled *ορτω* (orto), and means "of right"—as I will hereafter show.

Αττιχη, itself analyzed by dialectic phonetics is "ought to care." And this "ought-to-care" disposition is a distinct trait of the Yankees as it undoubtedly was of the Athenians, who were the dudes of ancient civilization. While "ottuh" and "hadn't ottuh" are among the colloquial phrases most frequent on the Yankee tongue *now* as probably in the days when some fun-loving Dorian named the famous city, in derision, "ought-to-k-yāy!"

Αυδη (hạu dā—our dialect howdy)—"talk," "discourse," "voice," "sound," "message," "news," "tidings," "greeting!"

Αυ (ạu—ah'-uh"). Tuckaho for Doric "airry"—only approached by English "either." The Tuckaho says "ah'-hu" one," for "either one," and the Westerners "airry one." The word is defined: "again," "a second time," "over again," "back again," "in turn," "on the contrary,"—that is "ah hu" way.

Αυτων (autōn—our dialect "outun,"—to put out, as to outun a lamp; also, "out of," as outun the house.

This word seems to come from *ἐαω* (hĕ ạ ō—he are), and among its meanings are "to stop"—as to stop a light from shining—"to pass by"—hence to pass out of, &c.

Ἐβαων (he bạōn—he boun) is also from this word, meaning to "permit," "let," "suffer,"—as he's boun to do so and so. The Dutch have tacked the "*δ*" sound to the end of this word. The Greek didn't have it—nor will our dialects ever have it.

Αυτομολεω—aut to mol ĕō—ought-to-maul-you—"a deserter," "traitor," &c.

Αυτός—aut hos—the out hoss—"he," "she," "it." The out hoss because *not* the speaker—that is, outside of the speaker.

Αφαιρεω—aphāēr ĕō—a fire you—I fire you. Our supposed slang words and phrases are all to be found in the Greek. This word, ah-fire-you, means "to reject," "expel," among other violent meanings—and fully establishes the validity of the phrase.

Among other phrases illustrating this antique and classic origin of our so-called slang terms, is the word *βουληφορος*—boŭlāfōr ŏs—bully for us! It is one of the words from *βουλη*—boūlā—bully—meaning "to direct," "counsel," "advise," "decree," &c. *Βουλεων*—boulĕ ōn—bully-un—is the Ionic for *βουλων*—bullun—and

means "the will," "determination,"—also "a council," "senate chamber,"—a place where much "bullying" is yet done, no doubt.

Βουλήφορου—boulāforou—bully for you—"advising," "directing," &c.; serves to show the slight perversions of words in many centuries. *Βουλήμασω*—boulāmaso—bully me so—is "hunger," "great hunger,"—a thing that is able to bully the most determined of us.

Βουνος—bounos—boonos—the Scotch "a boon us,"—means "hill," "high place," &c.; the word in Greek had also the "a" before it: *ηβουνος*.

Βραβεια—brabeia—"braw be you,"—another Scotch term, means in Greek," "a prize," "honorary reward."

Βραχυς—brash us—brāsh as—"briefly," shortly," "in a few words." This is wholly in keeping with the dialect use of the word "brāsh." And from this *βραχιων*—brashēōn—bresh un—(a whipping with "a bresh" in dialect)—meaning "strength," "power," "might;" also *βρεχω* and *βρεχμα*—bresh me.

The Dutch (German) brōt (bread) is from *βρωτη*—"eatable," "esculent," &c. "Browse" also comes from *βρωσις*—brōōs—"to feed," "graze," "pasture."

Βρυχομαι—brush o mąē—brush o me—"to howl," "shriek," "groan,"—as when getting a "brushing."

Βυσσινος—bussinos—bussun us—from *βυσμα*—busma—bus me—"stopper," "cork," "dam," "sluice," "shut up," "dose," &c. The relation to our dialect "bussun" is quite apparent.

Βαινω—ba-in-ó—bearing of—is defined "to walk," "move," "to go," &c.; probably from *βαιν*—bą een—"the bare end" of the human creature—the "k-yefful" end being covered with hair.

Μαων—mąōn—my own—"a dwelling!"

Μαχημονος—mąchāmŏnŏs—march em on us!—"warlike," "brave," "courageous," "valiant."

Ἐπιτελλομαι—hĕpētĕllōmąe—hep ye tell o' me. "To enforce an order," "command." In our dialect there is a sarcastic phrase "git somebuddy to hep yuh tell me to do ut."

Ἐπιτεπεστερον—hĕpē'tĕ pĕstĕron—hep ye to pester on or pestern. "More agreeably," "delightfully," "pleasantly." That is, to hep to pester anybody is more pleasant than to be a pestern uv um alone and unassisted.

Ἐπιτεπεστερος—hĕp-ē tĕ pĕstĕr os—*hep ye to pester us.* Same as the last; "agreeable," "pleasant," etc.; but not for the pestered party, doubtless.

Ἐπιτεθω—hĕpē-tĕ-thō—hep ye tuh thō—in book English—help you to throw—"to assault," "set upon," etc.

Ἐπι φαινοντων—hĕ'pē fąēn ŏntōn—hep ye fine onto one—"to show," "make appear,"—that is to hep ye to fine anything.

In our dialects we follow the Greek "fine" instead of the Dutch "find."

Επίφογος — hĕp ē sŏ gŏs — "faulty," "culpable." To "give him goss" is doubtless an amplification of this Greek word.

Πληκτρον — plā k″trŏn — play kitron. This word which has been used clumsily to show that the fiddle bow is a modern invention, in fact, shows by the light of our dialects that "play" kitron or zithern, means in the old Greek dialect, "a bow," "to play on an instrument."

Πληγη — plāg yā — in our dialects "plaig" is used instead of "pleg;" *πληγη* means "plague," "affliction," etc.

Πληγων — plāgōn — plāg'n — in book English "plagueing," genitive plural of *πληγη*. Which intimates upon what absurd and unphilosophical grounds our grammars are builded. *Πληγων* — plāg-on — plague on.

Πλεω — plĕ′ō — "plow" in the Yankee dialect. Attic for *πλαω* "to navigate;" whence comes the phrase "to plow the sea," — supposed by our rhetoricians to be a figure of speech. Ha! ha! ha!

Πλαστης — plastās — plasters — "smear," "paint," "daub;" also "mould," "fashion." *Πλαστον* — Tuckaho "plahstun,"—for "plastering."

Ὁδε — hŏ thĕ — haw there! — "a road."

Πους — pŏ′ us — paw us — "a foot."

Ποδωκια — pŏd ō kēa —pawed o' car — "swiftness of foot."

Πόδεων — pod ĕōn — paw dĕown ("deown," Yankee for "down,") —"the feet hanging to a hide!"— that is, with the paws down — or "dĕōwn," as the Attic folk said. Our old word "pod-augur" should have been spelt "pawed-augur" in order to keep its full significance before the reader — since "paw," in Greek, means hand as well as foot, precisely as it does in the American dialects.

Our word "poet" also has its origin in this "paw" word of the Greeks — and means simply "handy with his paw;" as *ποιητεχνη* — pŏ ēā tech'n ā — paw-he-a-tech'n-a — that is, tech'n it up with his paw! *Ποικιλη* — pŏ ēā kēl ā — paw yā keel ā — paw-your-keel-a — is "a picture gallery in Athens," and indicates the origin of our word "keel"— referring to soft colored soap stones. But did the Greek painters paw with keel only? This word also explains the meaning of *πολεμαρχος* — paw-lay-march-hoss — paw meaning foot and hand — shows that the "paw-lay-march-hoss" was the "hoss" that commanded the Greek infantry.

Σευω — seūō — shū uh! —"to drive," "put to flight," etc.

Σηκου — sāk ŏ ū — sake o' you —"a temple," "shrine," "the consecrated olive," "a weight," "counterpoise." Weight, counter-

poise, etc., show the origin of our phrase "for the sake o' you;" since "counterpoise" and "weight" refer to feeling, affection, etc.

Σιβυλλη — sē bullā — see bully — "a sibyl," "prophetess." To see bully is certainly the chief characteristic of a prophetess.

Σιγα — sēgạ — Tuckaho for cigar — means "taciturnity," "silence," "to hold the tongue." Σιγαι — sēgạē probably had the soft "g," and is literally *see joy!*

Πολεσω — pō-lā-so — paw-lay-so — "to frequent," "haunt," &c. From this word comes the phrase "lay hand" or "lay hold" of anything; and πολις — a city — is "paw-lease" or "leas" — leased grounds for the paws of everybody. Oddly enough we preserve this word in our book-English in the word "pause" — stopping the "paws."

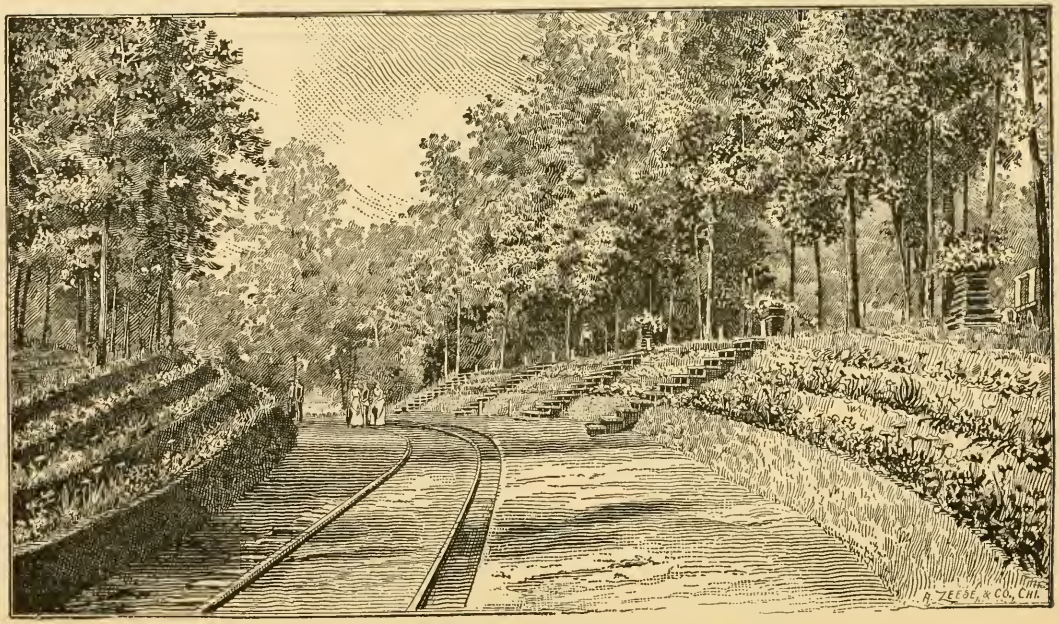
Ποντος — pŏn tos — pŏn toss — the pond that tosses — "the sea," "the ocean." The Greek then said "pŏn" and "pawn," as the Yankee and Hoosier now say. The "d" is a Dutch addition, and ought not to cumber our spelling.

Ποτισω — pot ē sō — pot-he-so — "to give a drink," "lead to water," &c. "Pot" is part of the old Greek word — perhaps all of it. Ποτων — "pŏt-ōn," is the same.

Ἀδης — hạd ās — hạhd days — certainly not more significant than our phrase "hard times," judged by its sound and its undoubted relation to our Tuckaho "hahd days" or "hahd times." In book English this word is wretchedly mispronounced and misspelled, and like innumerable Greek and Hebrew words of importance in theological discussion, clothed with mystery solely out of the tangle of misspelling and consequent mispronunciation. The Greek long "α" is η as it appears in the last syllable of the word ὁδης. The "a" of the first syllable is usually broad. In fact broad and short "a" are dialectic differences merely; and it is probable that the Greek men of letters, recognizing this fact, made no sign of short and broad "α," and the word "hahd days" being one word, needed no duplication of the "δ" which formed the end of one syllable and the beginning of the next.

I might go on to write a volume of these illustrations (a work which I am, in fact pushing slowly forward) without exhausting the subject. But space for a longer article cannot be asked for in this the first published report of the proceedings of the Western Association of Writers.

Judge C. F. McNutt and Prof. J. C. Ridpath followed by remarks pertinent to the subject.



RAILROAD TERRACE IN CENTER OF LAKESIDE PARK.

Mr. Charles J. O'Malley contributed a lyric poem, which was read by Mr. Clarence E. Hough:

"THE IDEALIST."

Let him alone. *He* would make pure the world,
And *ye* try not; therefore he wars with you.
His faith is but a staff wherewith he beats
The hungry shadows from before his face.
What is he but a poet void of words—
A high-priest of white spaces and thin clouds?
The concourse of the ages pass by him
And, where he sits, dawns break about his head,
Limitless noons, and splendors of far suns;
And he hears music sung of days to be,
Which ye hear not, and he would have ye hear.

Let him alone. He only sits and shapes
Serener mornings for the race of men;
We only dream. He, from the topmost cliffs,
Shoots downward, dawnward with his clanging bow,
And then runs on. Sometime, when we advance
Unto the light, we shall find, here and there,
White arrows sticking all along the path;
By him shot Eastward, from the heights above,
Ages ago, to guide the feet to come.
Then shall we hear his clanging bow far on,
And bless him for the arrows shot for us.

Hon. Hiram S. Biggs, President of the "Warsaw Summer Resort Association," extended a cordial invitation to the Western Association of Writers to hold their next Annual Meeting at Lakeside Park.

Judge C. F. McNutt moved that a rising vote of thanks be extended to President Biggs and the Directors of the Warsaw Summer Resort Association for their courtesy, hospitality, and gracious extension of the privileges of the Park to the members of the present Convention, and for the invitation to hold the next Annual Meeting of the Association at the same place.

Mrs. M. L. Andrews seconded the motion.

The motion was unanimously carried.

Mr. J. P. Dunn, Jr., moved that a Committee be appointed to prepare a book of biographies and sketches of members of the Association, to be owned by the Association.

Judge T. B. Redding seconded the motion.

The motion was carried.

The following were appointed as Committee:

Mr. Jacob P. Dunn, Jr., Mrs. Marie L. Andrews, Dr. H. W. Taylor.

Adjourned.

"We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man can not live without cooks.
He may live without books — what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope — what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love — what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

Poetry is not the derivative source of material strength, unless it coins material, therefore man can not live by poetry alone. And the members of the Fourth Annual Convention of the Western Association of Writers can expect no happier hours than were experienced at the

ANNUAL BANQUET,

which, like the ancient Greeks, who chose the day-time for their festal *fetes*, was given while yet 't was light, and, like them, entertained those who emulate the spirit of the Muses, and are adorned by the beauty of the Graces.

The Banquet was given at the *table-de-hote* of the Bachman Brothers, at "Lakeside Park."

Mr. Jacob P. Dunn, Jr., Toast Master.

The feast of edibles gave place to a "feast of reason and flow of soul."

At a given moment, Mr. Dunn said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: —

That which is uppermost in the minds of all, is the excellence of our entertainment. All have found delight in these breezy groves, and on these placid lakes, and have thoroughly enjoyed the drives, the boat rides, the springs, the pond lilies, and, most of all, the genial welcome extended to us by the people of Warsaw. Even the very name of "Warsaw" is a token of literary taste in an early day, as it was due to an appreciation of Miss Porter's "Thaddeus of Warsaw," by the pioneer who christened the village.

'T is sure

"There are cities and cities,
There are great ones and small;
But just for to-night,
In our good humored flight.
This Warsaw exceedeth them all.

"Her sons are good fellows,
Her daughters all fair,
And like yon placid Lakes,
They will 'take all the cakes.'
But with us their beauty they share."

Toast — "Warsaw and Our Entertainers."

Response — "Hon. H. S. Biggs, President "Warsaw Summer Resort Association."

Toast — "Our Worthy President."

Response — Hon. Benj. S. Parker, President of the Western Association of Writers.

Toast — "DOLLARD."

"With Dollard's name, in all its hero-hood,
Henceforth is linked the name of Catherwood;
And French or English, we shall honor still
The courage that for others braves all ill,
And dies undaunted, for the love it bears
To home and friends. Undying fame prepares
For such her choicest garlands, such as we
In Mary Hartwell's story send to thee
Fair land of Canada, dear sister land and free."

Response — Mary Hartwell Catherwood, author of "The Romance of Dollard."

Toast — "The Ladies — we cannot do without them; we would not if we could."

Response — Dr. H. W. Taylor.

Toast — "The Gentlemen — how to dispose of them."

Response — Marie Louise Andrews.

For nearly a century the greater part of Indiana was a part of Canada, and ruled by the authorities at Quebec. Her Frontenac was our Frontenac. Her La Salle was our La Salle. Our M. de Vincennes, the founder of our first permanent town, was a former Lieutenant in the Canadian service. Since the days of the *Coureurs des bois* our paths have diverged, but still there exists strong sympathies in common, and whether the future progress in Canadian affairs shall be in the direction of annexation or independence, our best wishes are with her. The presence of a distinguished representative of Canada, affords the pleasure of a

Toast to "Hon. John George Bourinot," Clerk of the House of Commons of Canada, "and Canada."

Response — Hon. John George Bourinot.

Toast — "To our Absent Friends."

Response — L. May Wheeler.

Then followed a steamboat ride upon Lake Como, which, through the courtesy of Hon. H. S. Biggs, and others of Warsaw, was made memorable as well as delightful.

Evening Session,

First Presbyterian Church, Warsaw.

PROGRAM.

"Song" by the Presbyterian Church Choir.

"Solo"—Mrs. Merlin Funk, of Warsaw.

Lecture — "Canada and the United States; Imperial Federa-

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

tion, Annexation, or Independence," by Hon. John George Bourinot, of Ottawa, Clerk of the House of Commons of Canada:

* * * * *

There was a time in the history of Canada when annexation to the American Republic was, in the opinion of some Canadians, thought to be the only means of obtaining redress for undoubted public grievances, and for infusing new life into the industries of the country. Previous to the establishment of a liberal system of self-government in Canada, when political cliques, headed by crown officials, practically ruled the different provinces, there was a widespread feeling of dissatisfaction, which at last culminated in a rebellion. At this time Lord Durham admitted, in his able report on the state of Canada, that the people were wont to contrast the liberality of the public institutions and the prosperity of all branches of industry in the United States with the illiberal system of government and the poverty and depression that prevailed in the British provinces. The union of the two Canadas and the concession of responsible government gave a new impulse to the political and the industrial life of the people, and the whole of Canada, especially the large and fertile province of Upper Canada, now known as Ontario, entered on a career of prosperity not exceeded by that of the Western States. The discontent that had so long existed among all classes of the people, with the exception of the official and aristocratic governing coteries, yielded to a general sentiment of satisfaction with the new order of things. Now and then perhaps a few disappointed politicians, or some enthusiastic youth, would issue annexation manifestoes, but the great body of the people never showed any inclination to unite their fortunes with their American neighbors. There is little doubt, however, that the political disunion that existed until 1867 among the provinces was not favorable to the creation of a national sentiment, or to the consolidation of British interests, and that the existence of a reciprocity treaty for ten years, from 1854 to 1864, was insidiously bringing about closer relations with the United States, especially in the provinces by the sea. There was no system of free trade between the provinces, whilst British North America had with the United States a free interchange with certain commodities which both countries largely produced. The intercourse of the maritime provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, with the United States, naturally increased year by year, and the people of those provinces were beginning to look upon that country as the best market for their fish, coal, and lumber, and the same may be said in a measure of the agricultural West. Had the reciprocity treaty

existed for another decade of years, and had the provinces continued isolated from one another, there would, in all probability, have grown up a strong annexation sentiment, the first evidence of which would have been a demand for a still more extended treaty, and probably for a zollverin or commercial union, an entirely impracticable scheme, whilst Canada remains politically identified with the British empire. Happily, as thoughtful men now believe, for the political interests of Canada, the statesmen of the United States, at this critical time in Canadian history, refused to renew the treaty when it expired by efflux of time, and it is notorious that some of them were animated in a measure by two considerations — first, by a desire to punish the Canadians for the sympathy a small section of the Canadian people had felt for the South during the war of the rebellion; and, secondly, by the hope that they could gradually force the people into the conviction that their commercial interests were so closely identified with those of the United States that the best guarantee for their prosperity was to be found in a political connection with that country. At this critical juncture the statesmen of Canada determined to unite the provinces in a federal union. The successful accomplishment of this great measure, to which English statesmen and publicists gave so cordial a support, not only welded the people into a close political union, which seemed impossible less than half a century ago, but has given all the provinces free trade and considerable commercial intercourse with one another. From that day to this no political party in Canada has ventured to raise an annexation cry. There may be a growl now and then from a few disappointed merchants or politicians in the maritime provinces, where, as I have just said, there has been created a close identity of interests with the New England States in consequence of the geographical situation of these countries and the influence of the old reciprocity treaty. As a matter of fact, the great population of the people of the Dominion are resolved on working out their own future apart from the United States, and on building up a new nationality to the north of the Republic. Canadians, for the last twenty years, have taught themselves to be independent, not only in a political but in a commercial sense, whenever practicable, of their powerful neighbors. Their efforts have been directed, as far as possible, to new avenues of trade, and to the building up of a large system of manufactures of their own, and to the cultivation, in every way open to them, of a spirit of self-reliance. The present fiscal policy of Canada has never been favorably regarded in Great Britain, where a different theory of trade prevails and the manufacturers are very influential; but there is no doubt that the men who framed and now support it

well judged the disposition of the people when they called it the "national policy." No happier designation could have been chosen to conceal any inherent weakness in the system than the one which represents the aspirations of a majority of the people, and especially of the youth of the country, for the consolidation of the political and commercial interests of the Dominion. The repeal of those clauses of the Washington treaty of 1871, under which certain Canadian products were admitted free of duty into American ports, as an equivalent, in part, of the admission of American fishermen to the Canadian fisheries, has naturally led to a discussion as to the advisability of new commercial arrangements between the two countries; but whatever may be the result of the discussion still going on in relation to this subject, it is quite certain that the dominant party in the Dominion is not likely to consent to any measures which will at all interfere with the operation of the national policy. Canadians are quite ready to meet their neighbors in a spirit of compromise, and agree to such a treaty as will be mutually advantageous, but strictly on the basis, as far as Canadians are concerned, that their fisheries or national interests will not be sacrificed or jeopardized in any way. It is needless to say that the people of Canada generally have not been a little irritated by the hostile attitude assumed toward them by certain politicians in and out of Congress since the repeal of the Washington treaty. The unwillingness of these politicians to agree to any fair commercial arrangement between the United States and the Dominion, on the basis of a reciprocity in the valuable fisheries of Canada, has naturally stimulated the national spirit of Canadians and shown them the necessity of working out their own future patiently and determinately, without placing any too great dependence on the policy of their prosperous and energetic neighbors, whose desire for territorial aggrandizement and commercial supremacy on this continent has more than once carried them, we believe, beyond the bounds of generosity and justice in their relations with the Canadian provinces. * * *

The leading French-Canadians, especially the priests, whose influence over their flocks is perhaps greater than in any other Roman Catholic country in the world, have been always the first to point out the advantages of British connection on account of the security which it gives to their institutions as compared with the probable effect of the absorption into the ranks of the American States, as illustrated in the case of the remnant of French in Louisiana. In addition to this powerful French-Canadian influence in favor of the existing state of things, under which the French-Canadian population exercises so much weight — at times a suprem-

acy — in the political councils of the country, there is another sentiment which, if it does not appear to flow in as clear and well-defined a current, nevertheless mingles with the stream of thought in the British-speaking communities, and prevents it running in the direction of the United States. From the commencement until long after the close of the war of independence there was a steady influx of loyalists into the provinces, and especially into New Brunswick and Ontario, of which they were the founders. Some forty thousand souls in all made their homes in Canada, and laid the foundation of that love for British institutions and British connection which has ever been a recognized characteristic of the Canadian people. It may be easily supposed that the descendants of these loyalists must form no inconsiderable proportion of the five millions of the people who inhabit Canada, and must exercise a silent, but none the less potent, influence on the destinies of Canada. Of the members of the Senate and House of Commons some thirty gentlemen, several of them the leading men in both parties, are directly descended from this class, and we find them acting as Lieutenant-governors and occupying important positions in every vocation of life throughout the Dominion.

All these influences would probably amount to very little if Canada should be overburdened with debt, her great sources of wealth paralyzed, and her large schemes of opening up and peopling her undeveloped country in the Northwest fail of realization during the next two decades of years. A wave of discontent and lost hope would then probably pass over the country and bring to the surface an annexation party; but it is idle to speculate on what appears, as things are now, the most unlikely thing to happen. Whatever may be said by pessimistic writers like Mr. Goldwin Smith, or by discontented politicians in certain sections of the Dominion, success has so far, on the whole, crowned the efforts of Canadian statesmen to consolidate the federation, and there is no reason that their hope of seeing new and prosperous provinces stretching as far as the Pacific ocean, will not be realized during the next twenty or thirty years, as long as the mass of the people continue to be animated by that spirit of enterprise and national ambition which has hitherto characterized their efforts. For the foregoing reasons we may fairly conclude that the question of annexation to the United States is not in any shape before the people of Canada at the present time, and is not likely to be before them whilst the country continues to make the same progress it has made for years past.

In considering the nature of the connection between Canada and England, the following conclusions are reached:

First — That the Canadians will accept no scheme which may in any way whatever weaken the admirable system of federal government and of provincial freedom which Canada now possesses under her present Constitution.

Second — That the Canadians hesitate to entrust the arrangement of their financial or fiscal policy to any parliamentary body in which their representation will be necessarily small and their influence consequently insignificant.

Third — That a million and more of French-Canadian people are decidedly antagonistic to any scheme of federation which may curtail their privileges and bring them under the control of a federal parliament in which their peculiar interests might be sacrificed and their identity as a distinct race eventually lost.

Fourth — These objections are believed by not a few persons to lie for the present in the way of the adoption of the large scheme of federation, under which one general parliament would be created for the whole empire — the most logical scheme on its face, since it would give each province or section of the empire control over its purely local or provincial affairs, including England, Scotland, and Ireland — and constitute one large legislative body to legislate on all matters which would naturally appertain to the whole empire. It must be admitted that, grand as appears this idea of federation, the difficulties that impede its realization seem for the moment very difficult to surmount. * * *

It must not be supposed from anything I have said that there is a feeling of antagonism to the scheme throughout the Dominion. The fact is, no steps have yet been taken in the direction of a practical consideration of the subject. A few thoughtful men are attempting to create a public sentiment on the question, but the public men and press generally are silent in the absence of any practical scheme which they can consider, whilst the mass of the people are too busy to pay any attention to what is so far a purely theoretical conception. There are so many decided advantages in the present political position of the country that some great national crisis alone can show the people how frail, after all, in some respects, are the ties that now bind the colonies to the empire.

If the difficulties that arise from distance, tariffs, and representation, cannot be arranged on terms which will preserve the interests of all sections of the empire, then at least it will be open to Canada and the other great countries which are now dependencies of the empire, should they be dissatisfied with the existing state of things, to assume a higher position among communities, and at the same time enter into a solemn league and compact with their old parent for their common defense and security. Then England,

whose manifest destiny it is to perpetuate her language and institutions in every quarter of the globe, would still be able to retain that prestige which the possession of a great colonial empire has long given her, while Canada and other countries which are of British origin would be in a position to satisfy their national aspirations, and at the same time preserve the connection on terms which would be at once a recognition of their importance, and of their respect and affection for the parent state. And who will dare to say that it is not even among the possibilities of the future that all the British-speaking people will sign this solemn league? A federation of the world is but a poetic fancy; but it would be well for the peace of nations were the United States, in whose progress and prosperity Canadians should take a natural pride — although they may never be associated with the political union of their neighbors — also to form part of such a league as we imagine, and in that way give guarantees for the common peace and security of communities which should always be allied to each other by the ties of a common ancestry and a common interest. * * *

I cannot conceal from myself that, though there is no immediate necessity or prospect of change, the political and material development of Canada every year is preparing us for a large state of national existence in the future. When there is a continuous chain of great provinces from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores; when the territories of the Northwest contain several States as rich and prosperous as Minnesota, or Illinois, or Indiana; when there are fifteen or twenty millions of energetic, industrious people within Canada, will the present position of things satisfy the ambition of a youthful giant like the Dominion? Will they not demand a higher status in the empire or such a position among communities as is commensurate with their increased wealth and population? What now is the meaning of the demand that is made by the Imperial Federalists for improved relations with England? Is the proposal of a large and influential party in Canada for the right to make her own treaties without significance? Do we not find the present government — a conservative and imperial government, too, in its general line of policy — claiming the right of Canada to deal exclusively with all questions that fall within the limits of the legislative jurisdiction given them by the fundamental law or Constitution of 1867, and to repeal even a statute passed by the imperial Parliament previous to the granting of that Constitution with reference to subjects of Canadian concern? All these are surely so many evidences that the logic of events is much more forcible than the logic of statesmen, and that Canada is slowly, but steadily, nevertheless, being carried in the direction of some great change in

her political condition. My own desire is, and my belief is, as I have already indicated, to see Canada, if possible, assuming a higher position within the empire, or at all events maintain with it such an alliance as will be mutually advantageous. Of one thing I am certain, and that is no patriotic or true Canadian feels in his heart the least desire in favor of annexation. That would mean to give up every honest and legitimate ambition to see Canada reap the reward of the struggles of the past and her efforts of the present, and hold her own as Canada on this continent. Let me ask you, in all frankness, what you have to offer us in exchange for giving up everything that gives an incentive to a people's exertions, and for acknowledging failure in our schemes of national development? We have a country with a climate as bracing and healthy as your own in the North and West. I think it is the great French thinker, Montesquieu, from whom the founders of your constitutional system learned many lessons of wisdom, who says that a climate like that we have in Canada will produce strength, self-reliance, and confidence in one's own security and capacity to hold one's own among communities. We have a vast area of country still undeveloped, more valuable for the cultivation of cereals than any you have yet untilled. We have the finest fisheries in the world, as we have already learned from the efforts of your politicians to get the easiest and cheapest access to them that is possible. We have inexhaustible coal mines and large deposits of minerals of various kinds, which must sooner or later add greatly to our national wealth. We have a system of government which, in all essential respects, is calculated to give free expansion to the energies and capacities of the people, and is in certain particulars superior to your own. The very fact that the Cabinet of Canada has a seat in Parliament, is responsible to that body for all its acts, explains and justifies the work of administration, is responsible for all legislation, and only holds office as long as it has the confidence and support of the people's house, may be cited as some evidence of the superiority of our government over your irresponsible system, which gives no place to your Cabinet in the Congress, and renders your whole legislative machinery much less effective. Our judiciary holds its term for life, is subject only to removal on the address of Parliament after impeachment and trial, and is not exposed to the caprice or fluctuations of the popular will. We have seen in the new Territories of Canada a greater respect for the authority of the law than you have in many of your regularly organized States, and it is needless to say that we have never seen in our old communities the thugism and murderous conspiracies which disgrace the history of Chicago and some other of your great centers of

population, and ever and anon make the whole civilized world stand aghast and wonder if the future of your country is secure when anarchists and conspirators are allowed to prosecute their unlawful plans. Our moral and social atmosphere is certainly in all respects as healthful as your own, if I dare say so, and we value as above all price the sanctity of the ties that bind together the family — the only true basis on which a community can rest its happiness. We adhere more closely than you do, perhaps, to all those sound maxims of government and jurisprudence which have come down to us from our common English fathers. In self-defense, as a Canadian, I am compelled to make these comparisons, not in an ungenerous or unkindly spirit, but with the sole desire to show that we have much reason for thankfulness as Canadians that we live in a country like ours. Still, we must admit that your country can well evoke the admiration of the world for its remarkable strides in material wealth, in political greatness, and in the intelligence and culture of its people. No Canadian can visit your cities, towns, and villages without being astonished, not merely by the evidences of wealth, but by the signs of taste and refinement displayed in your beautiful homes, your embowered avenues and streets, your lovely parks, and the many opportunities given to the masses to enjoy a holiday among the mountains, by the sides of your many lakes, or on the great oceans that roll on your Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Above all, we admire your noble educational institutions, which illustrate so well the generosity and sagacity not only of your State governments, but of large-minded men like Johns Hopkins, Peabody, and Cornell. All these and other matters are objects not of our envy, but of pleasing contemplation. We point to them as worthy of the emulation of our people, just as we point to blemishes in your political or social organization for our self-instruction. Each country, I think, can learn something from the other, and both can certainly cultivate all those relations which are natural between communities who are bound to each other by every consideration of self-interest, common origin, neighborly intercourse and friendly rivalry. The continent is broad enough for two great nations animated by an equal desire to perpetuate the English language and the blessings of sound government whose principles are derived from those men who wrung the great charter from John at Runneymede, and were illustrated by the lives of Pym, Hampden, and Russell.

FRIDAY, JULY 12.

MORNING SESSION,

"PARK HALL," SPRING FOUNTAIN PARK,

WARSAW, INDIANA.

By invitation of Beyer Brothers, proprietors of Spring Fountain Park, the Association held the closing Session of the Fourth Annual Convention at Spring Fountain Park, in "Park" Hall, opening at 10 A. M., with President Parker in the Chair, and a full attendance.

President Parker prefaced the opening exercises by suggesting the continuance of an informal discussion upon American novelists and novels, making special mention of Oliver Wendell Holmes, as a poet and novelist; Washington Irving, as a writer of romance; and Longfellow, in "Hyperion" and "Outre Mer," in which James Whitcomb Riley, Hon. J. G. Bourinot, and Dr. H. W. Taylor participated.

Dr. H. W. Taylor moved that a rising vote, expressive of the appreciation of the Association be extended President Parker for his untiring and successful efforts in arranging for the Convention, and his able, pleasant, and equitable rulings, which had rendered each session a pleasure.

James Whitcomb Riley seconded the motion.

The motion was unanimously carried.

President Parker asked the indulgence of the Convention, responding feelingly to its action, urging that the helpfulness of others had made it possible to hold the meeting then closing, under such delightful conditions and perfections of detail.

REPORT OF COMMITTEES.

George B. Cardwill, Chairman of Committee on Nominations of Officers:

Mr. President:

As Chairman of the Committee on Nominations, I have the honor to submit the following to the consideration of this Convention.

GEORGE B. CARDWILL,
Chairman of Committee.

President—Judge CYRUS F. McNUTT, Terre Haute, Indiana.

First Vice-President—MARIA SEARS BROOKS, Madison, Indiana.

Secretaries—MARY E. CARDWILL, New Albany, Indiana; L. MAY WHEELER, Springfield, Ohio.

Treasurer—W. W. PFRIMMER, Kentland, Indiana.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

BENJ. S. PARKER, New Castle, Indiana.
WM. DUDLEY FOULKE, Richmond Indiana.
GEO. B. CARDWILL, New Albany, Indiana.
MARIE LOUISE ANDREWS, Connersville, Indiana.
MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD, Hoopeston, Illinois.
ELLA M. NAVE, Indianapolis, Indiana.
DR. H. W. TAYLOR, Sullivan, Indiana.
MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Muncie, Indiana.

The Report was received and adopted, and the officers were elected by acclamation.

Mrs. M. L. Andrews, Chairman of Committee on Biographies, requested that the Committee be continued, and granted discretionary power.

George B. Cardwill moved that the Committee on Biography be made a standing one for the year.

Mr. J. P. Dunn seconded the motion.

Dr. Rachel Swain, Mr. J. P. Dunn, Mrs. M. L. Andrews, and James Whitcomb Riley participated in a discussion of the motion.

Motion was carried.

Mrs. Hannah E. Davis presented an interesting paper, for discussion, upon

"WESTERN LIFE AND SCENERY, WITH REFERENCE TO LITERATURE."

The effort to identify in literature what is truly western, either in original inspiration, or authorship, makes apparent the oneness of our national life.

Of many of our writers, western in nativity, the training for work,— the incentives to work — the themes upon which their labor has been expended, are of the East, or are international.

Sometimes, however, the West recognizes with a feeling of parental pride, her own influence on these, her children, as in the scope and freedom of their thought a spirit born of the prairie; in their recognition of sterling and beautiful character, under repellant exteriors, a perception developed by an acquaintance with the rough, rugged mountains and their hearts of gold.

But on the part of the West, it has not been an unrequited giving; the sections to each other, in this, have been reciprocal.

If the West has given to the East, she has received back again, gift for gift, interpreter for interpreter; and no more clearly and appreciatively has the sunset pilgrim spoken for his adopted East, than has the eastern alien responded to the inspiration of the West.

With an affection, an appreciation, and an ardor born of his recognition and acknowledgment that the West is truly a part of his fatherland, has the transplanted child of the East, voiced for the West, its thoughts, its needs, its aspirations; and in sorrow and in love, judged it for its sins, and pronounced against its blood guiltiness. Thus it follows that in the consideration of the assigned theme, there can be no natal limitations, and this, as it should be, is in accord with our national spirit.

However, the West has clear sub-sectional peculiarities in its modes of life, its manners, customs, and dialects.

Its literature, if influenced by these, will also be divisible into the same sub-sections. Of these will be noted especially, the literature of the Mississippi Valley and that of the Western Slope, as they have notably distinct peculiarities.

But the line of thought to be followed will be made clearer if, before it is entered upon, it be recognized that there are some limitations which of necessity must determine it; as those of time, place, theme, and purpose. There are a number of Western authors who, in science, in history, etc., deservedly hold, and will hold, honorable place in their ranks with those of any other section, yet these, under the referred to restrictions, can not now even be mentioned. Further,— from the many in the purely literary field,— numbers alone, render selections the only course admissible; many

names are omitted regretfully,— but this paper is not designed to be a biographical memoir.

Time and purpose also preclude the exposition of any author's works. Illustrative references and examples will be trusted to, to make clear or to emphasize the thought, presented, as it shall be, not in generalities, but as specifically as possible.

With these points before us it becomes evident that it will better serve the present purpose, be clearer and more pleasing if the illustrations are taken from the authors who are most especially our household friends.

Of these, there is a poem which is so thoroughly the out-growth of Hoosier life and conditions, that we of Western birth feel in it an interest and ownership, as if it were an etching of our ancestral home and its occupants,— "The Cabin in the Clearing," by our honorable Chairman, Mr. B. S. Parker. The rude comfort and plenty of this cabin, its latch-string hospitality, its neighborly friendliness, its homely, every-day toil and hardship, illuminated and glorified by the abiding love light, the tender pathos of the death shadow whence two departed where but one angel had entered in. Are they not all the simple record of our fathers' or our grandfathers' cabins in the clearing, and to us is not ever

> The memory a blessing,
> And the picture fair to see ?

The tragic counterpart of this "Cabin in the Clearing" is that of Mr. Carleton's, "The First Settler's Story."

With swift movement and skillful touch, the isolation and the difficulties of the pioneer are sketched. With painful fidelity to facts, are given the toil, and worry, and hardships under which, in the heart of one at least, love had died. The sad sequel follows swiftly. The most painful feature is that, while the details vary, in our hearts we know that of the two cabins in the clearing, Carleton's is most typical.

Really the poems of Mr. Carleton have the panoramic quality of presenting a progressive succession of scenes in pioneer life, as the "Song of the Axe," "The Camp-Meeting," "An Evening in a Country Store," "Betsy and I are out," "Over the Hill to the Poor-house."

Now, even in country stores, commodities are somewhat relegated to their proper belongings. But an old-time country store! Who of us, with eyes not so keen as they used to be, even when we do look through glasses, will need spectacles to see it again? That vision of childish delight and curiosity! A store as Mr. Carleton has described it, which contained in itself the various

offices of grocery, hardware establishment, drug store, dry goods emporium, variety shop, and post office.

Other pictures of pioneer life are found in the "Grammar of Life," by B. F. Taylor, or in "The Old-fashioned Fire," and some others by the same author, and in "Western Windows," and "Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley," by J. J. Piatt, the same who published jointly with another gentleman a volume of poems, entitled "Poems by two Friends."

This friend, W. D. Howells, by the way, is a Western man, who has introduced into his novels some Western characters, but who has taken so kindly to his transplanting, that he might fairly be taken to be indigenous to the East.

Mr. Riley, a native of Indiana, has drawn his inspiration largely from characters and customs of the West, and especially is he dialectic. Could he only teach the future to interpret his spirit and humor as he interprets himself, the Hoosier spirit would be assured of its immortality.

But the Rembrandt of the West, the one who brings out with skillful and true touch each peculiarity of rough, uncouth character, be it good or ill, is Edward Eggleston. With Flemish fidelity he traces the repulsive homes, their harsh exteriors and unattractive interiors; every little circumstance of the arid home life within, while at the same time he invests all in an atmosphere where light and shade blend and soften. The effect is much the same as that of time on our memory pictures, and while we remain conscious of the severe truth, yet we are at the same time attracted and held. Such sketches as these are the schoolmaster's experience in boardin' round, the midnight raid of the thieves, the primitive roads, with their attendant and sometimes agreeable necessity of pillow riding; and here an effective little touch is given in the manner in which one is let into the secret that the human heart is the same, whether it beats under the Parisian vestments of the scions of Murray Hill or Fifth Avenue, or under a jeans vest or linsey bodice. That the ride is equally fascinating, whether the route be a fashionable boulevard, or a blazed bridle path, whether the equipage be a dashing turnout, a fur-trimmed cutter or a horse that would comfortably carry double, and the destination a spelling school, a corn husking, or an apple bee.

In the gallery of portraits is the same fidelity to nature. Evidently each sat to the painter; such an one is rough, honest Budd Means, with the bull-dog tenacity of purpose which he so much admired in the brute and unconsciously possessed himself; and his "girl as is a girl," Mrs. Means, concerning whom silence is most expressive; the brutal bullies and thieves, Pete Jones and his

brother; the contemptible sneak, Hank Banta; the equally contemptible political trimmer, Bronson, of a race and type for whose acquaintance we do not have to interview memory. Dr. Small, whose picture is so vivid that one finds himself asking, Who is he? A character for unity, clearness, vividness, and inimitableness of delineation, worthy to be placed beside the ignominiously immortal Uriah Heap, and the facetiously immortal Sam Weller. Really in Budd Means and his bull-dog Mr. Eggleston has typified the most marked trait in Western character.

Whether Budd Means, in his rude vernacular, says, "When Bull takes holt heaven and yearth can't make him let loose," or our Western General Grant says in his bloody campaign in the wilderness, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," the Western spirit is voiced just as truly.

Equally well does Mr. Eggleston represent the religious types of that early day, whether it be hardshell Baptist or Methodist circuit-rider, and he does it with a kindly sympathy and appreciation, that does justice to the good effected by such preachers, while showing up honestly their follies, mistakes, and foibles.

The courage and fertility of expedient of Goodwin, and the devotion unto death of Kike Lumsden are a just tribute to those early Methodist pioneers, whose work was the breaking down and the uprooting of the lawless passions of lawless men in this then border-land of civilization. A work of as much difficulty as subduing the untrained forces of the wilderness, and one as effectually done, and by means as heroic.

Altogether different are the characters, the modes of life, and the landscapes, that give tone and color to the literature of the great West.

One of the first and foremost writers to be affected by their influence, and to so voice their moods as to find honorable place in our literature, is Bret Harte. Singularly enough, and reasonably enough, he illustrates what was remarked at first, that the East had given to the West those, who though foster children, fully understand and intelligently, intelligibly, and affectionately interpret the thought of the adopted parent.

Bret Harte, a native of New York, went to California in 1855, before its statehood, and in time to acquaint himself with the peculiarities of that curiously mixed society, which contained elements of both civilized and savage life.

There yet remained relics of the old Spanish Mission, with its Christianized Indians. There were also the savage tribes of the plains, the Chinese, the gold hunters, and adventurers of all kinds; especially after the discovery of gold, the scum of the Eastern

cities, the off-scouring of the borders of civilization, a sparse intermingling of surveyors, geologists, teachers, ministers, and a fearful scarcity of women, except of those whose presence was a curse.

The dram shop, the gambling den, the dance hall, were next in frequency to the tents, the board shanties, the adobe huts of the squatters.

The picturesque, the dramatic, the pathetic in this rude, lawless life, found an apt delineator in the young New Yorker.

In the "Overland Monthly," a magazine whose existence began in 1868, and terminated in 1875, Mr. Harte first appears in a story, the "Luck of Roaring Camp." Following this were the "Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Tennessee's Partner," and the poem most widely-known as the "Heathen Chinee." The shrewdness and humor of this poem gave a wide popularity to it and its author, and also to Mr. Harte's subsequent expositions of the peculiar phrases of that peculiar section. From Mr. Harte's apostrophe to the quickly risen city "San Francisco," I quote

> "Serene, indifferent to fate
> Thou sittest at the Western Gate.
> Upon thy heights so lately won
> Still slant the banners of the sun.
> Thou drawest all things small and great
> To thee beside the Western Gate.
> I know thy cunning and thy greed,
> Thy hard, high lust, and willful deed."

Another poem that reflects a then passing phase of Western life, is "The Angelus." The ringing of the chimes, heard in 1868, at the Mission Dolores:

> Bells of the past, whose long forgotten music
> Still fills the wide expanse,
> Tinging the sober twilight of the present
> With color of romance.
> I hear your call, and see the sun descending
> On rock and wave and sand,
> As down the coast, the mission voices blending,
> Girdle the heathen land.
> Before me rise the dome-shaped mission towers,
> The white presidio,
> The swart commander, in his leathern jerkin,
> The priest in stole of snow.

Mr. Harte goes below the surface and brings up nuggets of gold from most unpromising surface indications, but while his pictures of natural scenery, and of the life on mountain, plain, in camp, and den, and dive, are accepted unquestioningly as faithful delineations of that time, by the same readers, there is entertained

a doubt of the truth in his ascriptions to the hard, rough denizens of these places, of a lofty heroism, self-sacrifice, and nobility of soul.

Such critics claim the nuggets to be only brass imitations, but are not their ascriptions rather the proof of the prophet, who, to represent truly his people, must reach below the seeming — the actual?

Mr. Harte, I hold, offers in these delineations no palliation for sin, but he, in his human measure, sees men as God sees them.

When he could utter so truly the very intents of the heart of the Western slope, what a pity that his voice should become silent. Good fortune has been unkind in holding the eyes that saw so clearly, and closing the golden mouth with gold.

Not only has Mr. Harte most happily given us the pictures referred to, but in his dialectic poems, he has voiced the varied nationalities of the Pacific coast.

Joaquin Miller has also given us glimpses of vast, tawny, miraged plains, and snow-topped shadowy mountains, of vaquero, piebald mustang, and jangling spurs, gay serapé and silver-zoned sombrero, of Indian legend, romance and wrong. Of wrongs, deep, bitter, almost childishly told in their simplicity, but with a burning pathos, for there are many "John Logans."

A curious kind of reflection of a reflection is John Hay's "Little Breeches," and his "Jim Bludsoe." Mr. Hay has caught the spirit of Mr. Harte, and in these has voiced it without loss of power.

The West has reflected itself through many able essayists, and magazine serial, or newspaper letter writers. Mrs. J. Wallace, Mrs. S. Wallace, Mary Hallock Foote, Mr. Remington, are only a few of the many.

At a very early date the Pacific slope had its humorist in the person of Lieut. Geo. A. Derby, John Phœnix, who wrote during the '50's.

Some of the Western tragedies growing out of the struggle with slavery have touched the heart of our Eastern Quaker poet, and of them he has spoken in his "Kansas Emigrant," "The Burial of Barbour," "Le Marais du Cygne," and others.

The horrors of our slave system touched other hearts than his, and that of Mrs. Stowe, vibrated to the stroke until the chords were heard from sea to lake, from sea to sea, and beyond.

Mrs. Stowe was a Western woman, and the crime against which she spoke was national.

The horrors of our Indian system has touched some hearts, among them that of H. H., a New England woman by birth and of the far West by residence.

"Made strong by familiar pain" for those who could not speak or if they spoke would not be heard, H. H. has spoken. The black features of our Indian system are faithfully depicted in "A Century of Dishonor," and in "Ramona." In the latter, following her story, we are led through the peculiar vegetation of Southern California; we are given glimpses of the strange patriarchal life of this part of the New World. We are introduced into the home-life of the Christianized Indians, we see the strong and beneficial influences of one who was a priest, in spirit, as well as in garb. But through it all there is not a hair's breadth of swerving from the purpose, to reflect truly, in all its hideousness, this national crime of willful, self-blinding, by our Saxon greed, and of willful trampling out of the weak in our Viking spirit. It is these qualities in our nature that have hung in the skeleton closet of our literature "Uncle Tom," "John Logan," "Allesandro."

Turning from this to our grain fields of the prairies, whose products feed the world, would it be a strained presumption to infer that they may have suggested to Mrs. S. K. Bolton the importance of sowing good seed in the hearts of Young America, and that the suggestion ripened into the inspiration which has given to our young people such helpful, well-written books concerning "Poor boys who have become Famous," and girls who have become famous women?

To only one other influence on our literature, traceable to the West, will reference be made. It is that of our Western spirit of daring all things, overcoming all things.

It is this spirit that tunneled our mountains, filled or bridged the chasms, and cut a path in mid-air on the mountain side.

Is it too boastful to claim that it is the influence of this same Western spirit on our literature that is revealed by that author who has given us minutely truthful descriptions of a land in which his foot had never trodden and on which his eye had never rested; of a social system for centuries obsolete, and of a government, for ages passed away; a picture concerning which, adepts in history have no unfavorable criticism to offer, and yet which the general reader finds so vivid and richly colored, that he can scarcely tear himself from its study? To weave all this into a story whose unity and cohesion are perfect, to make the central figure of all this life, the one perfect life, who takes a part in it all as really and as vividly and as humanly as any figure in it, and yet never for an instant sinks the divine into the weak, the common-place, the familiar; to do all this in such a masterly manner surely requires the spirit that recognizes nothing as impossible,— that makes a way where there is none. Now whether or not it be a foundationless vaunt to claim this to be the result of Western impulse, it is a truth that a

Western man accomplished such a work when Gen. Lew. Wallace wrote "Ben Hur."

Dr. H. W. Taylor, Mrs. J. V. H. Koons, Dr. Rachel Swain, James Whitcomb Riley, L. May Wheeler, and Hon. John H. Lee, participated in the discussion.

Mrs. Ella M. Nave, author of the popular "McDuffy Papers," and a successful writer of the humoristic in prose and verse, contributed

"MRS. McDUFFY AT BASE BALL."

There is one woman in Indianapolis who will probaby never become an enthusiastic admirer of base ball.

The individual to whom I refer is Mrs. McDuffy. I had the misfortune to occupy a seat adjoining her's during the opening game between the Detroits and home club, and the following were the remarks on the occasion referred to:

"I do n't see why some women can't understand base ball. If there is anything about it that I can 't see through it will be strange," said she to her husband. "What is the principal attraction to-day?"

"Why, the 'Big Four,' of course," said he.

"Oh, yes, how stupid I am, and that is Jay Gould watching the 'Big Four' so closely. Did n't he say 'one strike'? He is responsible for all those dreadful strikes, is n't he? the mean thing! Do you think the men will strike to-day?"

"Great Heavens, woman, are you crazy? The 'Big Four' are Brothers, Rowe, White, and Thompson, and that man is the umpire. Can 't you keep quiet and watch the game?"

"Ain't I watching the game?" she responded. "But where is the Detroit team? I have n't seen a team to-day any different from Indianapolis horses. Do they bring them right out on the grounds? I should think they would get frightened in such a crowd as this, and kick and cut up awfully. Do you think they will?"

"It is possible," he answered, resignedly. "There are some kicking teams."

"I am so glad we are up here out of danger. What did that man do then?"

"Struck a foul —"

"Struck a poor innocent fowl? The hateful thing! I did n't see any fowl. What kind of a fowl was it? What are they cheering for?"

"Thompson caught a fly."

"Now, Mr. McDuffy, do n't sit there and tell me that you can see anything so small as a fly at this distance. Besides, its too early for flies. What do they want to stop in a game of base ball to catch flies for, any way? Do tell me what that man is acting so silly about."

"Trying to steal a base."

"The wicked thief! Where is the base?"

"Over there," explained McDuffy, with a sigh. "That is the first base, the other one the second, and this one nearest the third."

"Are they, indeed? and that is the soprano in the middle, I suppose."

"Ah, yes," groaned McDuffy. "You 're getting it down fine."

"See, that naughty man has knocked the ball clear out of sight — was n't that mean? Do n't you suppose they 'll discharge him? What are they cheering for now? — making a home run, did you say? Well I should think he would, and stay there too, after such an exhibition of temper. — What, did you say they were going to white-wash them? Do they white-wash them all over — face and all?"

"Ah," said McDuffy, savagely, "You 've got it now. That 's the way they fix them, and afterwards calcimine them, and fresco them, and dado them, and put on French roofs. How proud I am of you, Mrs. McDuffy; all you need is a white-wash brush to be a full fledged member of the Lime Kiln Club."

"How funny you are, Mr. McDuffy; you are bored because I can see through your great national game so easily, that 's what 's the matter with you. — What, did that man say they were giving the visitors goose eggs? Now, what do they want with goose eggs in a game of ball? It 's getting worse and worse. I do n't see what people go crazy over base ball for, any way — I understand the game, as far as that is concerned, but there is nothing in it. If there is anything smart in bringing out thousands of people to watch them catch flies, and strike fowls, and crack pitchers, and muffs, and daisy catchers, and two baggers, and goose eggs, and — the Lord only knows what else, — I can 't see it. The next thing they 'll be bringing in that Detroit team, and they 'll kill somebody; that is just about the way the thing will end, and I do n't propose to stay to see it. If you 'll just see me to the carriage, Mr. McDuffy, I 'll go home. I 've had all the base ball I want."

Mr. Herman Rave, of the Jeffersonville (Ind.) "News," contributed

"THE LAST MESSAGE,"

which was read by Mary E. Cardwill. It is a tribute to the memory of Mrs. H. M. Ogle, the telegraph operator, who perished at her post in the Johnstown disaster.

Ring out, my song, like bugle peal!
Brave hearts shall thrill the tale to hear,
How woman's spirit, true as steel,
Stood 'mid the mad'ning rush of fear!

Ring out, my song, like bugle blast,
The daring and the deed done well!
As long as hero-hearts shall last
'Tis glory such a tale to tell!

When broke the dam at Conemaugh,
When thundered down the awful flood,
She knew 'twas death her vision saw,
Yet bravely at her post she stood.

Oh, noble woman, brave and true,
Who held the telegraphic key,
Thy words shall ring the ages through:
"'This message is the last from me!"

'Mid roar and crash and wreck of all
Engulfed, her soul was torn away;
Her's was the swift and sudden call;
She answered — at the Gates of Day!

Breathe soft, breathe low the funeral song;
Mourn for the dead that strew the vale;
Mourn, Nation, for the slaughtered throng,
But triumph in the hero's tale!

Mrs. L. May Wheeler presented a sketch of the late Myla Charles, daughter of Emily Thornton Charles, of Washington, D. C., both of whom were among the early members of the Association.

Irene Boynton Hawley, of Columbus, Indiana, contributed the following, which was read by L. May Wheeler:

"FLOTSAM."

See the debris upon a river's breast,
  Dimpling the eddies on its limpid floor,
Some freak of current severs from the rest
  A luckless beam, and strands it on the shore,
A garniture of mould and moss to don,
While the bright wave its gay freight circles on.

But Nature, ever just, requital saves
  From the rich garners of her fertile store,
The anchored drift, abandoned of the waves,
  Becomes a poem on a lonely shore,
Fashioned by elfin elements grotesque,
Into an object lovely, picturesque.

Oh! might I dare comparison to make
  Between this river flotsam and my life,
Thwarted ambition still might comfort take
  In its restricted plane, perhaps as rife
With chances similar, the soul to dress,
With moss of love, and stems of usefulness.

If I could hope an alchemy divine,
  Could transmute dew of grief and heat of pain
To that sweet verdure, and that foliage fine,
  That hides decay, and covers age and stain.
If seeds of spiritual grace abide
In rifts of fate, I would be satisfied.

Patience, my soul! and vain desires, be still!
  Draw wisely from surrounding atmospheres
The germs of grace and beauty, and distil
  A chrism of blessing from thy vase of tears.
Take from the hand of Life the full cup sent,
And make its wave a sacred sacrament.

Convention adjourned.

THE ANNUAL PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT

was held at the First Presbyterian Church, in Warsaw, Friday evening, July 12, commencing at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. M. E. Moran, Mrs. and Mr. Frank Detrick, Mrs. John A. Widaman, Mrs. Merlin Funk, and Mr. Charles P. Downs afforded a delightful variety by the artistic execution of vocal and instrumental music.

James Whitcomb Riley, Clarence A. Hough, W.W. Pfrimmer, and William Alfred Hough appeared in recitation.

Mrs. M. Sears Brooks presented a narrative poem suggested by an incident of the late war.

Mrs. J. V. H. Koons gave a verse in lullaby, entitled "Wait a wee and dinna Weary."

Mary Hartwell Catherwood read "A Chapter" from her new romance, "The Story of Tonty."

Eleanor Stackhouse, "Nora Marks," read two chapters from her book on "Salvation Army" life.

L. May Wheeler presented a deductive and metaphoric paper upon

"STREET CROSSINGS, OR KEEPING TO THE RIGHT."

Facts are things. A street crossing is a fact, that is, if it is established. Some crossings are not, but are purely matters of accident or incident.

People are facts also. Sometimes they are stubborn. Street crossings and people are frequently at cross purposes, and when so, the people, at that moment, are unaware that facts imply principles.

A walking fact met one of its kind. It spoke. It said "Good morning!" Its opposite replied "Good morning!" The meeting occurred upon a place running in accordance with something. That something was a line of stone intersticed with a mixture of oxidized mushiness which formed a compound of mud. At this instant a change occurred. One that might paralogize the mathematician and paralyze the logician. The facts, or entities, became parallelograms. Instead of the daintily tripping bodies, the one at the right became a quadrilateral figure and poised itself into a higher height, and a narrower width, and with a goodly number of right-angles; while the former reduced itself into the anomalous state of being a left-angled parallelogram. At this point the opposites were forces

and not lines, and the directness and intensity of their purposes must have become diagonal, or result in collisive force suggestive of fire. So, to reduce this geometrical problem to the proper solution, it was proposed to obtain it by trial, and make it one of purely mechanical skill. It seemed impossible to do this by any social or established rule, as the exigencies of the circumstance must be met; a glance took in the situation, a curve and a poise made the matter solvable, and a leap and a bow preserved the temper for future discipline, and the patent leathers from the muddy messes of a street crossing.

Human facts walk. It is therefore human to walk, and to walk is human. The facts previously described were employing this means of movement, and it is the walking woman or man whom we have now in mind.

A rightly proportioned body is usually indicative of a well-balanced mind, and this is shown in the entire personality of the individual. The body is upright; its carriage is the graceful movement of its wonderfully articulated mechanism. To be right is to be logical. To be physically upright, then, is to be bodily logical. This implies a possession of mind with the power to think or reason correctly. This in turn results in culture and education, and every movement of the physical man, and the living woman, is a leaf in the book of life whereon is written the outlines of perfected character. To be right is primarily natural, and all the forces of physical life tend to this result. With the face to the polar star, the eyes and right hand turn toward the sun rising, which imparts warmth, light, and life to all creation. It is the right side that turns quickest to the call of mercy. It is the right hand that gives and takes the touch of sympathy. It imparts its warmth to the feeble body, and tenderly cools the dying pulse. It serves its master in the world of commerce. It turns the leaves of the book of knowledge, and brings to its possessor the right to life and its fairest possibilities.

The feet speak also. The right foot starts upon the journey when its tottling mate bends and twists with the weight of the baby body. The years come, and the feet haste to do the bidding of active life. It is the right foot that makes the first impress on the hills of difficulty, and the right side of the lines walked in bear the heaviest imprints of the traveler. No one part so clearly marks the individuality of the person as the manner and meaning of the movements of the feet. They carry the body to the Fount of all Grace, and as the right knee supports the suppliant frame in its devotion, the thinking part turns instinctively to the power at the right hand of the Throne of God.

Human life, however, was not the first existent life of this planet. Geologic science shows the actual remains or debris of a

wonderful time when the earth was a vast plain, and tropical plants with mammoth ferns, palms and cactuses revelled in luxuriant possession. Then no mountains reared to the cloud, no hills drew the shine and made the shade, and no sun kissed winding valleys to rosy life, because there were no valleys. But in the processes of nature came the vast upheavals, the rounding of the breast of earth, the undulating surfaces, the verdant valleys, the green fields, the tiny shrub, and bits of mineral; and the present outward world abounds in forms, facts, and signs, which indicate that in the crossing from that epoch of pristine magnitude to the present, the old earth tossed its tumbling surfaces into ranges, rocks, rifts, and ravines, revelling in its primitive power of "keeping to the right;" and this mandate is written upon every law of the universe. The planets in their flashing orbits, pursuing a zigzagged course, are held by the centripetal force of God's right hand. The winds that sweep to the sea, lashing the waves into foam-topped ridges, or the breezes lulled to the song of the tides, the rain, the shade, the shine, slant from the right. Look at the trend of a tree, the turn of a leaf, the bend of a plant. It is toward the sun rising, or the light. Even in the tiniest plant, or the minutest of the animal or insect world, the meeting and passing within close proximity tends to the right, with the exception of mankind.

It was after the wonderful evolution of the old earth to its present physical condition, that humanity came, and the conditions of concomitant life. Families, tribes, communities, and nations sprang into existence; towns, cities, and republics grew apace. Human life took on the forms of civilization. Education became the key stone to the arch that reared its flushing form out of and over the orient, and together these two elements have sweetly winged their way from the first sunrise of intellectual life to now; and always from the East, and ever onward, the rightward course has been maintained. With civilization came amenities, and their lessons inculcate the fact that it is both natural and polite to "keep to the right." The man or the woman who has never learned this fact, will some day be brought to a consciousness of their illogical condition, one that is contrary to nature, to the law of physical poise, and one that should relegate such to regions never trod by man or beast; because a cow, an ox, or a horse will naturally turn to the right, and if the man will but heed the movement, no collision is possible.

Therefore the natural course of the revolutions of nature are toward the right. The physical condition of human nature is upright. The law of geometric nature is outright, and that which governs the country, town, city, street, alley, and crossing is the "right of way."

The country, towns, and cities are inhabited by an aggregation of facts, termed people, and the people must be accommodated by the previous fact of streets, some of which are parallel, and some diagonal. For convenience these geometrical lines are crossed, but in these crossings, is made to appear the principle that would seem to be apparent to every intelligent mind, and that is, to "keep to the right." But alas! it is more nearly the exception to find one who instinctively turns to the rightward. This is a fact. Is it evidence that there exists a principle of perversity, exclusively human in its exhibition? If so, let the street crossings be abolished, and every walking man and woman go their own sweet way, until a new fact can be found to take its place, that will have for its fundamental principle the force of "keeping to the right."

EXCERPTA.

Between sessions, the "toilers of the pen" found material source and resource in the interests and attractions with which "Warsaw of Kosciusko" abounds.

The name of "Spring Fountain Park" is synonymous with all that is picturesque in the combination of art and nature, and to the literary folk it recalls a day complete.

Hon. John R. Lee, of Crawfordsville, Indiana, the father-in-law of Maurice Thompson, gave an entertaining talk Friday morning upon the Indian question, and reminiscences of the earlier history of the literature of Indiana.

The crowded steamers and plying row-boats were the strongest proofs of a lively appreciation of the Neptunic privileges extended by the Park and Summer Resort Associations.

---

*Ella M. Nave, by her rising popularity as a humoristic writer, gives promise of a similar precedence among women writers, as that now occupied by Bill Nye among his brethren.

---

*Mrs. Nave died Jan. 9, 1890.

The book-makers were represented by Benj. S. Parker, Judge C. F. McNutt, Prof. J. C. Ridpath, James Whitcomb Riley, J. P. Dunn, Jr., W. P. Needham, Dr. H. W. Taylor, Mrs. M. Sears Brooks, N. J. Clodfelter, Mrs. D. M. Jordan, Franklin E. Denton, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, and Eleanor Stackhouse.

As a presiding officer, and as a clear and logical speaker, the Association has none the superior of Mr. George B. Cardwill.

The pond lily was the Association's acknowledged emblem. Dawn-parties took the early risers, who brought in the lilies.

Dr. H. W. Taylor and his violin were alike indispensable, and are happy remembrances.

President Parker won hearts by his *suaviter in modo.*

The press was represented by Gen. Reub. Williams, of the Daily (Warsaw) "Times;" Franklin E. Denton, Cleveland (Ohio) "Sun and Voice;" R. E. Mansfield, New Castle (Ind.) "Courier," and Special Correspondent of Indianapolis "Journal" and Cincinnati "Enquirer;" Col. J. B. Dodge and Ella M. Nave, Indianapolis "Sentinel;" Eleanor Stackhouse, Chicago "Tribune;" J. A. Parker, Winchester (Tenn.) Franklin County "News;" W. W. Wellman, Sullivan (Ind.) "Democrat;" Jno. A. Guymon, Indianapolis "Independent;" Marie L. Andrews, Indianapolis "Herald;" Nettie Ransford, Indianapolis "The Eastern Star;" Mary E. Cardwill, New Albany (Ind.) "Tribune;" L. May Wheeler, Springfield (O.) Daily "Gazette" and Weekly "Budget."

The Convention was honored with the privilege of entertaining Hon. and Mrs. John George Bourinot, of Ottawa, Canada.

James Whitcomb Riley, Clarence A. and William Alfred Hough are cousins, which may account for their similarity and popularity as recitationists.

L. May Wheeler,
Mary E. Cardwill,
Secretaries.

MAN AN EVOLUTION.

MAN AN EVOLUTION.

By T. B. Redding, A. M.; Ph. D.; F. R. M. S.; Foreign Associate Member of the French Society of Hygiene, etc.

The theory of evolution has taken a deep hold upon the thought of the best thinkers of the world. The doctrine is still a theory. It is not an established fact, and it is impossible that it ever should be a demonstrated fact. Additional facts, tending to prove or disprove the theory, may be discovered. But whether true or false, it has had much to do in recent scientific development, and has tended, in a remarkable manner, to quicken and stimulate an interest in the study of nature.

In this article I shall not attempt to give the scientific facts in detail, upon which I base my conclusions, but will give some of the general principles found to exist, and so much of the facts as is necessary to make clear my position. Neither shall I attempt to exhaust, nor use anything like all of the passages found in Revelation, which tend, in my opinion, to support the doctrine of evolution.

In claiming that man is an evolution, I do so only qualifiedly. Neither do I claim, nor believe, that he is an evolution without law, plan, or design, but that he has come into existence through a vast series of ages and changes, under law, coming up from the lowest of the earth, in continuity, as the ultimate end and product of the purpose and design of a Supreme Intelligence — as the embodiment or expression of a Divine concept; — that all prior existences of matter, in its simplest forms, its multitudinous coördinated relations as compounds, in its vitalized manifestations in plant life, in its higher exhibitions in the animal world, dowered with sentient energy, instinct, and animal thought, were essential preliminary steps to man's existence.

We cannot conceive a compound to exist prior to the elements of which it is composed. We cannot conceive of a union and aggregation of atoms and molecules before those atoms and molecules had an existence as separate individuals. We cannot conceive water to have existed before the existence of oxygen and hydrogen. Hence we must believe that matter, whatever it is, existed first in its simplest form; that compounds, combinations, and correlations of matter were secondary. We can conceive it possible for matter to exist in its simplest, most elemental form, separate and apart from

the laws of chemical affinity, cohesion, gravitation and other forces, or energies, which bring ultimate elements together, and hold them as compounds and combinations. It is generally admitted that matter had a beginning; that the time was when this world was not; that the time was when matter came into existence, and the world began to be. When and how matter began to be has not yet been discovered by science. Revelation informs us that, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth;" that the earth "was without form;" that "darkness was upon the face of the deep." These descriptions take us back to a time when matter existed only in its simplest elementary form, having no interaction upon nor relation of one atom with another. Whether there be one or many simple elements makes no difference. Let us conceive of them as merely existing, not yet subject to law compelling unions or combinations, and free from all controlling energies, such as gravitation, affinity, and cohesion. Here we have the condition described in Genesis—confusion, darkness, chaos. But a time came, in the order of creation, when the Spirit of God brooded over and moved upon the "face of the deep;" a time when he sent forth, or called into action, force, energy, law, and decrees for the government of matter, and out of which was evolved or grew the inorganic universe. Through these he said, "Let there be light, and there was light"—not as an independent creation, not as a thing, but as a mode of motion, as a product of those energies. Through this brooding of the Spirit of God, through the calling into being, or into activity, law and energy, matter became endowed with all the powers manifested by it in the inorganic universe. Possibly, at the same time, matter was endowed with other potencies and energies which successively manifested themselves in after ages. Hence we have:

(1.) The creation of matter in its elemental form.

(2.) The laws by, under and through which the elements are enabled to unite and enter into the vast multitude of unions that exist, or may come to exist, throughout the inorganic world, giving manifestations of light, heat, electricity, sound, chemical affinity, and other physical phenomena. This energy I will call dynamic energy. Then follow, in succession, either in origin and manifestation, or in manifestation at least:

(3.) Vital energy.

(4.) Sentient energy.

(5.) Intellectual and spiritual energy.

There is, apparently, nothing in the first that can lead to the second, and our intuitions seem to force upon us the thought that the second must have come from a creative act; that there is no

law without a law-giver; that law and energy must be the expression of the will of a Supreme Intellect, which acts upon matter, either at the first, or subsequently, it matters not which.

Scientists all agree that countless ages must have passed before the first dawn of life in this world, and that plant life was the first to make its appearance. Until vital energy, the first form of life, trembled into being, in the lowest form of the single-celled plant, no power had acted, nor seemingly inhered in atoms, nor in any of the energies, thus far manifested, capable of advancing farther than the inorganic world. There was no life manifest. After the energies already liberated had performed their work, and matter had been moulded and fitted for higher purposes, in its many compounds and coördinated relations, another entirely new, or hitherto inoperative energy, made its appearance in the universe in the form of plant life, or vitality, and matter began to live. All other pre-existing energies, acting upon matter, became subject to this new energy, and matter became organized. This vitality, this new energy—which takes the inorganic and makes it become organic—which takes the lifeless and makes it alive, can not take the simple element of matter, act upon and convert it into living stuff, but acts only upon combinations of matter, such as water, carbonic dioxide and ammonia, tearing them asunder, and lifting them out of the inorganic into the realm of life and organization. Until the first step, the creation of the atom, the second could not exist, and until after the second (the sending forth, or calling into being or activity, the energies controlling atoms and producing compounds,) vitality had no foothold. Each of the two preceding steps were essential and preliminary to the existence of the third.

Vitality is not a change of nature, direction, or relation introduced among the energies and forces which reigned in the inorganic domain, so that they act differently and other than before, but is unlike all other energies; is a new, and hitherto non-existing or non-acting energy, which now dominates and overcomes, controls and directs, in a certain degree and to a certain extent, all that preceded. But this new energy can only do so much, can rise only so high. It can make the lifeless live, but it can not make that living thing feel, nor think. It can tear inorganic compounds to pieces and take the carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen composing them, and out of them weave a beautiful, living, blooming thing; but it cannot make that plant a sentient, planning, reasoning, conscious thing. The plant is an evolution in part, but is it wholly so? It is an evolution out of pre-existing matter, but not from or through pre-acting, pre-existing energy, but because of a new energy sent forth to control, modify, and to act with and upon pre-existing matter and energy. In a broad sense it is an

evolution, for matter pure and simple, and the energies controlling that matter, were essential as objects upon which vital energy could act. There is no break in continuity, but an addition, an accession of energy, or a new activity of energy, or an energy acting in an entirely new way, which, we can not now determine.

If we speak of these several steps leading up to plant life, relatively, we may justly call the first step the lowest, and the third the highest, thus far attained; and we may truly say that the plant was evolved and curiously wrought, "in the lowest parts of the earth," as the Psalmist says in speaking of man, "Rukamthi b'thachtiyoth arets." Psa. 139, 15.

Did vital energy potentially contain sentient energy? It is possible, but it is impossible to demonstrate that it did. It is agreed that plant life had the world all to itself many ages before sentient energy claimed dominion. During all these ages only one form of life, that of plants, existed; but in the progress of thousands of centuries, the time came for another life to find its home upon the earth, and the animal stepped into existence, bringing with it sentient energy, such as animal feeling, sense, thought, instinct, and memory. Whether a sudden appearance or a slow evolution, makes no difference. It was, no doubt, the lowest form of animal life, lying extremely close to the border of plant life. But the first and lowest manifestation of sentient energy was not a mere manifestation of vital energy. There is not the faintest shadow of evidence that vital energy has ever quit its primitive work of assimilation, elimination, and tissue formation, to feel and see, taste and smell, hear and think, reason and sing, or soar and fly.

We find vital energy, in every animal, associated with sentient energy, but the work of vital energy in the animal is the same as that of vital energy in the plant, that of assimilation, elimination, secretion, and tissue formation, and its powers are taxed to the utmost in its own field, without assuming the labor of sentient energy. It would be exceedingly interesting to enter the field of sentient energy, and trace it in all its manifold presentations, especially as shown in instinct, animal thought, feeling, and passion, but I shall have to pass all these by for the present. Whence came this sentient energy? Science says, "I know not." Revelation says, "God said, Let the waters bring forth the moving creature that hath life" (sherets nephesh chaiyah), literally, swarms of living souls, and, "God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature (nephesh chaiyah), after his kind, and it was so." Gen. 1, 20 and 24.*

*A number of quotations are made in this article from an article of mine entitled "Biology and Religion; or Harmonies of God's Revelations," published in 1886-7, in "The Methodist Pulpit and Pew," but, as I make some changes in them, I have not marked them as quotations.

May we not, then, justly conclude that another impulse of the Divine Mind sent forth, or called into activity, the energy that became sentient life, or animal life, with all its instincts and powers? This is the fourth step in the process of evolution. There is continuity and accession of energy.

The animal could not exist before the plant. The animal can not assimilate elemental matter, nor the compounds and products of elemental matter, nor inorganic matter in any form, with but one or two exceptions, but assimilates and appropriates to its uses only organized matter — that which, at some time, has been made alive by the plant.

Vitality tears asunder the molecular structure of inorganic compounds with a view to nutrition, secretion, elimination, and absorption. The upbuilding of structures, the assimilation of food, and the repair of waste, though first found in the plant, is also found in the animal, with associate energies, and performs nearly the identical work in the one that it does in the other. In the plant it is supreme, but in the animal it is subordinate to sentient energy.

We find, in the animal, elements and combinations of elements — the various energies of the inorganic world; the vitalizing, assimilating, structure-forming energy, first revealed in the plant; and the instinct, feeling, thought, and sentient energies of the animal, all working in harmony, the lower yielding obedience to the higher. Nowhere do we find a new or different energy, or force, introduced to do the work done by a pre-existing force or energy. In all cases, whether in plant or animal, or in man, living matter is practically the same in substance, structure, and function. Hence we find in animals two lives, vital and sentient, a fact also attested by Revelation. In Genesis 7, 15 and 22, where we have the expressions, "the breath of life," the word "life" in the Hebrew, is not chaiyah, but the plural *chaiyeem, lives.* The same plural form is used a number of times elsewhere, as in Genesis 2, 7 and 9; 3, 22 and 24; and I can not but think that there was a purpose in using the plural form. That purpose was to express the two-fold nature of animal life.

In the course of time the world was prepared for a new creature. In what form, or how he came into being, science can not tell. Whether through countless ages or gradual evolution of some animal in the direction of manhood, and a final culmination into man, in a low, savage, semi-animal state, or whether by one mighty bound, through the inflowing energy of a new life, we do not know. Science can not give us any light upon this subject beyond conjecture. Now we see man enter the world, a feeble, rapidly developing, sentient thing, with wonderful potencies and powers. He comes to us:

"A wondrous little fellow, with dainty double chin,
And chubby cheeks and dimples for the smiles to blossom in." — *Riley.*

A human being, in its first stages of individual existence, is one of the simplest structures conceivable — a mere, non-nucleated, tiny sphere of homogeneous, structureless, colorless, living matter, composed of a few atoms of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and a very few other elements, associated with a capacity, or energies, which give to it all its marvelous potencies, and out of which spring its great future developments and possibilities. This single-celled child, like the single-celled plant or animal, grows by the assimilation of food; but, unlike the plant, it and the animal must have food which has once lived in plant or animal.

The processes of assimilation, growth, secretion, and elimination are very similar in all living organisms, and often, apparently, identical. The child cell, like the simplest plant cell, draws into itself food, and the vitalized matter of that cell converts that food into living matter, and thus the single cell grows, and divides and sub-divides into many cells. Every organic structure begins life in the state and condition in which the protozoan spends its whole life. Why does the monad protozoan begin and end life as a single cell? Why do other simple animals begin life as one cell and become two, and end life as two cells? and others, as four, or eight, or sixteen cells; and others, as we go higher, highly complicated organisms of countless millions of cells forming many organs and parts, all wonderfully and delicately co-ordinated and adjusted to each other? And why is it, that, through countless ages, the monad still remains a monad, and the two celled animal still remains a two-celled animal, and the hydra still remains a hydra, and the horse still remains a horse, and man still remains a man? Why, through all these countless ages and generations, do these changes in the individual take place, but the species continue on and on without a shadow of turning? Some tell us that life is the result of organization, but we see and think that organization is the result of life, but what that life is we cannot tell. We know only matter, energy, and intelligence, and these only in their phenomena.

We are told by some that the eye is stimulated into existence by light, but light is only motion, and they tell us that the lungs come into being through the stimulus of air, but how is it that the eye is shaped, formed, matured, and fitted for its work months before a single ray of light penetrates its lenses? And how does it happen that the lungs are built up and supplied with all their tubes, air spaces, cells, and blood vessels, and with every cell and fibre completed, adjusted, and coördinated, so as to be ready for

instant and perfect action the moment the child is brought into the outside life, where the lungs first come in contact with the air? All this work is completed before the air begins to stimulate.

The hand, with its marvelous powers of position and motion; its delicacy of touch; its power to help and soothe, to strike down or hurt; its varied gestures, its open invitation of welcome, or firmly clenched threat to smite when "wrong resists," was fashioned and formed in darkness and stillness, while all of its marvelous joints, muscles, tendons, nerves, and tissues were made long before they were to perform a single function.

The eye, that exquisitely combined microscope, telescope, and camera, with its systems of lenses, muscles, nerves, and glands, vessels and coats; the swift winged light's laboratory wherein daily, hourly, momentarily, are painted the most perfect pictures of things on earth, in air and sky, and in far distant worlds—scenes of beauty, grandeur, and terror; of sweetness, sadness and woe; the soul's mystic window, through which the spirit looks out and beholds the universe and the handiwork of God; or through which leap the fierce flames of passion's fire; or from whence glide gently and softly kind and sympathetic looks, the sweet angels of mercy, sympathy and love, bearing comfort and love to hearts bowed down in sorrow; that eye, now looking upon what is nigh, the next moment leaping into the unmeasured depths of space, began, a few months ago, to exist as a single cell of living stuff, without nerve, lens, muscle, gland, or part, and wove and spun, in the laboratory of life, all of these wonderful appliances, putting every one in its right place, giving to every one its proper function, and, while yet in darkness, with not a single ray of light, so coördinated the many parts, that when completed and brought into the presence of light, every part performed its allotted work, and the completed marvel had but to look and see.

The brain, spinal cord, and nerves, with their cells, ganglia, fibres, and sheaths, an exceedingly complicated net-work of telegraphic batteries and lines, reaching every part of the body, ready to carry to every point the commands of the soul, and to receive and bear back to its spiritual master, through eye and ear, nose and tongue, touch and taste, a complete report of all the changing universe; while other lines, night and day, ceaselessly, for many years, without a moment's delay, preside over, regulate, and control the action of stomach, arteries, veins, capillaries, and glands; the throbing of heart and pulse; the heaving chest and breathing lungs, without the slightest consciousness of the owner, and whether asleep or awake; all these were formed, adjusted, clothed in their sheaths and coverings, divided and subdivided into invisible threads and

loops and spirals, and combined into one harmonious whole, having indescribable powers and possibilities, when and where there could be no use for them, and when and where there was no consciousness of their existence.

All these parts, and many other wonderfully endowed parts and organs, were fashioned, formed, and perfected out of, and from the single celled egg from which the man was evolved, according to a definite, persistent, ever present plan and purpose, working when there was none of them, and bringing them into being, form, shape, and relation, when they had no work to do, and so coördinating them as to form the perfect man, composed of untold decillions of cells, yet every part performing its allotted work and function without trespassing upon any other. All this for what? That a man may live, act, think, suffer, weep, rejoice, praise God, and die? Does death end all? The inspiration that giveth understanding answers, NO.

At first a single cell; then an aggregation of cells, but without organs, vessels, brain, or nerves, and, apparently, without sentient, intellectual, or spiritual energy, yet, in a few months, man has all these. Whence do they come? Was this sentient, intellectual, and spiritual energy hidden away in the tiny cell, a part of its endowments, waiting for an appropriate time to manifest themselves in that, and in a countless succession of beings, or is the living stuff composing the cell only endowed with such properties, energies, and affinities, as shall enable it, at the proper time, to receive inflowing streams of sentient, intellectual, and spiritual energy coming from the great Source of all energy, who, in the early morning of creation, on the 5th and 6th creative days, said, "Let the earth bring forth the living thing," and "Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness — and man became a living soul." He was not a living soul, an intellectual, moral being, when first "formed of the dust of the ground," but only became such, began to be such, after that God "breathed into his nostrils the breath of lives." The fact that God breathed into his nostrils the "breath of lives," and that then, and not until then, he became a living soul, a spiritual being, seems to suggest that his spiritualizing power or energy did not come until his vital and animal nature had been developed and completed to receive the spiritual nature; — that man as created by God, was first matter, earth; then a vitalized being; then a sentient being; then an intellectual, spiritual being. So it is now. First pure elemental matter becomes compound, non-living matter, by and through the dynamic energies; then the non-living becomes living through vitality. At the next step, we find this vitalized matter, associated with sentient energy, rising into instinct, thought, reason, memory,

love, and hate, as seen in animals; then spiritual and higher intellectual energy became grafted upon these, so that what was before an animal only, became a moral, spiritual, intellectual, progressive, God-grasping, and God-loving being.

Can a thing grow without an accession of substance? Certainly not. Can the microscopic ovum, with its vital, sentient, and other energies, multiply and develop into the human race of all ages, numbering countless millions, with the aggregated energies and powers of the whole, without an accession of energy from some exhaustless source? If we call all the energy, of whatever kind, that can and does inhere in, and is possessed by any individual cell of living matter, a unit of energy, a unit of potentiality, ought not we to expect to find in two like cells two units of that energy, and in a million cells of that matter a million units of energy? If, in the lowest conceivable form or mass of sentient being, there be one unit of sentient energy, shall we not find many units of the same energy in higher forms? And if, in the lowest conceivable intellectual and spiritual being, there is found one unit of intellectual and spiritual energy, shall we not, probably, find increased and multiplied units of this energy, as we ascend to the higher intelligences and spiritual existences? Is there not, must there not be a source, or fountain of energy, from whence increase and accession must come? Was not "the tree of lives" (ets chaiyeem) of Gen. ii., 9, and iii., 22 and 24 such a source. The word "life" in each place of the original is plural. Revelation tells us that the God—Christ is "the beginning of creation;" "the first born of every creature;" "a quickening spirit;" "the life of the world," &c. May He not, then, be that source of energy? But those who receive this suggestion can and must do so through faith, for there can be no demonstration in science. But may we not confidently conclude that each living thing, according to its rank, has a *capacity*, a kind of quantivalence, a property, potentiality, or whatever it may be called, to receive and draw from some source of energy, an inflow of energy, as the individual may need, or be capable of assimilating?

But in what does man differ from plants and animals? He has vitality—the power to grow, to assimilate food by converting it into living matter, and the power to form structures from that living matter. The plant does as much; so does the animal. This is his merely vegetative nature. He also has instincts and the sentient energies common to the animal—some of them in a very high degree, and some of them in an inferior degree. In these respects he is only an aggregation, a union of atoms; a vitalized plant; a sentient animal, having something in common with all

below him. But he is more. He has a moral, intellectual, spiritual energy or nature, entirely wanting in the living things below him—a something possessed by him alone. He alone thinks of the future, believes in God, spiritual existences, immortality and correlated duties and obligations. He alone invents, prints, investigates, builds cities, establishes institutions of learning, religion, and benevolences. He alone has thought to interpose bits of glass between his eye and the objective world about him, and thereby to increase his powers of vision hundreds and thousands of times, till he sees, in a drop of stagnant water, a world of life, beauty, vital and sentient energy—or looking out spaceward, an infinite series of suns and blazing worlds. We do not find anything in the existences below him from which we can reasonably infer he derived these superior powers. We find no rudiments of them in the animal world—not even a hint. All will admit that countless millions of animals died, manifesting in their lives every degree of sentient energy, untold ages before man first trod the green vales, or scaled the mountain heights of the earth. Whence, then, this higher energy manifested in man? Did it lie dormant, a mere potentiality, all these unnumbered ages, and survive through the fire and chaos of inorganic matter, and all the wreck and ruin of the buried generations of the past? Or was there, somewhere in the universe, all this while, a fountain filled with intellectual, spiritual energy, ready at the opportune time to flow in and mingle with, dominate, and control the pre-existing or premanifested energies? Or shall we say, "God breathed into him the breath of lives, and he became a living soul?" Revelation says, "God formed man, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life," (*nishmath chaiyeem—breath of lives*), "and man became a living soul" (vayhee ha-adam l'nephesh chaiyah—became or grew into a living soul). "In the image of God created he him." Gen. i., 27; ii., 7. In other words, before man could exist as man, his vital and animal nature, with their physical basis, supplying a home, a laboratory, implements, and tools, were first given him, and then, when he came into possession of his heritage of intellectual and spiritual energy, the last and grandest manifestation of God's creative energies, of which we have any knowledge, he *became* man.

Without elemental matter, without compounds or unions of that matter, without the vital energy of the plant, and without the sentient energy of the animal, man could not have existed as he is now constituted. He is an evolution from and through these. Upon these have been engrafted his superior and distinguishing forces, energies, and potencies.

It seems to me, therefore, that man is an evolution, not in the sense that some use the term, but in a higher, nobler sense. I

believe that he has, through a succession of ages, come up out of "the lowest parts of the earth," from matter in its elemental form; from that which existed when darkness was upon the face of the deep. Out of this elemental condition matter emerged into compounds through the ethero-dynamic energies. Then came vital energy, supplementing all that preceded, and lifted these material compounds from the realm of death into the realm of life — a broad and majestic realm, full of growth, fragrance, beauty, and bloom. In the course of ages sentient energy usurped the throne, and established her kingdom in this world of vital energy, and lifted vitalized matter into the higher realm of sense, instinct, and thought, till that which before only grew, budded and bloomed, and bore fruit, began to run and leap, feel and think, see and know. But evolution did not stop here, nor did she throw away that which preceded, but utilized all that went before — the ethero-dynamic forces doing all that they could do; vital energy doing all that it could do — all that was to be done by vitality in all time and in all existences — and sentient energy performed all the functions of sentient life everywhere, and in every sentient thing; but they could not lift the animal world into the realm of intellectual, moral, and spiritual being. A new energy, an intellectual, spiritual energy, dawned and flowed in upon all these others, and lifted the animal above the mere realm of sentient life, instinct, and animal thought, carrying all these others along into the higher realm of intellectual, moral, and spiritual life, till man became a trinity having vital, sentient moral and spiritual life, holding in their grasp matter and all the energies having connection with the inorganic and organic beings lying in the line of succession, a true evolution from "the lowest parts of the earth."

At what periods of evolution, (and of embryonal life, as well), sentient, intellectual, and spiritual energy became a part of the human being, is shrouded in impenetrable mystery and darkness; but there is a time during the development of the human being when they are not, probably, so associated. Science has, so far, been unable to discover when this inflowing of energy takes place. If we turn to Revelation we find that the Psalmist says: "Thine eyes did see my substance (*golmi*), *yet being unperfect*, and in thy book all were written — in continuance were fashioned — when none of them" — Psa. 139, 16. Again, in verse 15 of same Psalm, it is said: "I was curiously wrought (elaborated, developed), in the lowest (parts) of the earth." The word "parts" is not necessarily implied in, nor expressed by, the original. "*My substance yet being unperfect*," is represented, in the Hebrew, by one word, *golmi*, from *golem*, from the root *golam*, meaning an *unformed mass, an embryo, unwrought*

substance, and necessarily carries with it the thought of something in the process of evolution, in succession of times, *yamim*, *yutstsaroo*, which in continuance were fashioned — literally, "days they were fashioned." *Yamim* is the plural of *yom*, day, and involves the thought, in this connection, of time consisting of a succession of days or periods. In the same verse it is declared, "My substance (*otsmi*) was not hid from thee when I was made in secret and curiously wrought in the lowest of the earth." The word here translated *substance* is *otsmi*, *from otsem*, which has for its root *atsam*, which primitively expresses the thought of *binding up*, *tying up*, *binding fast*, hence, intransitively, to be strong, mighty, powerful. The feminine form of the noun, etsem, usually means bone; the masculine form, otsem, strength, the bones, the body. It involves the thought of completeness, and, to my mind, conveys the thought that before the body, soul and spirit of man were created, while yet to be, this triune man, in his completeness of structure and strength, with all his endowments, capabilities, and possibilities, in time and in eternity, had an existence in the thought of God, while, as yet, man had no objective existence — "*when there was not one of them.*" That, because of this subjective existence of man in his completeness, and in his evolution and incompleteness, in the thought of God, all things, from the beginning, were framed and fashioned, in succession, with the plan and purpose of ultimately evolving man, an epitome of all the creative energies of the Almighty.

There are numerous passages of Revelation that strongly support, in my opinion, the doctrine of evolution, but what I have quoted will give an idea of my interpretation, and this article is too long to further pursue the subject here.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

BY L. MAY WHEELER.

What need to weave a weft of rhymes?
A myriad bards have rung their chimes
Since time was young.
Of great or small, of false or true,
In poesy there's nothing new,
Since Homer sung,

is the latest from one who can fittingly be called the mother of the sisterhood of Indiana women poets.

A glance takes in a score of names who bear the charm of song, and one lingers, uncertain which of all doth sing the sweeter, but she who is growing old so gracefully that the twilight has not dimmed by its mellow light, but has added graces to her muse, who still sings as every child of nature should sing, is Sarah T. Bolton, of Indianapolis, Indiana.

It was in Newport, Kentucky, in December, 1814, that the first year of her life began, and in 1828 when her literary and poetic work received marked and merited public notice, through the press of Indiana and Ohio, especially Cincinnati papers.

Her first poem appeared in the Madison, Indiana "Banner," of which the editor, Col. Arion, said: "Our fair, highly gifted correspondent is not yet fourteen years old."

From that time to her marriage, in 1831, she was putting into verse "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." The years that followed were thickly braided with practical things, and time for poetic and literary pursuits was limited; but in 1837 she sang of

"INDIANA."

Home of my youth! thy shining sand,
Thy forests and thy streams
Are beautiful as fairy-land
Displayed in fancy's dreams.

* * * * * * * *

And though thy star of destiny
A while is overcast,
Yet thou shalt rise amidst the free;
Thy clouds will soon be past.

Thy children will redeem thee yet,
Young giant of the West,
And disenthral'd thy name shall set
On Freedom's shining crest.

Mrs. Bolton has gathered burden for her songs in echoes and omens of war, and the calm of peace. In human nature, and in that which buds and blossoms. In the dews of night, and the rains of day. In sentiment and religion, legend and imagery, and that which inspires her muse actuates her thought, and when the world has found it, both finger tip and brain metal are indicative of strength.

"Till dark oppression from the earth is riven,
Sing, till from every land and every sea,
One universal triumph song is given,
To hail the long-expected jubilee,
When every bond is broke, and every vassal free."

Again she sings:

We stretch out our hands to the future,
And fly from the joys of the past;
And of the bright dreams Hope has woven,
The sweetest is always the last.

This brief outline of a life fraught with realized possibilities, now five years past "three score and ten," can conclude with nothing better than extracts from one of her late poems:

"LIFE."

Life it is long since first we met—
We've borne some stress of weather,
And had our share of care and fret,
But, still, we walk together.

Still walk together, hand in hand,
But not as when we started,
Away, in life's fair morning land,
Hopeful and happy-hearted.

The sky was pranked with deeper blue;
The sunshine warmer, brighter —
The roses wore a richer hue;
The lily-flowers were whiter.

The wild birds sung of sunny lands,
Of freedom, love, and pleasure —
The wavelets linked their dimpled hands
And danced to rythmic measure.

The clouds were ships, or seemed to be,
With sails all set and flowing,
Bearing over land and sea,
Where we had fain been going.

* * * * * * *

Now we are going home, old friend,
From long and sad endeavor;
A light is shining, at the end,
But just beyond the river.

* * * * * * *

I wonder if our friends will wear
The dear familiar faces,
And, when we meet them over there?
Respond to our embraces?

And there, beyond the shores of night,
Perchance, our souls may borrow,
A larger measure of delight,
From memory of past sorrow.

D. L. PAINE.*

BY MARY E. CARDWILL.

The poet and journalist, "Dan." Paine, as he is familiarly known to his many friends, was born at Richmond, Maine, Oct. 18, 1830. A few years later his father removed with his family to Bangor, where young "Dan." grew up to years of early manhood. He began his career, like so many other American journalists, as a printer. But soon after he had learned his trade at the office of the "Bangor Mercury," he became the publisher of a paper, the

* See page 74.

organ of the Sons of Temperance. This work he soon gave up to seek a new home and a new field of labor in the Northwest.

Forty years ago the site upon which the city of Minneapolis stands, included on the east side of the river the little town of St. Anthony, and on the west the military reservation, Fort Snelling. In close proximity to the town and fort were the falls, which, since that time, by the wearing away of the rocks, and change of channel, have receded some distance northward.

In 1850, when but twenty years of age, Mr. Paine left his Eastern home and friends, to become a resident of the far distant city of St. Anthony. He soon became closely identified with the town, and when the citizens resolved to give it a new name, he was appointed one of the three Commissioners to select an appropriate and a euphonious substitute for "St. Anthony." To-day it is one of Mr. Paine's proudest memories that to his final decision, Minneapolis owes its beautiful name.

There is something suggestive in the abandonment of a name sacred to the memory of a good Catholic Saint for one chosen from a barbarian tongue, chiefly for its beauty. Was it one of the little signs of the fulness of a new era, in which the intellectual and æsthetic, as well as the practical elements of American character were to bear rule instead of the more strictly devotional?

St. Anthony was accurately characterized as the falls city. In the language of the Dakotas, all water-falls were called Minnehaha. Naturally enough it occurred to one of the learned Commissioners to suggest the Indian name, with the Greek term for city added—Minnehaha-polis. It was quickly seen that the pronunciation and close compounding of the word would make the omission of one "ha" a necessity. Finally, at the suggestion of Mr. Paine, the aspirate was omitted for the sake of euphony, and Minneapolis thus became the name of the little city, which has since become the great Northwestern metropolis.

Mr. Paine remained in Minneapolis until just before the war broke out, when he started for the far South with his wife, who was then, and for many years afterward, an invalid. When they reached Memphis, the news which caused the whole country to tremble with a dread foreboding was received: "John Brown has been hanged in Virginia for inciting negroes to insurrection." Mr. Paine was called upon to rejoice with his Southern neighbors over the event, and to "hurrah for the hanging." He refused, and found immediately that the South was then no place for him. He took the first boat that came along that night for the North.

About the time the war broke out Mr. Paine went to Indianapolis, where he has since resided. He has been engaged upon

most of the leading papers of that city, and for twenty years, from the beginning of the publication of the "News" until the present time, he has held a position on its editorial staff.

In spite of the exacting duties of an editor, Mr. Paine has found time to write some of the sweetest of the verse which has been given to the world by Indiana poets, and to contribute occasionally to literary periodicals.

Failing health for several years past has compelled him to relax his journalistic and literary duties somewhat. But while his pen is limited in his own special work, he finds time and strength to use it in helping, by correspondence, to carry on a work which most nobly characterizes him, and which has given him the right preeminently to be called the friend of literary aspirants. No youthful struggler in the literary field ever went in vain to Mr. Paine for advice. And from none was there ever received advice more helpful and sincere. With the same kindliness he points out faults and gives merited encouragement. All over Indiana and elsewhere, writers who have worthily achieved success, bless the name of "Dan. Paine" for his words of cheer when they were most needed. His gentle, tender nature, his unselfishness and patience under his present affliction, have endeared him not only to the literary fraternity of Indiana, but to all who know him.

STEPHEN S. HARDING.*

BY M. L. A.

Stephen S. Harding was born in Otisco, New York, February 24, 1808. In 1820 he moved with his parents to Ripley County, Ind., where he lived the life of a backwoods boy, in a State where pioneering meant literally a battle with wild nature for the means of existence. His opportunities for education were meagre, yet he early showed oratorical talent, and he obtained a sufficient amount of schoolbook knowledge to begin life on his own account, as a teacher, at sixteen years of age. A year or two later, following his natural bent, he left the teacher's desk and ferule to study law in the office of William R. Morris, at Brookville, Indiana. In 1829 he opened an office in Versailles, Ripley County, where in time his magnificent voice and ability as an advocate gained him an

* See page 124.

enviable reputation in his profession. He became well-known throughout the State and country, and his prominence was enhanced by his early adoption of strong abolition sentiments. In 1862 he was appointed Governor of Utah, and pursued an aggressive policy toward the Mormons.

Governor Harding is an honorary member of the "Western Association of Writers." He has always been in sympathy with the advancement of literature, and has written many fine poems, which were in Major Gordon's hands for publication at the time of his death.

Governor Harding, now nearly eighty-two years of age and totally blind, is a resident of Milan, Ripley County, Indiana. The following lines were written since "darkness closed upon" his sight:

"MY CREED."

I read, re-read the jarring creeds
That teachers tell me are divine,
To satisfy my longing needs
Through all life's phases, cloud and shine;

Then sat me down to ponder well,
For what is truth I could not tell,
And reason made me infidel;
Not infidel to God and his eternal good,
But infidel to priest and priestly word.
And yet within my longing soul
There was the need beyond control;
Then darkness closed upon my sight
So dark there was no ray of light,
When softly on my senses fell
A voice, from whence I could not tell:
"Mortal, be merciful, be just;
All else of creed is but as dust.
Be thus not for reward of Heaven,
But for the love that God hath given,
Be merciful, be just,
And thou may'st hope and trust."

Yours truly

D. L. Paine

BENJAMIN DAVENPORT HOUSE.

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

Benjamin Davenport House, the son of a Congregationalist minister, of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, was born at sea in the year 1844. His mother died during his infancy. At the beginning of the civil war, House left the Boston school at which he had been placed, and enlisted in the army. Before the close of the war, owing to a severe wound, from which he never completely recovered, he was transferred to the veteran reserve corps, and removed to Indianapolis, where he died in July, 1887.

In Indianapolis he engaged in journalistic work, being connected with the "Journal," and also several short-lived ventures. During his last years, a constant sufferer from asthma, and from the bullet wound received during the war, Mr. House wrote only when the impulse seized him. He finally devoted the greater part of his time to G. A. R. affairs, and for several years was Assistant Adjutant General for the Department of Indiana.

Mr. House was a man of great personal magnetism, witty, well-read, and well-informed, though in the main self-educated, and a most agreeable companion when he cared to be. He was inclined to be cynical and morose, because of his ill health, and shunned general society, leading a semi-hermit life. In appearance Mr. House was tall and graceful, with a handsome head and face.

Besides his journalistic work Mr. House wrote many poems, upon which he placed little value, preserving none written prior to 1881, but which cause him to be numbered among the poets of whom Indiana may well be proud. The merit of his poems lies in the depth of feeling, the beauty of the phrasing, the naturalness of the descriptive passages, and the musical rhythm, while their chief fault seems to have been that he wrote carelessly, often repeating the same expression.

Mr. House's war lyrics and love poems contain his best work. A strange conjunction, but one characteristic of the man. Of the first this stanza and couplet are good examples:

> For those we fought, in all my song,
> Not any thread of hate is blent,
> Who, urged by their environment,
> Against us battled for the wrong.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> Outbeaten when war's sounding flail
> Threshed out men's souls like grains of wheat.

Of his love poems, "Alter Ego," "At the Station," and "From the South," are sufficient to stamp House a poet, and no mere amateur.

There is a sweet strain of sadness through Mr. House's poems, which is one cause of their having been so widely copied by the press. This characteristic causes his preference of Dante to Shakespeare, and Whittier to our other American poets, to appear less strange.

In conclusion, the sextet from House's sonnet on the death of Grant may fittingly be quoted:

O, folded hands, that held War's bridle reins:
O, tired heart! thou hast at last release
For all earth's fret and sense-enslaving pains;
Let every sound of mournful wailing cease;
For thy white tent is pitched on restful plains,
Where thou hast found at last the longed-for peace,

ISAAC KINLEY.

BY B. S. P.

Major Isaac Kinley, a leading politician and educator of Indiana, before the war, gained prominence also for his scientific and literary work, in the rich, early period of Western literature. He established two literary monthlies, represented Henry County in the State Senate, and was a member of the convention that framed the present State Constitution. He entered the war early in the struggle, and as Major of the Thirty-sixth Indiana regiment, was in command at the "Battle of Stone River," where he was terribly wounded, a minnie ball shattering his hip to pieces. No one thought he could live, but after months of close nursing by his devoted wife, a Boston woman, a poet and an artist, his life was saved. He was then made provost marshal of the Sixth Congressional District, and removed to Richmond, Ind. After the close of the war he was sent to the State Senate from Wayne County. A few years later, Mrs. Kinley's health beginning to fail, they removed from Richmond to San Jose, California, where they took charge of the San Jose College. The school was very successful, but after two years they were compelled to give it up, on account

of Mrs. Kinley's rapidly declining health. They removed to Los Angeles, where Mrs. Kinley died, and where Major Kinley still resides. The continuance of his poetic vigor is evidenced in his beautiful contribution,

"VOICES OF ANGELS."

In the night time and the silence,
In life's springtime, long ago,
Came the voices of the angels,
Speaking softly, speaking low.

And the words the voices whispered,
In the silence sounding clear,
Sweeter than the harp Æolian,
Fell as music on the ear.

And they told me of the beauty
Of a life of love and truth,
Told me of the way up higher,—
Warned against the snares of youth.

All along the toilsome journey,
To my life's declining day,
Softly whispered, have the voices,
Tidings of the better way.

Fired my soul with aspiration
For the beautiful and true,
Warned against the hidden pitfalls
Lying on the journey through.

Filled my soul with love for knowing,
Thrilled me with the voice of song —
Everything its joys bestowing,
As I walked the way along.

Taught the language of all nature —
Lovely flower and stately tree,
Hill and dale, and rugged mountain,
Fount and stream, and raging sea;

Taught the earth, the orbs of heaven,
Floating in the sea of blue;
Oh, they have their angel voices
That our God is speaking through!

Would you hear the angel voices,
  And the truths they tell me know?
Listen in the silent night time,
  Listen in the time of woe.

They will come with words of healing
  Gently falling on the ear—
Though unheeded by the outward,
  To the inner senses clear.

When temptations throng, alluring
  To the darkened paths of sin,
Warning come the loving voices,
  Seeking back the soul to win.

When Death's hand withdraws the dearest
  From the homes of earth away,
And there comes the pall of blackness
  Mantling all the light of day,

Hear we then the angel voices,
  Speaking softly, speaking low,
And our spirits, dark with grieving,
  Learn the light of peace to know.

Learn of lands beyond the River,
  Where the loved and lost ones dwell—
Beauteous lands, the soul conceives them
  Fairer than our words can tell.

Still I hear the angel voices,
  Speaking softly, speaking low,
Loving now as in life's springtime,
  Sweet as in the long ago.

When I drop from me the mortal,
  Pressing to the final goal,
May I hear the silent voices,
  Speaking peace unto the soul!

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.*

BY M. E. C.

In the Annals of the literature of the Middle States, no name is met with more frequently than that of William D. Gallagher, who was born in Philadelphia, August, 1808. Mr. Gallagher removed in 1816, with his mother and three brothers, to Cincinnati, where in 1821 he was apprenticed to a printer. A few years later his literary career began, and when only nineteen years of age he attracted public attention in a friendly rivalry he maintained with Otway Curry, as "Roderick" and "Abdallah," in the Cincinnati "Chronicle" and Cincinnati "Sentinel."

In 1830 Mr. Gallagher became the editor of the "Backwoodsman," a Henry Clay paper of Xenia, Ohio. This position he relinquished shortly afterwards to take the editorial charge of the Cincinnati "Mirror." He first appeared as an author in 1835, when he published two volumes of poems — "Erato No. 1," containing "The Wreck of the Hornet," "Eve's Banishment," "To My Mother," etc., and "Erato No. 2."

At about this time he published, in connection with Otway Curry, the "Hesperian," a literary monthly, at Columbus, Ohio.

In 1841 Mr. Gallagher edited "The Poetical Literature of the West," a volume of selections from writers living in the Mississippi Valley. He afterwards became a member of the editorial staff of the Cincinnati "Commercial," and while filling this place was appointed by Tom. Corwin to a responsible position in the Treasury Department at Washington.

For a number of years Mr. Gallagher has resided at Louisville, Kentucky, where, about two years ago, he met with a painful accident, from which he has not entirely recovered.

Mr. Gallagher is an honorary life member of the "Western Association of Writers," and although he has never been able to attend its conventions, he has always manifested the warmest interest in them. At one of the meetings he was represented by his fine poem,

"THREE SCORE AND TEN."

I.

We wait for the gates to open,
Wait together, Faith and I;
And the twilight of life comes sweetly,
As the years glide gently by.

* See page 120.

From the past sweet voices call us,
That calls from the future, too;
And we know by the tokens left us,
Of a life serene and true,
That soon, on some bright to-morrow,
When the wings of this flesh are furled,
We shall join them again, and forever,
In that bright and better world.

II.

We know not, we ask not, we think not,
For we do not care to learn —
If the gates to that world are of jasper,
Or on golden hinges turn;
Nor whether, when once within them,
On diamonded streets we tread,
So that then, in the light and the glory
Of God, we shall meet with the dead —
With the dead, who have gone before us,
And the wings of the Spirit unfurled
To the beauty, and brightness, and glory
Of that other and better world.

III.

Still the old, familiar faces
From old coverts sweetly look,
And we hear glad voices singing,
With the breeze and with the brook;
Yet we know they are but echoes
And reflections from above;
So, from earth we turn to heaven
For the beings of our love.
And we wait for the gates to open,
Wait together, Faith and I,
While the night comes down with its shadows,
And the day is drawing nigh.

MARIE LOUISE ANDREWS.

BY M. E. C.

Not long ago an Eastern writer expressed a doubt of the possibility of an association of authors, and one of the reasons he gave was, that women would have to be admitted. The "Western Association of Writers" owes its organization and firm establishment largely to the indefatigable efforts of a woman — its first secretary, Marie Louise Andrews. Mrs. Andrews is not an author in the technical sense of having written a book, yet she has gained a well-merited reputation as a ready and versatile writer of poems, essays, and sketches contributed to various periodical publications. Her interest in literary work is, however, something much broader than a purely personal matter. The development of Western literature, and its recognition by the country and the world at large, had long burdened her thoughts before she was given the opportunity to demonstrate the practicability of her ideas in the Association with which her name is so closely identified.

Marie Louise Andrews, the second daughter of the late Dr. Benjamin and Louise A. Newland, was born at Bedford, Lawrence County, Indiana, where she grew up to womanhood. Her parents were people of education and individuality of character, and from them she inherited an early manifested taste for intellectual pursuits. She received her education at St. Mary's of the Woods, St. Agnes Hall, Terre Haute, Ind., and at the Hungerford Institute, of Adams, New York. In May, 1875, she was married to Albert M. Andrews, of Seymour, Ind. In 1877 they removed to Connersville, where they have since resided. An only child, Carl, a bright boy, ten or eleven years of age, the idol of his mother's heart, has absorbed much of the time she would doubtless have devoted chiefly to literary work. Over his education and mental development she has watched so closely that he is now a clear-headed, thoughtful, observant boy, her friend and companion, as well as her child.

Mrs. Andrews is well versed in English, French, and German literatures, and in the Latin, French, and German languages, as well as in her own. She is also a brilliant conversationalist, excel-

ling in repartee and wit, both in private conversation and as an impromptu speaker.

The characteristics of her verse are well shown in her little poem

"COMPENSATION."

There are smiles in the morning and tears at night,
The wide world over,
There are hopes in the morning and prayers at night
For many a rover.

There are tears unwept and songs unsung,
And human anguish keen,
And hopes and fears and smiles and tears,
But the blessings fall between!

Sincerely yours,
Marie Louise Andrews.

MEMORIALS.

MEMORIALS.

JONATHAN W. GORDON.

BY MARY E. CARDWILL.

"We deem you are not dead, but high,
In grander realms and brighter climes,
Supremely live; ye could not die
In giving glory to all times,
Till glory's light
Our life illumines, our love sublimes,
And ends our night.

This beautiful tribute to his fallen comrades, given one memorial day, fitly echoes the feelings of those who loved its author—Jonathan W. Gordon.

Major Gordon was a man of such versatile talents, which brought him success in so many different fields of labor, that it will be impossible here to do more than suggest the fulness of a life in which literary work necessarily bore so small a part.

Jonathan W. Gordon was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, August 13, 1820. His father was of Scotch-Irish lineage, and his mother was a Virginian by birth and ancestry, facts of heredity which seem easily to account for the marked and almost antithetic qualities of his character—a readiness of wit and brilliancy of speech united to a sturdy honesty and keen love of truth, and an enthusiastic and quickly aroused sympathy joined to a stately courtesy and polished dignity of word and action.

In 1835 he removed with his parents to Ripley Co., Indiana, where, after acquiring a common school education, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1844. His success in this profession seemed already assured, when in 1846 he entered the Mexican war as a private soldier, in the army of General Zachary Taylor. There he soon lost his health, contracting, it was thought, that fatal disease consumption, and was sent home to die. He grew better, however, but was unable to resume the practice of his profession. He then turned his attention to medicine, and was graduated from the medical department of Asbury University. He followed his new profession two years, when his health being completely restored, he

returned to the practice of law. He removed to Indianapolis in 1852, where, in addition to the duties of his profession, he engaged in newspaper work as a reporter for the daily "Journal," and as editor of the "Temperance Chart."

In 1853 he entered actively into politics as a candidate for the office of Reporter for the Supreme Court. In 1854 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney for Marion County. He served two terms, 1856–1860, in the State Legislature, and during the second term he was Speaker of the House.

Among the first volunteers of the Civil War, he entered as a private the Ninth Indiana Regiment under General Milroy. He rapidly earned promotion, and for gallant services in the West Virginia campaign, he was appointed, June 8, 1861, Major of the Eleventh Regular Infantry. March 4, 1864, he resigned his position in the army, and returned to Indianapolis to the practice of his profession.

For more than twenty years Major Gordon continued a successful career in law and politics, becoming eminent as a criminal lawyer, and as an eloquent and effective political speaker.

Major Gordon was twice married: in early life to Miss Catherine J. Overturf, who died a short time before the war; in 1862 to Miss Julia L. Dumont, daughter of Gen. E. Dumont, and granddaughter of Julia L. Dumont, one of the best known of the pioneer Western authors and educators.

Major Gordon died in the spring of 1887.

"He needs no bronze to mark or trace
The portals of his resting place,
Nor chiseled Parian stone.

* * *

"I would I had the power to write
Over his grave in letters of light
His viewless spirit's last request—
'Ye living men, 'tis best.'
To help your hapless fellow men
With kindly word and kindly deed

* * *

With mercy's tongue and mercy's pen

* * *

Truthfully and tenderly,
And if their woes be upas fruit
Self-plucked from Sin's dark-flowering tree
Whose tastes their mortal crimes commute,

With death's grim drop, drop all dispute
Of creeds that warring creeds refute;
For God doth see,
Evolving light eternally,
Not as men see."—*S. S. Harding.*

A poet friend of Major Gordon lately said of him: "Like many another brilliant man, he will be remembered not for the things upon which he lavished the toils of a life-time, but for the few brief and fragmentary creations of his genius. Many of his little poems exhibit a breadth of sympathy and tenderness, and are clothed in such simple and beautiful forms of expression, that the reader feels himself to be in the presence of a true poet, and recognizes the soul of inspiration in his song."

Major Gordon early manifested literary taste and poetic talent. When a boy his fondness for Paradise Lost, and his good verbal memory, led him to learn several works of the great epic so thoroughly that he could repeat them without hesitancy. He was also so familiar with the style of the poem, that on a wager with a young friend, he wrote in the same style and measure on the inspiration of the moment the following

APOSTROPHE TO MILTON.

Bird of my soul, thy hallowed song sublime
Uplifts my feebler strain, and rises high,
The vast variety and depth of thought
That flow commingled in thy matchless verse,
Anew and deep I drink—drink from the fount
Prepared of God, rich to the mental taste,
But tasted not before I drank with thee,
O bard of deathless fame! Now by thy wing
Directed, I, through climes unknown am borne,
And guided to the spring whence song bursts forth;
Thence let me drink, to taste and drink not deep,
O powers immortal may I ever scorn,
Still choosing rather to be nought than naught
Inferior to the bard whose genius vast
And venturous as vast, of chaos, death,
And night with voice untrembling sang.

A little poem published thirty-five years ago in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," illustrates by its music, its imaginative beauty,

tenderness, and pathos, the peculiar characteristics of Major Gordon's poetic style. It reads:

The star loved the sea, and the sea loved the star:
But in vain, for they still were apart;
And the sea ever sighed to his mistress afar,
And sobbed in his sorrow and anguish of heart.

But the star, with a smile in her bright, flashing eye,
Looked down through night's shadows afar,
And saw what no mistress e'er saw with a sigh,
In the heart of the sea the bright face of a star.

And she knew that her throne was the heart of the sea,
And was happy to know that she reigned there alone;
But the sea was not happy — Oh, how could he be?
Since naught but her shadow e'er came to his throne.

So the sea could not go to the queen of his heart,
And the star could not stoop from above;
Their love was in vain; for they still were apart,
And apart, could but dream of the rapture of love.

It has been well said of Major Gordon that "he was one of those rare souls it is always a joy to meet." Wherever he went he took with him an atmosphere of sunshine and hope. Yet while he was able to add so much brightness to the lives of others, a certain introspective sadness, due to haunting premonitions of rapidly approaching death, robbed his last years of some of the personal fruits of his joyous nature.

His last poem, written a few weeks before his death, shows that his thoughts were then dwelling earnestly upon the scenes beyond

"THE OPEN GATE."

(I offer this waif of a wasted life to my friend, Major Maurice Thompson. If it were good or better, or even the best, I would proudly give, as I now humbly offer it. J. W. G.)

I.

I stand far down upon a shaded slope,
And near the valley of a silent river,
Whose tideless waters darkling, stagnant mope
Through climes beyond the flight of earthward hope,
Forever, and forever.

II.

No sail is seen upon the sullen stream,—
No breath of air to make it crisp or quiver,—
Nor sun, nor star, to send the faintest gleam
To cheer its gloom; but as the styx we deem,
It creeps through night forever.

III.

An open gate invites my bleeding feet,
And all life's forces whisper: "We are weary;
Pass on and out; thou canst no more repeat
The golden dreams of youth; and rest is sweet,
And darkness is not dreary.

IV.

Pass on and out; the way is plain and straight,
And countless millions have gone out before thee;
What shouldst thou fear since men of ev'ry state,
And clime, and time have found the open gate,
The gate of death, or glory?

V.

Then fearless pass down to the silent shore,
And look not back with aught like vain regretting;
The sunny days of life for thee are o'er,
And thy dark eyes shall hail the light no more:
Thy final sun is setting."

VI.

They cease; and silent through the gate I glide,
And down the shore into the dismal river,
That doth the lands of death and life divide
To find, I trust, upon the farther side
Life, light, and love forever.

MYLA CHARLES,

who passed to the "summer land" May 9, 1889, while yet the spring of life shone upon her sunny face, was the daughter of Emily Thornton Charles, of Washington, D. C., the poet, and author of "Lyrical Poems," and member of the Western Association of Writers.

Miss Myla's work was ended at the early age of twenty-four years, but not till she had woven into it the promise of poetic and literary talent.

One night when suffering from insomnia, she gave expression to her feelings in an

"INVOCATION TO THE GOD OF SLEEP!"

Thou gracious God of everlasting sleep,
I pray thee, touch my eyelids, let them close
Forever over eyes too tired to weep,
Too sad with sorrow e'er to gain repose!

Her last record of personal events evidenced her beautiful thoughts, and in letters to those most dear she seemed to say:

"Our love * * *
By death its links can not be riven;
Thou'lt love me in that happy Heaven
Where none are dead."

But it is the mother whose life is worn threadbare with its sorrow, whose sobs are unheard, save by Him who never fails to note the sound of a teardrop, or the vibrate of a sigh, and to Him in prayerful moan she says:

"MY PRECIOUS ONE,"

Beyond the scenes of suffering and wailing,
Beyond earth's care and strife,
She found the source of happiness unfailing
In realms of lasting life,
Aye, in the realms of peace and joy eternal,
Her winged, lovely soul,
Faith-purified, abides in love supernal,
Forever beautiful.

L. M. W.

MARY LOUISA CHITWOOD.

BY BENJ. S. PARKER.

In this far-away time to write of Mary Louisa Chitwood is like recalling some sweetly beautiful dream of childhood that faded ere it had rounded to the perfect denouement. She was but twenty-three years old when she died, and that was more than thirty years ago. The great war, and most of the great modern discoveries lie within the period that has elapsed since the flowers she loved so well began to bloom above her sleeping dust. The West had produced great poets before she was born. She lived in the age of great poets. Tennyson and Longfellow were at their best then. Bryant and Prentice, Whittier and Otway Curry, Coates Kinney and Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Carey sisters and Mrs. Bolton, and W. D. Gallagher were all singing then, and Lowell was pluming his wings for his greatest sunward flights. But there was a large constituency in Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky, who had heard but little, and, perhaps, given less heed to the great singers, whom the beautiful young songstress of the country hamlet charmed and captured by the simple, earnest sweetness of her poetry.

You can find men and women to-day here and there over the country, gray headed and ripe in years and experience, who will tell you that the first genuine inspiration to enlarged thought, nobility, and beauty of life that ever came into their souls, was born of the simple songs of the enthusiastic country girl, Mary Louisa Chitwood. Why this special influence, you ask? The question is not difficult to answer. She began to sing at a time when the people of the then new States were getting far enough away from the pioneer period to have a little leisure, and when general education was sufficiently advanced to cause many young persons in the best communities to turn their leisure to good account. To that class of young people Miss Chitwood's poetry came like draughts from a pure fountain. Her poems were written for them and to them, not above their heads. They were printed and praised in their home papers, read in the family circles by the evening lamps, recited at school exhibitions, and loved and enjoyed by all. They came as direct appeals to the hearts of the young — with something too much of sadness, perhaps, but youth loves that sadness which is nature's answer to its own abounding life and gladness. As we grow older grief besets us so on every hand that we turn from it and seek that which is full of sunshine and cheer, and thus "our

little lives are kept in equipoise." If the young are indebted to the old for wisdom and opportunity, how much more are the old indebted to the young for the sweetness, the impulse, the whole-hearted joyousness that makes life tolerable.

Miss Chitwood's singing was simple, natural, direct. It was the poetry of childhood and early youth, and as such must be judged by those who read it to-day. As indicating the hold which her life and thought exercised upon those within its circle, I remember meeting Alf. Burnet, the well-known poet and actor, who was so long such a favorite in the West, one day at a hotel where he was stopping. Miss Chitwood had been in her grave for twenty-five years, and Burnet was well along in the afternoon of life. At the mention of Miss Chitwood's name his eyes filled with tears, and opening his trunk, he took from it a package of her old letters that he had carried with him in his wanderings, across seas, and wherever his lot had been cast. George D. Prentice was her friend and literary counsellor. Not one of the many Western literary journals and magazines that sprang up from 1850 to 1856, and led varying careers, which were cut short by the approaching storm of civil war, considered its list of contributors complete without the name of M. Louisa Chitwood. She herself engaged in publication, and "The Ladies' Temperance Wreath" was popular, and on the road to success when the want of an appreciative partner drove the poor girl almost to despair, and led to the downfall of the enterprise. Franklin County, Indiana, which has become so famous for the number of gifted men and women born amongst its romantic hills and lovely valleys, that whenever an Indianian attains to prominence, the question is at once propounded, "Was he born in or near Brookville?" was her birth place. It was at the little village of Mt. Healthy that she lived and sang her brief, sweet life away. Like those other Franklin County poets, Forcythe Willson and his gifted wife Elizabeth Conwell, who lie buried in the village churchyard at Laurel, her years were soon told. Her own fate seems to have been beautifully foreshadowed in her melodious song of Isabel Lee. How many of the bright galaxy of Western authors, of whom she was one, and with whom she was ever a favorite, have passed away.—George D. Prentice, Mrs. Jane M. Mead, Alice and Phœbe Carey, Jonathan W. Gordon, Howard Durham, Alf. Burnet, Miss M. E. Wilson, and a score of others who knew and loved her, and sang for the same audiences, have joined her on the hills of eternity. And yet after more than thirty years her name and her influence still live, and still the questions which Coates Kinney asked above her new made grave are repeated by many who remember how she inspired them with enlarged hope and beautiful thoughts:

"What, dead?
The soul of love, and the lips of song,
To the burial bed
And the grave belong?"

* * * * *

"Why dead?
Truth never dies and love lives long,
And the twain were wed
In her life of song!"

Those who love poetry will never cease to delight in those songs of the gifted child, who, like Pope,

"Lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

Their memory of Mary Louisa Chitwood will never die. While a mere child she was weaving, with poetic fancy, the common incidents of life into the harmony of numbers, and everything around her gave material to her thought, which found expression in gems of verse:

"If in one poor, bleeding bosom,
I a woe-swept chord have stilled,
If a dark and restless spirit
I with hope of heaven have filled;
If I've made for life's hard battle
One faint heart grow brave and strong,
Then, my God, I thank thee, bless thee,
For the precious gift of song!"

Her poems were collected and printed in a neat volume, under the editorial direction of George D. Prentice, shortly after her death, which through successive editions has been kept before the public ever since. This work of love has been done by her aged mother, Mrs. Mary A. Tucker, of Greensburg, Indiana.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. HETTY ATHON MORRISON.

BY W. P. NEEDHAM.

Henrietta Wilson Athon was born in Charlestown, Clark County, Indiana, May 4, 1837, and was a daughter of Dr. James S. and Rebecca Athon. At an early age she evidenced an aptitude for literary pursuits, and began the development of her rare and beautiful talents, under the *noms de plume* of "Kitty Lee" and "Mary

Lynn," her sweet and symmetrical style of verse making her a favorite with the public and a congenial spirit in literary circles.

Her father having been elected Superintendent of the Indiana Insane Hospital, she removed to the city of Indianapolis in the spring of 1853, where she attended the McLean Female Seminary for two or three years, and was afterward a student of the Maplewood Institute, at Pittsfield, Mass., where she graduated with high honors. During her college career she continued her literary work, and her essays and poems then, as at all times, were remarkable for their depth of thought, purity of expression, and delicate imagery.

She was united in marriage to James B. Morrison, December 23, 1858, in Indianapolis. She was the mother of three sons, Frank A., Lynn A., and Walter Morrison, the last dying in infancy.

She published a book called "Summer in the Kitchen," the title of which was an unfortunate selection, as many erroneously connected it with the idea of a cook book. Notwithstanding this, the book is one of the most classical bits of Indiana literature, and is highly appreciated by those who have read it.

In her home life she was somewhat reticent, devoting much of her time to literary work She allowed the greatest freedom of thought to members of her family, and claimed the same for herself. She was a humanitarian in the sweet sense of the term, and during the latter portion of her life, regularly attended the Unitarian Church; but she chose, at all times, her own rather than any orthodox interpretation of Scripture. She believed that to do good should be the highest purpose of life, and her sympathies were always with the neglected and oppressed. She ever extended a willing hand to those who needed help, and often denied herself the comforts and luxuries of life that she might alleviate the sufferings of the distressed and needy.

She died March 4, 1885, after a lingering illness.

Oh, gentle friends, who wonder why
The sinless one should droop and die,
And seek the better way;
She only sleeps profoundly deep,
And love shall hold and sweetly keep
Our friend of yesterday.

She slumbers, but she is not dead,
Oh, leave that harsh word half unsaid,
And do not think of death!
She lives — and can not, will not die —
Not far away and by and by,
Not as a transient breath,

Nor as a flower that blooms by chance.
And, circumscribed by circumstance
In blooming, dies in vain —
But here and now she loves and lives
In well-remembered words, and gives
Her presence back again.

In solemn hush, that seems the best,
She comes from out the dream of rest
Beyond the shining sun ;
And mingles with her gentle ways
The soft caress of stainless days,
And lives in deeds well done.

Companion of the pure in heart !
Impassioned soul ! Sweet counterpart
Of one redeemed and free !
No pen can trace nor sad song tell
The sadness of our long farewell —
Our last farewell to thee.

ELLA MATHERS NAVE.

IN MEMORIAM.

As a sunny day sometimes closes with a sudden gloom of cloud, so the last "form" of the "Souvenir" must tell of hearts and lives agrieved for one whose name is identified with the Western Association of Writers, and whose presence added to the interest and pleasure of its Conventions. It is hard to realize that the bright woman, sunny-hearted comrade, and gracious friend, has gone away and will not return. By this the world has had a loss, the State is bereft of one of its gifted daughters, the Church and community feel the absence of her helpful influence, her friends and comrades miss the genial presence, and the loved and loving home-folk, for whom she lived and labored, who knew how self-sacrificing, heroic, patient, sunny-lived she was, are broken-hearted. But how sweet her own tenderly expressed thought comes to the grieving aged mother, and broken home circle now :

"From that mother, wipe those tears,
Sweetly, gently calm those fears ;
Tell them, Jesus, meek and mild,
Loves, protects the orphan child."

Ella Mathers Nave had lived two score of years, but they had left scarce an impress upon the bright face. Life had held for her its sadnesses and its pleasures. In every vicissitude she was brave and uncomplaining, shielding those she loved from the shadow of sorrows and sharing with them the sunshine of every blessing.

As a writer she was polished, terse, grotesque, humorous, pathetic, and always entertaining. It can fittingly be said of her, as she said of the late Professor John A. Steele:

"All that remains is a name and memory; a memory of good work and words which will live on and on."

Again comes the influence of Ella Nave's own words:

"Where are their spirits who were with us but yesterday — a power among us, and are gone to-day? Where is the land of souls? How wide and how deep is the dark stream which divides us from the kingdom of the dead? Each soul crosses it in silence, and neither dip of oar nor flutter of angel's wing comes back to us. Again and again we ask ourselves these questions, and can only find comfort in the knowledge that God is over all."

Ella Nave passed away January 9, 1890, after a painful illness of nearly two months. She was the daughter of Joseph Mathers and Jennie A. Williams-Mathers, and a native of Indiana. She was the wife of Christian Addison Nave, who died several years ago. She was a member of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis, and active in the Sabbath School, and a member of the Christian Endeavor Society. She was a musician of fine attainment, and was the Principal of the Musical Department of the Danville (Indiana) Normal College for nearly ten years. At her death she was occupying a responsible position in the Indiana State Library, to which she had been appointed by the State Board. She was a regular contributor to leading newspapers and magazines of the East and middle West, and was writing a historical novel, founded upon early scenes and incidents in Indiana life, for which she had collected a large amount of material. She was a member of the Executive Committee of the Western Association of Writers, and attended its last session in November.

Her work is done. The busy hands and tireless feet are still. The spirit that shone from the soulful eyes has gone. With her own words we leave her

"AT REST."

"A little while only of sadness and tears,
A little while only, at best a few years
Of sunshine and shadow, and we will pass o'er
And meet ne'er to part on the echoless shore."

L. MAY WHEELER.

Indianapolis, Indiana, January, 1890.

POETS' CORNER.

Sarah T. Bolton

POETS' CORNER.

THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION OF WRITERS.

BY SARAH T. BOLTON.

What are they doing, these friends of ours?
Living in Fancy's halcyon bowers—
Gathering pebbles or culling flowers,
On seaside sand or meadow?
Do they remember that time flies fast?
That their summer days will soon be past—
That winter has many a bitter blast,
And many a gruesome shadow?

The prophets of God are great but few;
There is much for the gifted and good to do—
Let each for himself be brave and true,
While Clotha still is spinning.
Steadily, cautiously, he must climb,
Training his steps to the march of Time,
Who would write his name on heights sublime—
The goal is worth the winning!

THE MOTHER OF HIS CHILD.

BY E. S. L. THOMPSON.

O, other women might be queenly fair,
With radiant eyes and shining waves of hair,
Yet Earth for him held but one Paradise,
A wee, wee cot, where ever to his eyes
Show'd a Madonna plain, but strangely sweet,
With baby boy there playing at her feet!

He was a King and this his Royal throne;
The crown was Love, the Kingdom was his home,
A monarch more than other monarchs great,
With the fee simple of his large estate!
He clasped her to his heart! the world might frown,
He still would smile from heights of Heaven down!

CREMATION.

BY ELLA M. NAVE.

On the back porch with her knitting
Was Jemima Jenkins sitting,
Sadly musing, slowly knitting,
Mate of sock knit day before.
Sat Jemima Jenkins, pondering
O'er the news of robbers plundering
New-made graves, and fell to wondering
What she'd do with Theodore,
Her poor husband, Theodore,

Who upon his bed was lying,
Sick nigh unto death was lying.
"Soon," she said, "he will be dying,
Soon be gone forever more.
Though, alas! we were mismated,
Quarreled some — still, 'tis not fated,
That those students — shallow-pated
Apes — shall carve poor Theodore,
Cut and slash poor Theodore.

"And, as I before have stated,
I'll have all to me related
Saved from ghoulish fiends — cremated —
Keep their ashes evermore.
Ne'er shall surgeon's knife deface thee,
On my mantelpiece I'll place thee,
In a marble urn encase thee,
When thou'rt gone, my Theodore,
Keep thee, then, forevermore."

So, when Theodore departed
From this life, the broken-hearted
Widow had his body carted
Straightway from her cottage door
To a crematory furnace.
"Yes," she said, "'tis best to burn us,
When we're dead, and those who mourn us
Then can keep us evermore" —
These words spake she, o'er and o'er.

* * * * * * *

Ere three months had rolled around her,
In the same old place we found her,
At the very same work found her,
Found her knitting as before.
As she sat there, idly dreaming,
Suddenly she heard a screaming,
Heard her youngest hopeful screaming,
"Pap is spilled upon the floor!
Johnny spilled him on the floor!"

To her feet in wild fright springing,
On the floor her knitting flinging,
Heard those dreadful words still ringing,
Straightway stood she in the door.
Saw she Johnny, standing, crying,
Saw the pure white ashes flying,
Saw the urn in pieces lying,
Broken on the parlor floor,
Scattered — lost — forevermore

"Ah!" she said, "it beats the nation
How some fools will preach cremation,
And burn up a near relation,
Just to scatter on the floor.
Would I'd kept thee never — never!
Here's my carpet spoiled forever,
In the flesh thou wast contrary, ever;
It's just like you, Theodore,
Like your tricks in days of yore.

"I no longer wish to keep thee,
From my carpet now I sweep thee —
With the same old broom I sweep thee,
Broom from which thou'st fled before."
With the soft wind round her sighing,
And the children round her crying,
Sent she the white ashes flying,
Swept them forth forevermore.
Ah — alas! poor Theodore!

AN ARTICLE OF FAITH.

BY MRS. J. V. H. KOONS.

I know not anything. I only think,
Believe, hope, pray all things are for the best.
While from life's fount of love and joy I drink,
I dream that we shall always, somewhere, still be blest.

When sorrow's bitter waters press my lips,
And from my breaking heart rend some sweet hope,
As ocean wrecks and buries freighted ships
In deep, dark graves that never more may ope,

I drain the cup fate fills and feel that night
Essential is as day. I close my eyes
And wait till on the soul's prophetic sight
Shall dawn for me some healing, sweet surprise.

And this is all that I can do. What more
Doth prayer of priest avail? I hold this fast:
The Power that launched my boat hath marked the shore
Where it shall anchored rest, all safe at last.

FOUNTAINS OF SONG.

BY RICHARD LEW. DAWSON.

Would you then sing
With such rare music that the world shall pause
And lift you to a throne of warm applause;
And would you bring
The mind of man to cherish higher things,
And know the soothing touch of beauty's wings?

In joy depart
Beyond the town and breathe the pure, crisp air,
And note the splendor which the heavens wear;
Inspire your heart
With all the peace and charm of Nature's green,
Nor let one dart of sorrow shoot between.

But if you think
That life is tasteless, colorless, and bare,
Go down and drink of misery and care,
And on the brink
Of agony look over into hell,
And all the woes of life and death foretell.

No need to soar
Into the dark and deep confines of space,
But only read your friend's or neighbor's face,
An open door
That shows fantastic shapes of sun or storm,
Music or wailing, colors cold or warm.

Then fondly turn
And tune the sweet and mellow harp of home.
Above your dear ones build the fancy's dome,
In words that burn;
Light up the ages with your country's praise,
And with her glory set the world ablaze.

Expand your soul
Within the boundless, odorous sea of love,
And as his sweet and mighty waves above
Caressing roll,
Seek no escape, but hear the strain he sings,
Till *your* song with its richest meaning rings.

For love is all!
And when his gleaming tide shall overwhelm
And draw you into his enchanted realm,
On you shall fall
The keen prophetic vision, and a sign
That men shall know, and call your gift divine!

THE PRESENT.

BY MAMIE S. PADEN.

The Past: it is the rustling, scentless dust
Of withered roses. Cheat not thy fond heart,
Its fragrant fairness to new life will start
No more. Regret but softly if thou must.

The Future: 'tis a folded bud. Wait thou
In patience wise. No little curled leaf
Will be for thy hot, eager hands more brief
In time of growth. But thou canst spoil it now.

The Present: 'tis thy rose of life, full-blown.
Thy dust is dear; thy buds will bloom in time;
Pluck, and breathe deep life's fragrance in its prime
Ere thou, too, wither into the unknown.

ON GROWING OLD.

BY BENJ. S. PARKER.

O, sing to me the gladness
Of Spring's rejoicing song,
Or Love's delightful measures
When Summer days were long!

The ebb-tide moves not slowly,
Though still our souls delay,
To catch the latest sunshine
Of youth's receding day.

We shrink from yonder darkness
And waste of pathless main,
And list each shore-line murmur
Of far-off youth's refrain.

In some far, sheltered harbor,
When o'er the heavenly wall,
On eyes grown tired with longing
A sweeter light shall fall,

Shall not the storm-tossed vessel
Cast anchor safe at last,
And there the weary spirit
Renew its happy past?

O! if for one brief moment
That joy to me be given,
'Twill sweeten ever after
The sweetest joys of heaven.

BY STILL WATERS.

BY MINNETTA T. TAYLOR.

The morn is the glory of God,
And the evening is His peace;
And never the hills where the angels have trod
In His praises falter or cease.

The rivers murmur His name,
And the winds remember His voice;
And the myriad stars with their tongues of flame,
Are chanting rejoice! rejoice!

Sun where the rivers are curled,
Or stars where the forests are dim;
But the thought of God is the light of the world,
And my heart adoreth Him.

And still in the morning's glow,
Or the evening's majestic peace,
On the hills where the angels come and go,
The song and the glory increase.

EMPTY YEARS.

BY MARIE LOUISE ANDREWS.

The cradle before me is empty,
Closed forever my baby's blue eyes,
Cold the hands of my dimpled darling,
Waits my treasure in Paradise,
And bright are his visions of glory, I ween;
But what shall I do with the pitiless years,
The years that lie empty between?

I know that my darling is happy
In the smile of the Father who gave;
But the sweet cherished hopes for his manhood
Are lost in the gloom of his grave.
O, bright are his visions of heaven, I ween,
But what shall I do with the sorrowful years,
The years that lie empty between?

THE CATBIRD.

A CAPRICCIO.

BY W. H. VENABLE.

Nightingale I never heard,
Nor the skylark, poet's bird.
But there is an æther winger
So surpasses any singer
(Though unknown to lyric fame)
That at morning, or at nooning,
When I hear his pipe a tuning,
Down I fling Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth,
Shakespeare, too — for what are bards worth,
When my catbird — that's his name —
Begins a concert free
To entertain himself and me?
Time, cantante!
Scherzo! Andante!
Piano, pianissimo!
Presto, prestissimo!
Hark! Are there nine birds, or ninety and nine?
And now a miraculous gurgling gushes
Like nectar from Hebe's Olympian bottle,
The laughter of tune from a rapturous throttle!
Such melody must be a hermit thrush's.
But that other caroler, nearer,
Outrivaling rivalry with clearer
Sweetness, incredibly fine!
Is it oriole, redbird, or bluebird,
Or some strange, un-Audoboned new bird!
All one, sir, both this bird and that bird,
The whole flight are all the same catbird!
The whole visible and invisible choir you see
On that twig of that green tree.
Flitting feathery Blondel!
Listen to his rondel!
To his lay romantical,
To his sacred canticle.
Hear him lilting,
See him tilting
His saucy head and tail, and fluttering
While uttering

All the difficult operas under the sun,
Just for fun ;
Or in tipsy revelry,
Or at low deviltry,
Or, disdaining his divine gift and art,
Like an inimitable poet
Who captivates the world's heart
And don't know it.
Hear him lilt !
See him tilt !
Then suddenly he stops,
Peers about, flirts, hops,
As if looking where he might gather up
The wasted ecstacy just spilt
From the quivering cup
Of his bliss overrun.
Then, as in mockery of all
The tuneful spells that ere did fall
From vocal pipe, or evermore shall rise,
He snarls, and miaws, and flies.

IF I HAD KNOWN.

BY MARGRET HOLMES.

If I had known, dear one, upon that day,
How you in anguish moaned the hours away,
I could not then have decked my burnished hair,
Nor with light converse made the moments fare
So fleetly on, with song and laughter gay.

Was never storm that could my footsteps stay ;
No periled path that I would not essay
To reach and take you in my tenderest care
If I had known.

But no least whisper did the truth betray,
Nor pallid Fancy set in dim array
The pangs you suffered. Nothing said, "Beware,
Death draws so near he chills the sunny air!"
The bluest sky had turned to ashen gray
If I had known.

MY VINTAGE.

BY MRS. D. M. JORDAN.

I watched the vines that with their clinging tendrils
Climbed higher on my lattice day by day,
And in the May time saw the dainty blossoms,
Where bird and bee oft tarried on their way.
And when I saw the green and tender clusters
That sunned themselves upon the graceful vine,
With something of a miser's greed I counted
Upon the purple fruit and ruby wine.

Oh, golden days of rare and radiant beauty,
When sunshine made a glory in the air,
And every breeze was sweet with summer roses,
And beauty blossomed round me everywhere,
I did not dream that thro' the press of anguish
My heart should learn its ideals to resign,
Even as the purple grapes are crushed and broken
Before they yield the richness of the wine.

I sit to-day amid the faded verdure,
The harvest garnered and the vintage pressed,
The autumn fields are sharp with bristling stubble,
The forest in its sober russet dressed.
My feet are tired, and my hands are weary,
The pride and glory of my day is spent,
The purple fruit and wine on which I counted,
I drink with tears, a solemn sacrament.

THE LILY AND THE ZEPHYR.

BY JULIA C. ALDRICH.

A full June moon was softly beaming
Through a floating veil of white,
And the asphodels were breathing
Perfumed whispers to the Night,
When the silver rays, in silence
Stealing thro' the swaying trees,
Saw a modest Lily turning
To a roving, balmy breeze—

Heard the Zephyr softly whisper,
"Ah! my Lily, charming sweet,
Sure, the god of love hath led us
In this bowery place to meet;
Richest odors I will bring thee
From the islands of the sea,
For your beauty hath enchained me;
Will you give your heart to me?"

With a touch, exquisite, subtile,
Then he turned to his, her face,
And her blush of deeper crimson
Seemed to passion, added grace.
"I have sought you - will you trust me?
Constant as the stars I'll be;
In the sacred stillness answer —
Will you give your love to me?"

Frail the flower, tranced, enraptured,
By the lover's soft caress,
To his tender wooing answered,
With impulsive rashness, "Yes"
Then, exultant, Zephyr gloried
In the treasure he had won,
Deftly stole her sparkling jewels,
Sharing with the rising sun.

Brushed the spangles from her tresses
With his playful finger-tips,
Bolder grew with his caresses,
Gathering sweetness from her lips;
Robbed her beauty of the freshness
That was hers at early morn,
Left her 'neath the sun of noonday,
Burning like the gaze of scorn.

Drooping, as in heat of censure,
Evening found her in the dust,
Lifted her with tearful pity
From the path of trampled trust;
But the tender flush of loving
From her face was blanched and gone;
Only beauty born of trial,
Pale, sad beauty, met the dawn.

Now for her the moon is shining,
With a calm and holy light,
Dew-like gems of rarest beauty
Sparkle on her brow at night;
With her white face turned toward heaven,
In her vestal robe she stands,
As a priestess at an altar,
Lifting consecrated hands.

Chastest forms of beauty round her,
Stars that gem the vaulted blue,
All unite to voice the warning,
"Be thine own self, pure and true!"
Trust for strength the black-browed storm-cloud,
With its scathing lightning blaze,
Rather than the Zephyr's whisper,
'Neath the moon's enchanting gaze.

BROKEN REVERIE.

BY W. W. PFRIMMER.

Sometimes while sitting here alone, half dreaming,
When free from toiling through the live-long day,
There come to me from changeful embers gleaming,
Familiar faces long since passed away.

There come to me the melodies of childhood,
Like flute-notes wafted on the twilight air,
Or bird song from the dingle in the wildwood,
When deeper shades of evening gather there.

And vagrant fancy, like some minstrel rover
Wakes tuneful notes from mem'ry's golden keys,
Until I catch the scent of blooming clover,
And hear the low, sweet murmur of the bees.

Until again in woodland haunts I ramble,
With bare, brown feet, and heart untouched with care,
Or gather tribute from each grape and bramble,
As songful as the mock-bird singing there.

Until, alas! the feeble embers dying,
The pleasing phantoms vanish from my sight;
And naught is heard save tearful, sad winds sighing,
And in my thoughts creep shadows of the night.

But while to-night, within those shadows sitting,
Deep melancholy gloom enshrouding me,
There came a night-robed, blue-eyed angel flitting,
And all unbidden perched upon my knee.

Her baby arms around my neck were stealing,
Her silken curls across my face were drawn,
When in my heart there came a restful feeling,
And all the shadows from my thoughts were gone.

LIFE EVERLASTING.

BY M. SEARS BROOKS.

By the roadside it grows,
Lifts its white crown,
Where the blushing wild rose
Was trampled down.

To-day I met my love
Of long ago.
Her hair was silvery white, and yet, the low
Sweet voice that charmed me,
In the olden days,
Still spoke in softly modulated ways,
Of books, and art — albeit the wrinkles lay
Where once I watched the smiles
And dimples play.

My love, — and yet 't was not.
How was it Time
Had spared to eye and voice their gracious prime?
How laid his touch on cheek,
On lip, and brow,
Saying, thy friend is vanished, buried now,
Yet never reached that inner, sacred shrine
Save to enrich, adorn,
And make divine?
Go, learn the secret. Changed we all must be.
Life from within is immortality.

LEAFLESS.

BY L. MAY WHEELER.

A murm'rous hum like the moan of the sea,
A faint leaf-song from the frost-touched tree,
I heard to-day.
It went to my heart like a low, sweet word,
And a mem'ry came on the sound I heard,
Of Spring and May.

'Twas the spell of a dream, of a dream so sweet,
Came on the wind for the leaf to repeat
To me to-day.
But the leaves fell down from the trembling tree
At the touch of the breeze and sunlight free —
Lifeless for aye.

The light and the love of the fresh young year
Seem dying to-day, with the leaflings sear ;
It is not so.
For out of the love, and bloom, and the green
In garners a perfect fruition is seen —
God wills it so.

"AFTERWHILES."

(FROM RILEY'S VERSE.)

* * "Where is the dawn
With the dew across the lawn,
Stroked with eager feet the far
Way the hills and valleys are?

* * * * * *

"O, far glimmering worlds and wings,
Mystic smiles and beckonings,
Lead us, through the shadowy aisles,
Out into the afterwhiles."

* * * * "and
I heard, as I squinted my eyelids to,
A kiss like the drip of a drop of dew.

"And there was the little window —
Twinkle, and drip, and drip —
The rain above, and a mother's love,
And God's companionship.

"This is to-day; and I have no thing
To think of – nothing whatever to do.
But to hear the throb of the pulse of a wing
That wants to fly back to you.

"Words will not say what I yearn to say,
They will not walk as I want them to;
But they stumble and fall in the path of the way
Of my telling my love for you.

"There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair;
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a song somewhere."

"O, JENNY LEE FROM TENNESSEE."

BY CLARENCE A. BUSKIRK

"O, Jenny Lee from Tennessee,
Your eyes have pierced my heart,
Your each eyebrow a Cupid's bow
That sends a welcome dart.

"O, Jenny Lee from Tennessee,
Still more it makes me speak,
So sweetly glows that tempting rose
Now blooming on your cheek.

"O, Jenny Lee from Tennessee,
Your voice is soft and sweet;
Your hair is rolled in chains of gold
That bind me to your feet.

"O, Jenny Lee from Tennessee,
Your smiles are like the morn —
Let not your lips their light eclipse,
To leave my heart forlorn!"

THE HAUNTED BATTLEFIELD.

BY M. SWAFFORD, (BELLE BREMER).

All the place is haunted;
In the moon's pale beams
Every wind-stirred thicket
Full of spectres seems;
Here a bayonet glistens,
There a sabre gleams.

Sounds a ghostly bugle
Far away, and then
Comes a steady tramping,
As of marching men,
Up among the shadows
Of the haunted glen.

Yonder, down the valley,
By the river pine,
Where the ground was reddest
With the human wine,
Come the spectral columns
Wheeling into line.

See the ghostly gunners
Gathering around,
Where the broken caissons
Moulder on the ground;
And again the cannon
Thunders from yon mound.

Now the storm of battle
Sweeps across the vale
Comes a heavy patter
As of leaden hail,
While the Southern pine trees
Bend as in a gale.

Wavers there no column,
Infantry like rock,
Stand with stern, set faces,
To receive the shock
Of the charging squadrons,
Seeming death to mock.

Rush the phantom horsemen
  Like the wind, nor heed
Screaming shell and shrapnel,
  Neigh of dying steed,
Prayer or imprecation,
  Shriek of spirits freed.

But the charge is over;
  All is still again;
Crimson dyes the grasses
  Like a bloody rain,
Where the ghastly reapers
  Mowed that awful lane.

Ever in that valley,
  At the close of day,
Come the warring shadows —
  Shadows blue and gray —
Gathering in the moonlight
  To the dreadful fray.

Shadowy lines are forming,
  Marching to and fro;
Ghostly drums are beaten,
  Spectral bugles blow,
Where was fought that battle
  In the long ago.

TWO VIEWS.

BY MARIE LOUISE ANDREWS.

"The moments are sweet," she said, "all sweet;
  The earth is glad and the skies are blue,
  And I've learned my lesson of love all through,
While pansies and violets grew at my feet."

"The moments are sad," she said, "all sad;
  My heart is heavy, the heavens are gray,
  As I watch a reaper binding the hay; —
Ah, me! were the skies and the earth ever glad?"

LOST.

BY W. DE WITT WALLACE.

I had a friend. Our souls clasped hands;
Our heart-strings, like two vines, about
Each other twined till twain seemed one
For time and for eternity.
One stormy night, lo! while I slept,
I know not how, nor why, my friend
Unloosed the cords, and faithless fled.
Speak not of death, nor count that loss
Which plucks from earth a flower to bloom
In Heaven.
He only sounds the depth
Of woe, and drinks the gall of life
Who mourns a living friend that's lost.

CLOUDS.

BY W. D. FOULKE.

Yes, the smiling clouds are angels,
Angels of the air;
On the path from earth to heaven,
Peri, bright and fair.
They are messengers of plenty,
Raining happy harvests down;
Now they gild the skies of sunset,
Now the hoary hills they crown.
Forms fantastic, visions rare,
Flit and hover ever in the air.

Now they vaunt the pride of armies,
Marching with the gale;
Now they breathe in rainy darkness,
Sorrow's plaintive tale;
Now they come, the moon's attendants,
Following the steps of love;
Now they speak in gloomy thunders,
Direful wrath of gods above.
Human passions, dark and fair,
Pictured by the angels of the air.

Yonder is a cloudy palace,
Just a minute old —
Roof of pearl and walls of silver,
Pillars bright with gold ;
Now it is a mighty mountain,
Towering tall and grim and high ;
Now, like forms of shadowy dreamland,
All go flitting, flitting by.
Lights of joy and shades of care,
Chasing one another through the air.

Colors rich in cloudy beauty,
To the earth are given,
But the brightest hues are cherished,
For the eye of heaven.
Like those angels of the sunlight,
Is the heart of one I love ;
Dear she is to all around her,
Dearer yet to One above.
Sweet to us, yet passing fair,
To that keen Eye that searcheth everywhere.

ENTHUSIASM.

BY CLARENCE A. BUSKIRK.

Be careful that the meshes of your net
Be small enough to catch the common fishes ;
Else, vainly may you wade through cold and wet
For the Leviathans that float in wishes :
So Common Sense exclaims, and shrugs his shoulder,
While usefully he sets our meats and dishes.
He speaks us truth, but speaks not all the truth.
Enthusiasm, broader-browed and bolder,
Radiant with inextinguishable youth,
Star-gazing, silver-voiced, Promethean,
Still goes Leviathan fishing, with his nets
So largely meshed he only hunger gets
Mayhap his life through, fish as best he can.
Yet the Leviathans which swim the seas,
Who capture them when captured, if you please ?

JUNE.

BY EVALEEN STEIN.

High overhead,
By Summer breezes sped,
From every latest burgeoned bough
The last Spring petals fall;
And red, red, red,
Along the garden bed,
The happy plants are holding now
Their crimson carnival.

Clear, sweet, and strong,
I hear the robin's song,
And catch the merry caroling
Of some bold bobolink;
And phlox flowers throng
The garden ways along,
While peonies and roses bring
Their pagentries of pink.

White, gold, and green,
The lily spires are seen,
And hollyhocks, in stately rows,
With tufted buds are set;
Tall, in between,
The growing sunflowers lean,
And thick the sweet-alyssum shows
Among the mignonette.

Ho! truant May!
Have you, then, gone astray
Unwitting that in realms of June
Return were no avail?
Ah, well-a-day!
So wings the Spring away.
The Summer's ever oversoon,
But June, sweet June, all hail!

MYLA PETITE.

BY EMILY THORNTON CHARLES.

Ah! how can I write of you, Myla Petite?
So bonny and sweet;
From the curl on your brow to your twinkling feet,
You are dainty and pretty, my love, my sweet;
Like the azurey skies
Is the light of your eyes,
Where the unspoken thought still heavenward flies
Like a bright winged bird, like yourself, my sweet.

And how can I sing of you, Myla Petite?
So bonny and sweet;
Whose lightest footfall I hasten to greet
And welcome the sound of your coming, my sweet.
Rhythmic lore, roundelays,
Cannot measure your praise,
Nor harmony compass your wee, winning ways,
No melody thrills like your voice, my sweet.

Oh, what shall I say to you, Myla Petite?
So bonny and sweet;
How speak of the nameless charms so complete
That surrounds and envelopes you, darling, my sweet,
As the sun glints your hair,
It would make you more fair,
Were it not that you now are beyond all compare,
Oh, precious, my jewel, my pearl, my sweet.

I long for your presence, dear Myla Petite,
So bonny and sweet;
My longing doth send me to fall at your feet.
You must know I love you, you know it, my sweet,
Oh, my darling confess
That you love me, say yes;
And seal the sweet promise with fondest caress,
Your love is my Eden, my life, my sweet.

THE DOVES.

BY JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS.

There's something in the far off coo
Of twilight-nesting doves, that thrills
My listening spirit thro' and thro',
Out here among the lonesome hills;—
What is it? Something half divine,
A patient, pleading undertone
Of pathos, I can ne'er define,
Of passion, kindred to my own.

A sound subduing and subdued,
A sinking strain that swoons and dies
Amidst the melancholy wood,
What time the tristful cricket cries:—
No piping skylarks, sphered with blue,
Nor linnets down the lanes of musk,
Can bead my dreaming eyes with dew,
Like those low-crooning doves of dusk.

When, at God's bidding, every bird
  Flew thither, eager to receive
Its own sweet song, all Eden stirred
  To welcome them, that summer eve;
And all were jubilant and gay,
  Save one, who never shared their mirth,
The turtle-dove, who turned away,
  And learned the saddest song on earth.

And this alone is why I love
  Its plaintive, pleading voice the best,—
Earth's anguish grieves the tender dove,
  And breaks to music in its breast;—
When fields grow dusk and waters dim,
  How sweet to wander forth alone,
And hear, far down the woods dark rim,
  The drowsy doves of twilight moan.

INDEX.

INDEX.

PAGES.

Abromet, Anna, *Indianapolis, Ind* 16
Aldrich, Julia C., *Wauseon, Ohio* 13, 17, 18, 19, 92, 226
Andrews, M. L., *Connersville, Ind.*, 10, 11, 12, 13, 16, 18, 19, 44, 75, 77, 91, 117, 134, 142, 144, 223, 233

Bacon, Albion M. Fellows, *Evansville, Ind* 91
Bailey, Rose Paty, *Indianapolis, Ind* 13, 19
Banta, D. D., *Franklin, Ind* 92
Bass, George, *Indianapolis, Ind* 16
Bates, Margret Holmes, *Indianapolis, Ind* 13, 15, 18, 92, 225
Beck, Mrs. Metcalf, *Warsaw, Ind* 25, 77
Beyer Bros., *Warsaw, Ind* 153
Biddle, Horace P., *Logansport, Ind* 122
Biggs, Hiram, *Warsaw, Ind* 25, 30, 77, 141, 143, 144
Biggs, Mrs. Hiram, *Warsaw, Ind* 25, 30
Bolton, Sarah K., *Cleveland, Ohio* 161
Bolton, Sarah T., *Indianapolis, Ind* 19, 75, 124, 187, 217
Bourinot, John George, *Ottawa, Canada* 144, 145, 153
Brewington, R. T., *Knightstown, Ind* 16
Briggs, Mrs. J. C., *Sullivan, Ind* 30
Brooks, Josephine, *Madison, Ind* 30
Brooks, Maria Sears, *Madison, Ind* 30, 71, 92, 154, 166, 229
Brotherton, Alice Williams, *Cincinnati, Ohio* 91, 125
Buskirk, Clarence A., *Princeton, Ind* 13, 16, 92, 124, 231, 235
Butterfield, Dr. S. A., *Indianapolis, Ind* 92

Cardwill, George B., *New Albany, Ind* 30, 44, 70, 91, 92, 153, 154, 164
Cardwill, Mary E., *New Albany, Ind* 9, 15, 16, 18, 19, 25, 29, 41, 73, 91, 104, 154, 170, 189
Catherwood, Mary Hartwell, *Hoopeston, Ill* 30, 75, 77, 114, 144, 154, 166
Charles, Emily Thornton, *Washington, D. C.* 92, 164, 236
Charles, Myla 164, 208
Chaplin, E. M., *Warsaw, Ind* 30, 114
Chitwood, Mary Louisa 71, 123, 209
Clodfelter, J. N., *Crawfordsville, Ind* 30, 88
Cosgrove, Miss Lizzie, *Warsaw, Ind* 30
Coulter, J. M., *Crawfordsville, Ind* 18
Cumback, Will, *Greensburg, Ind* 13, 15, 17, 19, 91
Cunningham, W. S., *Indianapolis, Ind* 92

Daggett, Will, *Indianapolis, Ind* 16
Davis, Clarence Ladd, *New York* 13, 15
Davis, Hannah E., *Spiceland, Ind* 30, 134
Davis, Ida May, *Terre Haute, Ind* 92
Dawson, Richard Lew, *Indianapolis, Ind* 10, 11, 12, 16, 18, 19, 91, 220

PAGES.
Denton, Franklin E., *Cleveland, Ohio* 27, 30, 71
Denton, Mrs. Franklin E., *Cleveland, Ohio* 30
Downs, Charles P., *Warsaw, Ind* 77, 166
Dufour, (Mrs.) A. L. R., *Washington, D. C.* 91, 122
Dunn, J. P., Jr., *Indianapolis, Ind* 30, 44, 64, 77, 114, 142, 143, 154
Dunn, Moses F., *Bedford, Ind* 92
Durham, Mary, *Washington, D. C.* 92

Foulke, W. D., *Richmond, Ind* 15, 16, 18, 19, 77, 154, 234
Frazer, Wm. D., *Warsaw, Ind* 25
Frazer, Mrs. Wm. D., *Warsaw, Ind* 25
French, Alice, *Davenport, Iowa* 91
Funk, Mrs. Merlin, *Warsaw, Ind* 77, 144, 166

Gallagher, W. D., *Louisville, Ky* 73, 74, 120, 197
Garsline, Mrs. M. B., *Fort Wayne, Ind* 30
Gordon, Jonathan, W 13, 16, 17, 124, 203
Gordon, Julia L., *Chicago, Ill* 17

Hall, J. I., *Warsaw, Ind* 25, 30
Harding, S. S., *Milan, Ind* 17, 18, 19, 124, 191
Harper, Ida A., *Terre Haute, Ind* 13, 16
Harris, Lee O., *Greenfield, Ind* 92
Harte, Bret 158, 159, 160
Harryman, A. W., *Chicago, Ill* 13, 18
Hawley, Irene Boynton, *Columbus, Ind* 185
Hayne, Will H., *Augusta, Georgia* 16
Hetrick, Frank, *Warsaw, Ind* 77, 166
Hetrick, Mrs. Frank, *Warsaw, Ind* 77, 166
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, *Beverly Farms, Mass* 51, 73, 153
Hooper, W. De, *Indianapolis, Ind* 16
Hossler, Mrs. Q. A., *Warsaw, Ind* 25
Hough, Clarence E., *Greenfield, Ind* 28, 30, 44, 75, 104, 166
Hough, Wm. Alfred, *Greenfield, Ind* 30, 101, 125, 166
House, Ben. D 13, 193
Howard, Mrs. F. M., *Carroll, Iowa* 92
Howe, Henry 75
Hussey, Mary B., *Brazil, Ind* 18
Hyman, B. R., *Indianapolis, Ind* 11
Hyman, M. R., *Indianapolis Ind* 11

Ireland, Emma, *Warsaw, Ind* 25

Johnson, Annie J. Fellows, *Evansville, Ind* 91
Jordan, Mrs. D. M., *Richmond, Ind* 16, 17, 18, 19, 27, 30, 44, 71, 75, 77, 88, 124, 226
Judson, Jennie, *Paris, Ill* 13
Julian, Isaac H., *San Marcos, Texas* 122

Kinley, Isaac, *Los Angeles, Cal* 194
Kinney, Coates, *Xenia, Ohio* 123
Koons, Mrs. J. V. H., *Muncie, Ind* 19, 30, 43, 162, 166, 220

Leavitt, Mary A., *Vernon, Ind* 16, 17, 18, 36, 114
Lee, John, *Crawfordsville, Ind* 30, 162
Lieuellen, Ce Dora, *Danville, Ind* 92
Littell, Rachel, *Cincinnati, Ohio* 92

PAGES.
Martin, Lucia Julian, *Indianapolis, Ind* 16
Matthews, G. C., *Memphis, Tenn* 15
Matthews, J. N., *Mason, Ill* 10, 11, 13, 17, 18, 19, 91, 237
McAvoy, T. J., *Indianapolis, Ind* 19
McCrea, Mrs. S. E., *Wabash, Ind* 30
McCulloch, Oscar, *Indianapolis, Ind* 18
McNutt, C. F., *Terre Haute, Ind* 13, 16, 17, 18, 19, 30, 44, 75, 77, 78, 89, 91, 114, 141, 154
Miller, Joaquin, *Oakland, Cal* 118, 124, 160
Miner, Rena L., *La Grange, Ind* 92
Moore, Nellie, *Defiance, Ohio* 92
Moran, Mrs. M. E., *Warsaw Ind* 77, 166

Nave, Ella M 30, 44, 154, 162, 213, 218
Needham, W. P., *Winchester, Ind* 13, 16, 30, 44, 211
Neely, Mary E., *Washington, D C* 123
Nelson, Julia B., *Red Wing, Minn* 19
New, Mrs. John C., *Indianapolis, Ind* 19
Nichols, Rebecca T., *Indianapolis, Ind* 19, 121

Ochiltree, J. C., *Danville, Ind* 10, 13, 16, 17, 18
O'Malley, Charles J., *Hitesville, Ky* 91, 141

Paden, Mamie S., *Denver, Colo* 16, 91, 221
Paine, Dan. L., *Indianapolis, Ind* 13, 74, 75, 188
Parker, Benjamin S., *New Castle, Ind* 13, 15, 17 18, 19, 25, 28, 29, 43, 71, 74, 77, 89, 114, 143, 153, 154, 156, 209, 222
Parker, Mrs. Benjamin S., *New Castle, Ind* 30
Parker, Joe A., *Winchester, Tenn* 30
Pfrimmer, W. W., *Kentland, Ind* 16, 18, 27, 30, 46, 62, 77, 88, 117, 131, 166, 228
Phifer, C. L., *California, Mo* 92
Pierson, Clarence, *Gladwin, Mich* 16
Pretlow, R. E., *Dublin, Ind* 18
Prunk, Hattie A., *Indianapolis, Ind* 16, 19, 92

Ransford, Nettie, *Indianapolis, Ind* 30
Rave, Herman, *Jeffersonville, Ind* 16, 163
Redding, T. B., *New Castle, Ind* 30, 71, 112
Ridpath, John Clark, *Greencastle, Ind* 15, 19, 30, 43, 44, 71, 75, 77, 89, 91, 114
Riley, James Whitcomb, *Indianapolis, Ind* 13, 18, 19, 26, 30, 31, 43, 44, 73, 88, 118, 153, 134, 157, 162, 230
Royce, L. W., *Warsaw, Ind* 25
Royce, Mrs. L. W., *Warsaw, Ind* 25

Smith, Hubbard M., *Vincennes, Ind* 16
Spades, M. H., *Indianapolis, Ind* 19
Spangler, Walter, *Indianapolis, Ind* 16
Stackhouse, Eleanor, *Chicago, Ill* 16, 18, 30, 114, 166
Stein, Evaleen, *Lafayette, Ind* 16, 18, 92, 236
Swafford, Mrs. M., *Terre Haute, Ind* 232
Swan, Rachel, *Indianapolis, Ind* 30, 75

Taylor, Grace, *Sullivan, Ind* 30
Taylor, H. W., *Sullivan, Ind.*, 10, 16, 18, 19, 30, 43, 44, 75, 77, 88, 91, 114, 129, 142, 144, 153, 154, 162
Taylor, Minnetta, *Greencastle, Ind* 223
Teal, Angeline, *Kendallville, Ind* 30, 77

PAGES.
Thompson, Mrs. E. S. L., *Muncie, Ind* 13, 15, 18, 19, 30, 102, 114, 154, 217
Thompson, Maurice, *Crawfordsville, Ind* 13, 14, 15, 17, 19, 124
Toph, Olla Perkins, *Indianapolis, Ind* 92

Van Deren, Theophilus, *Charleston, Ill* 92
Venable, W. H., *Cincinnati, Ohio* 15, 75, 224

Wallace, W. De Witt, *Lafayette, Ind* 15, 18, 92, 234
Webber, I. B., *Warsaw, Ind* 25
Wheeler, L. May, *Chicago, Ill* .....
13, 14, 18, 19, 23, 25, 29, 40, 44, 71, 91, 144, 154, 162, 164, 165, 166, 170, 214, 230
Widaman, Mrs. John A., *Warsaw, Ind* 25, 77
Williams, Reuben, *Warsaw, Ind* 25
Williams, Mrs. Reuben, *Warsaw, Ind* 25

THE WOMAN'S NEWS.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Containing both Home and Foreign News about Women,

ALSO

SPECIAL FEATURES,

SUCH AS

Serials, Fashions, Fancy Work, The Kitchen, Family Physician, Children, Sunday School Lessons, Etc.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR.

Published at Urbana, O. Trial subscribers, three months, 25c. each. Sample copies FREE to any address.

FRANCES E. WHITE, Mngr.

LYRICAL POEMS,

BY

EMILY THORNTON CHARLES,
"EMILY HAWTHORNE,"
(Author of "Hawthorn Blossoms.")

Beautifully illustrated; steel plate portrait; super calendered and tinted paper; red lined; bevelled illuminated cover; full gilt edges; one volume, octavo. 300 pp. Price, $2.00 Author's autograph subscription edition. Copies can be obtained free of all charges by enclosing the price of same to

EMILY THORNTON CHARLES,
1231 W Street, N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

They are simple, graceful, touching, often passionate and glowing.—*Public Opinion.*

A CAVERN FOR A HERMITAGE

Buskirk. A Cavern for a Hermitage. By CLARENCE A. BUSKIRK. 16mo, cloth, 50c. John B. Alden, New York.

"A Cavern for a Hermitage" is certainly a very noteworthy performance, clever verse, much of it genuine poetry, full of high thoughts, lofty imaginings, happy conceits, delicate fancies. The ruminations of our hermit are wise sometimes, and folly as it flies receives many a keen thrust.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

NEW ALBANY

—IS THE—

Most Beautiful and Flourishing City

—IN—

SOUTH-EASTERN INDIANA.

Situation, Below the Falls of the Ohio, Unrivaled.

POPULATION, 25,000.

12 RAILROADS WITHIN EASY ACCESS.

NUMEROUS MANUFACTORIES,

AND INDUSTRIES OF ALL KINDS.

6 BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS,

5 BANKS, 24 CHURCHES,

12 PUBLIC SCHOOLS,

A Splendid Public Library Free to Every Citizen.

All the advantages of a live, money-making city. For further information, address

SECRETARY OF THE COMMERCIAL CLUB,

New Albany, Indiana.

POPULAR SUMMER RESORT.

Spring Fountain Park,

WARSAW, INDIANA.

Its wonderful Natural Attractions, delightful Groves and health-giving Springs, beautiful Lakes, Streams, and Fountains, exquisite Landscape Gardening and Blooming Flowers, Boating, Bathing, Fishing, and other amusements, render it the most popular place in the country for assemblages of the people during the summer months.

For further particulars address,

BEYER BROS., Proprietors,

(See illustration, opposite page 153.) WARSAW, INDIANA.

"BROKEN LIVES,"

—BY—

CYRUS F. McNUTT.

A Story of Two Hoosier Young People.

Second edition soon to be published.

"POEMS,"

—BY—

M. LOUISE CHITWOOD.

Selected and Prepared by George D. Prentice.

FOR SALE BY

MRS. MARY A. TUCKER,

Price, $1.00. Greensburg, Indiana.

M. CULLATON & CO.

PRACTICAL

Book and Job Printers,

805 Main St.

RICHMOND, IND.

A large establishment, capable of doing the best grades of work at moderate prices.

This Book is a Sample of our Printing.

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED.

GEN. BENJ. HARRISON.

Specimen of Wood Engraving,
By CHAS. A. NICOLI,
21-23 Hubbard Blk., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bureau of Press Clippings.

FRANK A. BURRELLE, GEN'L MNGR.

10, 11, 12, 13, and 14 TIMES BUILDING,

CHICAGO.

SEND FOR EXPLANATORY CIRCULAR.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED.

THE BEST INVESTMENT

For the Family, the School, the Professional or Private Library.

Prominent Features of the work are

A Dictionary of the Language
118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings,
A Dictionary of Biography
about nearly 10,000 Noted Persons,
A Dictionary of Geography
briefly describing 25,000 Places,
A Dictionary of Fiction
found only in Webster,
All in one Book.
Synonyms are in the body of the work.

For years has been Standard Authority in the Government Printing Office and the U. S. Supreme Court.

It is highly recommended by 38 State Sup'ts of Schools and the leading College Pres'ts of the U. S. and Canada.

Nearly all the School Books published in this country are based upon Webster, as attested by the leading School Book Publishers.

3000 more words and nearly 2000 more engravings than any other American Dict'y.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Illustrated Pamphlet of Specimen Pages, Testimonials, &c., will be sent prepaid

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Springfield, Mass.

BIG 4 ROUTE.

PEORIA DIVISION.

Formerly I., B. & W. Ry.

SHORT LINE

EAST AND WEST.

Wagner Sleepers and Reclining Chair Cars on Night Trains.

Best Modern Day Coaches on all Trains,

CONNECTING WITH

Solid · Vestibule · Trains

—AT—

BLOOMINGTON AND PEORIA,

TO AND FROM

Missouri · River, · Denver, · and · the · Pacific · Coast;

—AT—

INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI, SPRINGFIELD,
AND COLUMBUS,

To and From the Eastern and Seaboard Cities.

OSCAR G. MURRAY,
Traffic Manager,
Cincinnati, O.

D. B. MARTIN,
Gen'l Pass. Ag't,
Cincinnati, O.

H. M. BRONSON,
Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Indianapolis, Ind.

EDITION DE LUXE.

RIDPATH'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

Complete in Eight Superb Quarto Volumes. Richly bound in Half Crushed Turkey Levant. $100 per set.

EDITION LIMITED TO 1000 SETS.

This noble edition is the most sumptuous work ever issued from the American press. It contains as an accessory to its matchless text 1210 illustrations, done by the foremost artists of Europe and America, including superb steel etchings contributed by the members of the New York Etching Club.

THE JONES BROTHERS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Cincinnati, O.

THE CABIN IN THE CLEARING

AND OTHER POEMS

By BENJ. S. PARKER.

312 pages: Plain cloth binding. . . . $1.50

Russia leather, red or gilt edges. $2.00

Sent by mail to any address, on receipt of price, by the publishers, CHARLES H. KERR & CO., No. 175 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, or by the author, B. S. PARKER, NEW CASTLE, INDIANA.

"This singer sings from his heart. You feel that before you have read a page. He sings what he has known, and his spontaneous art is pleasing because it is evidently so unpremeditated. This is the true stamp of the genuine poet."—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

EVERY WRITER

SHOULD LEARN

PHONOGRAPHY,

—OR—

PHONETIC SHORTHAND.

I would not giv up the use of Phonography for the addition of $500 per annum to my income.—*Editor Christian Philanthropist.*

For five years I hav depended entirely upon Phonography for the transmission of my thoughts to my fellow-men; and if the art were to perish to day, I could not summon resolution enough to make any progress in the old track.—*C. Edwards Lester, N. Y.*

Who, that is much in the habit of writing, has not often wisht for some means of expressing, by two or three dashes of the pen, that which, as things ar, it requires such an expenditure of time and labor to commit to paper? Our present mode of communication must be felt to be cumbersome in the last degree—unworthy of these days of invention. We require some means of bringing the operations of the mind and of the hand into closer correspondence.—*English Review.*

The Manual of Phonography by Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard is especially arranged for self-instruction, and by its use thousands of phonographers hav learned to write rapidly without a teacher. Price, cloth bound, postpaid, $1.00; boards, 80 cents. Complete catalog of text books and helps free on application.

—THE—

PHONOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE.

JEROME B. HOWARD, Editor.

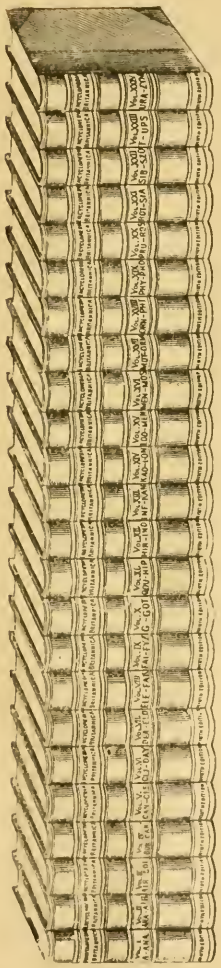
A 32-page monthly. Subscription, $1.50 per annum. Eight pages of beautifully engraved shorthand every month. The authentic exponent of the

BENN PITMAN SYSTEM OF PHONOGRAPHY.

Specimen copies free. Address,

THE PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE,

CINCINNATI, O.



A LITERARY MARVEL:

$2.50 PER VOLUME.

We publish the popular reprint of the

Encyclopedia Brittannica

from latest English edition, at $2.50 per volume, being one-third the price of the original and one-half the price of the Scribner edition of the same work. We have reproduced all illustrations, maps, and texts, page for page, and volume for volume.

☞Complete Sets of 24 Volumes

NOW READY FOR DELIVERY ON

EASY PAYMENTS!

The greatest work of the kind in the English language. A subscriber writes: "The best is now the cheapest." All high-priced editions of this work are in our office for comparison. Circulars and sample pages mailed. Agents wanted.

THE HENRY G. ALLEN COMPANY,

739 and 741 Broadway, NEW YORK;

and 126 Washington St, CHICAGO.

"WANTED!

Suggestions for New Attractions in a Magazine, Designed for the Family."

ADDRESS

The Home Magazine,

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Massacres of the Mountains.

A History of the Indian Wars of the Far West. J. P. DUNN, JR.

"A volume on a broad plan—so broad as to stand by itself in recent literature. * * * We cannot suppress our high appreciation of the excellence of the volume."—*Hartford Post.*

Harper & Bros. Profusely illustrated; pp. x., 784; 8vo, cloth; price, $3.75.

W. P. NEEDHAM'S BOOKS.

"Phantasmagorian Theology and Other Things," and **"The House of Graydon,"** a novel. Handsomely bound in cloth, $1.00; bound in paper, 50 cents. Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of price. Address,

W. P. NEEDHAM, Winchester, Ind.

DO YOU LIKE to snatch up "something to read," and get the kernel of an interesting subject without wasting your strength upon a hard shell of "prefatory remarks?"
DO YOU LIKE short articles, giving the gist of things?
ARE YOU INTERESTED in schools and colleges? — YES? —
Then you should send for a specimen number of **COLLEGE AND SCHOOL,** Utica, N.Y., the new monthly magazine *for teachers, students, and parents.* $1.00 a year.

Tempe Vale and Other Poems.

—BY—

JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS.

A volume of 200 pages, handsomely bound in silk-cloth, with beveled edges and gilt designs. Price, postpaid, $1.00 per copy, plain; $1.25 with full gilt edges. Address,

R. G. GIBSON, Publisher,

Mason, Effingham Co., Ills.

Indiana. A Redemption from Slavery.

J. P. DUNN, JR.

"Mr. Dunn's work, as far as it goes, is almost a model one"—*Political Science Quarterly.*

"It certainly ranks in the very first grade."—*The Critic.*

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, pp. viii., 453; cloth; price, $1.25.

Lyrics of the Ideal and the Real.

By COATES KINNEY.

Price, $1.50. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

ROBERT CLARK & CO.,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE TEACHER'S DREAM, and Other Songs of School Days, a gift book of 30 pages, square 16mo, containing five poems, with fourteen elegant illustrations by W. H. Venable, will be sent to any address on the receipt of **Fifty Cents.** By the dozen, $3.50.

Write to MAYO VENABLE,
Station C, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

A BOOK FOR ALL WRITERS.

"The Trade of Authorship,"

By WOLSTAN DIXEY, Editor of TREASURE-TROVE magazine, formerly Literary Editor of the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL.

The *Boston Transcript* says: "In the 128 pages of this little book Mr. Dixey has packed more actual needed information and advice on the subjects treated than we have ever seen brought within the same compass before. To a young author the work is an absolute necessity." PRICE, $1.00.

ADDRESS, WOLSTAN DIXEY,
89 Hicks St., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

Should get the prices of The Aldine Printing Works, Cincinnati before closing contracts for Printing or Binding. This establishment is among the largest and best equipped in the country, with every requisite necessary for the production of the smallest pamphlet or the largest book. Fire-proof vaults for the safe keeping of plates.

C. J. KREHBIEL & CO.

"A Vision of the Mistletoe,"

BY MRS. M. SEARS BROOKS,

Is one of the most beautiful Christmas books of the season. It is handsomely illustrated by MRS. W. N. COPELAND. Price, 50 cents.

CHAS. A. WENBORN & CO., Publishers,
BUFFALO, N.Y.

The Western Journalist

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

FRANK A. BURRELLE,

TIMES BUILDING, CHICAGO.

DEVOTED . TO . THE . INTERESTS . OF . THE . PROFESSION.

Contributed to by the Leading Writers of America.

The Battlefield of Journalists who have Theories to Advocate or Practices to Condemn. News from Everywhere.

TERMS:

$1.00 PER TWELVE NUMBERS; 10 CENTS PER COPY.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY.

The Ladder of Journalism:

HOW TO CLIMB IT.

By T. CAMPBELL-COPELAND.

A primer of newspaper work, prepared by a practical newspaper man; containing hints and suggestions of value to every aspirant for journalistic honors; telling just what the young reporter wants to know; outlining the duties of each man on the staff—in a word, a Text Book of Journalism.

A handsome book of 115 pages, printed on heavy-laid paper, and neatly bound.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.

☞ For sale by all newsdealers, or sent on receipt of price, by the publisher:

ALLAN FORMAN,

117 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

THE CELEBRATED SONG AND CHORUS,

"Christmas by the Tennessee."

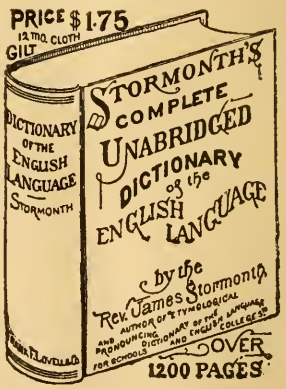
It is one of the most brilliant and beautiful compositions that has been presented to the music loving people for years. It is embellished with a full lithographic title page, and is suited to private musicales or public entertainments. The press notices and public testimonials given in its favor are of the highest character. A postal note for 40 cents secures a copy postpaid. The regular discount is given to teachers.

Address,

MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON,

MUNCIE, IND.

"I VERY decidedly prefer STORMONTH'S **DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE** to any other in common use. It is scholarly, reliable, and what is almost as desirable in such a book—handy. Its sub-arrangement of derivatives under primitives—an arrangement equally sound in theory and practically convenient—has rendered it possible to put into a single volume, what by a different typography might have been easily swelled to the size of 'Webster's Unabridged.' The etymology, so necessary to the full understanding of definitions, is valuable; whereas, in almost every other English Dictionary in present use, the so-called derivations are practically worthless. After several years' use of this book as a working, every-day dictionary, I recommend this work. I may add that I speak of it solely of my own motive, and with the desire to bring to favorable notice a book too little known and appreciated by the learned public."—EDWIN POST, *Librarian, DePauw University, Feb. 15, 1889.*



"I concur in Dr. Post's generous recommendation of Stormonth's Dictionary."
JOHN POUCHER.

One Vol., 12mo, cloth, gilt, - $1.75 | One Vol., 12mo, full sheep, - $2 50
One Vol., 12mo, half leather, - 2.00 | One Vol., 12mo, half Russia, - 3 00

Sent to any address on receipt of price. **FRANK E. LOVELL & CO.,**
142 and 144 Worth Street, - NEW YORK.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 017 195 009 0